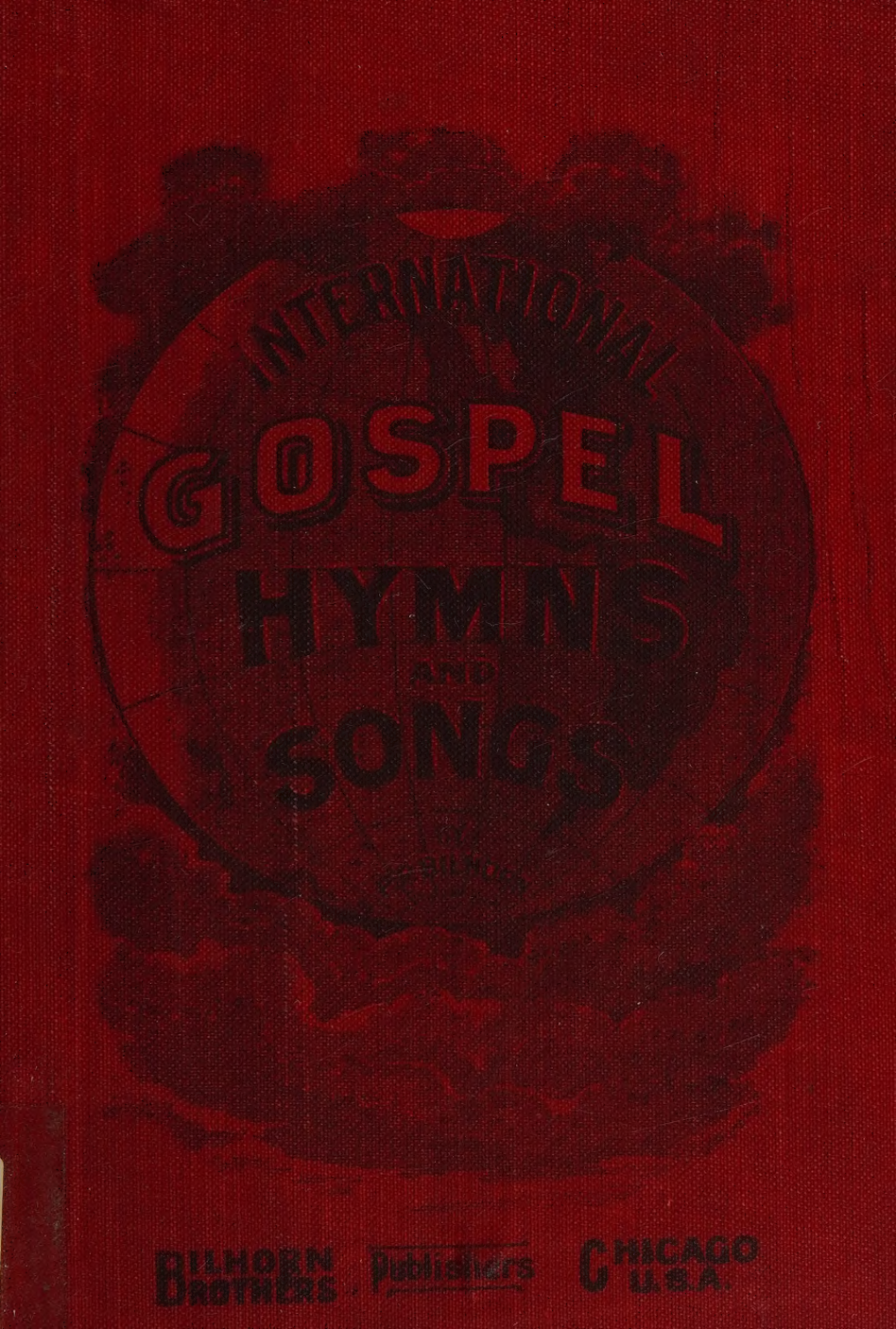INTERNATIONAL
GOSPEL
HYMNS
AND
SONGS
BILHORN BROTHERS · Publishers CHICAGO U.S.A.

International

Gospel Hymns & Songs

NO. 1

BILHORN BROTHERS PUBLISHERS CHICAGO U. S. A.

INTERNATIONAL
Gospel Hymns and Songs

=BY=

P. P. BILHORN.

Copyright, 1905.

* * *

"GOD SO LOVED THE WORLD."

"I HAVE OVERCOME THE WORLD."

"GO YE! INTO ALL THE WORLD."

"LO! I AM WITH YOU---UNTO THE END OF THE WORLD."

* * *

BILHORN BROTHERS PUBLISHERS CHICAGO, U. S. A.

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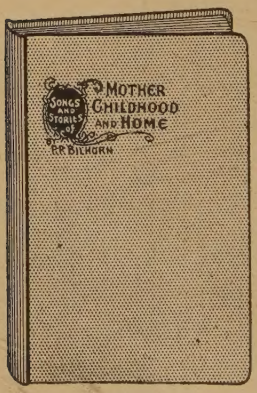

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International
Gospel Hymns and Songs

Eternity, Where?

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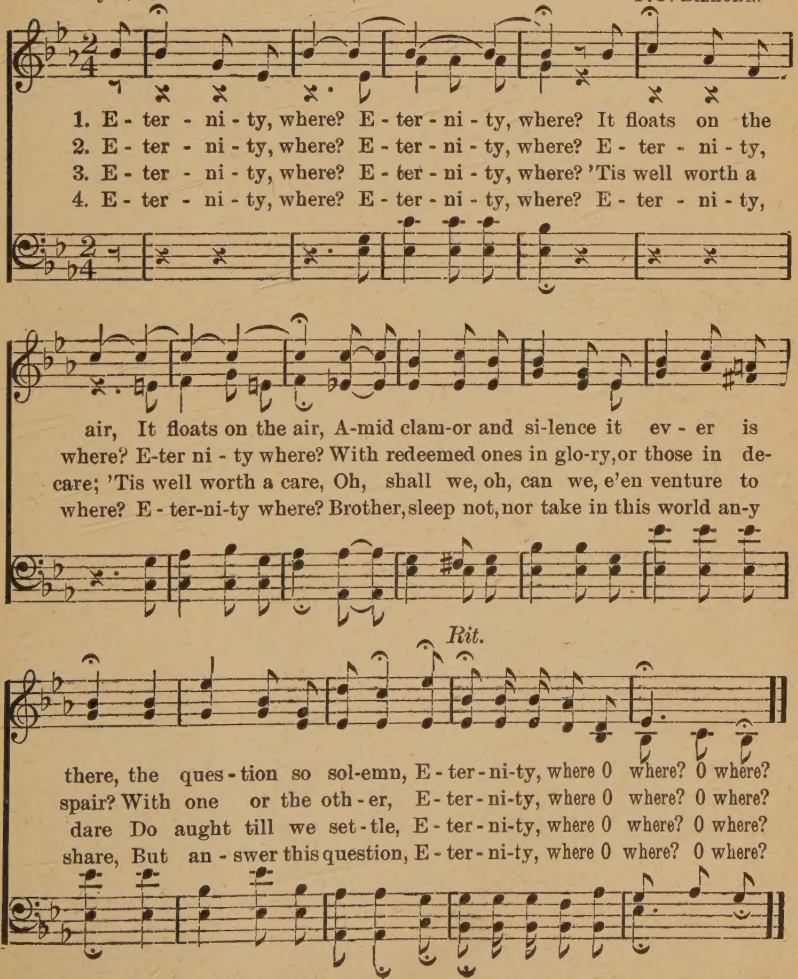
Arr. by P. P. B. P. P. BILHORN.


1. E - ter - ni - ty, where? E - ter - ni - ty, where? It floats on the
2. E - ter - ni - ty, where? E - ter - ni - ty, where? E - ter - ni - ty,
3. E - ter - ni - ty, where? E - ter - ni - ty, where? 'Tis well worth a
4. E - ter - ni - ty, where? E - ter - ni - ty, where? E - ter - ni - ty,
air, It floats on the air, A-mid clam-or and si-lence it ev - er is
where? E-ter ni - ty where? With redeemed ones in glo-ry, or those in de-
care; 'Tis well worth a care, Oh, shall we, oh, can we, e'en venture to
where? E - ter-ni-ty where? Brother, sleep not, nor take in this world an-y
Rit.
there, the ques - tion so sol-emn, E - ter - ni-ty, where O where? O where?
spair? With one or the oth - er, E - ter - ni-ty, where O where? O where?
dare Do aught till we set - tle, E - ter - ni-ty, where O where? O where?
share, But an - swer this question, E - ter - ni-ty, where O where? O where?

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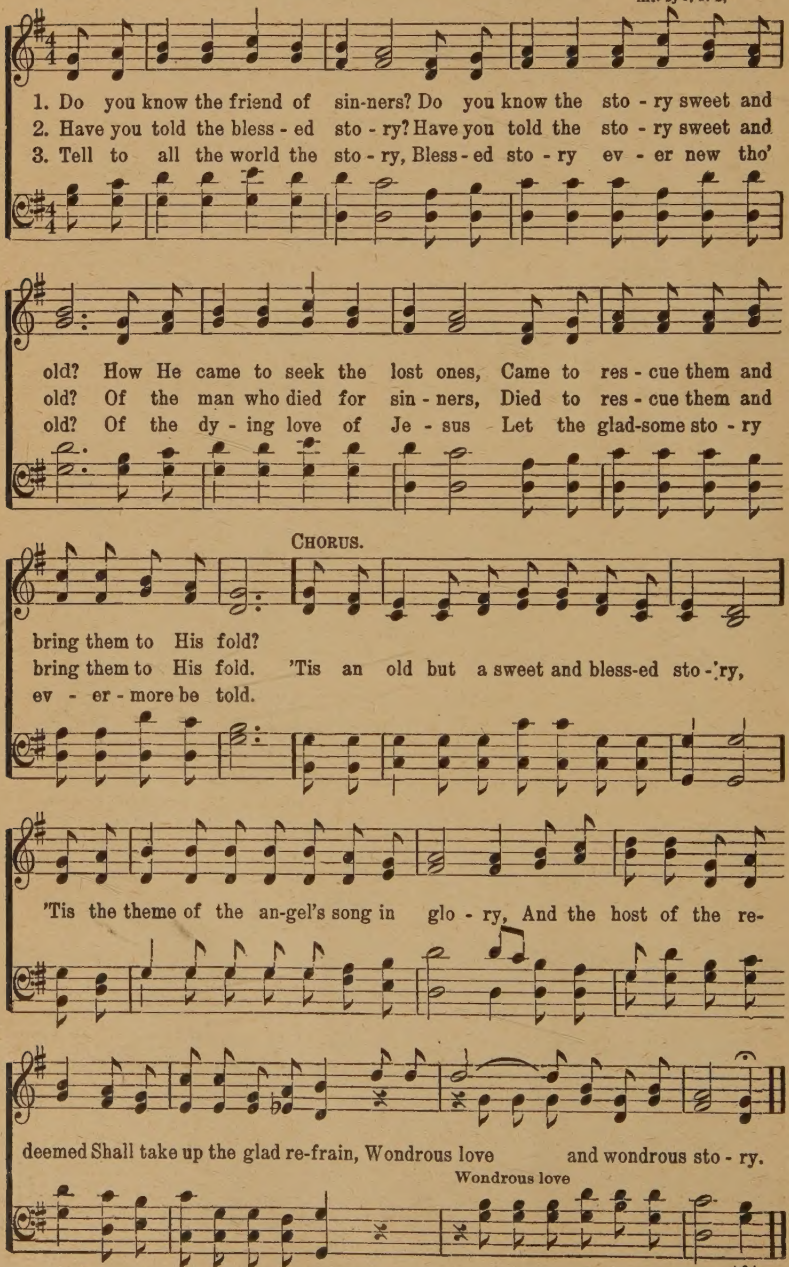
Do You Know the Friend of Sinners.

Words and Music Copyright, 1904, by P. P. Bilhorn.

G. O. W.

GEO. O. WEBSTER.
Arr. by P. P. B.


1. Do you know the friend of sin-ners? Do you know the sto - ry sweet and
2. Have you told the bless - ed sto - ry? Have you told the sto - ry sweet and
3. Tell to all the world the sto - ry, Bless - ed sto - ry ev - er new tho'
old? How He came to seek the lost ones, Came to res - cue them and
old? Of the man who died for sin - ners, Died to res - cue them and
old? Of the dy - ing love of Je - sus Let the glad-some sto - ry
CHORUS.
bring them to His fold?
bring them to His fold. 'Tis an old but a sweet and bless-ed sto - ry,
ev - er - more be told.
'Tis the theme of the an-gel's song in glo - ry, And the host of the re-
deemed Shall take up the glad re-frain, Wondrous love and wondrous sto - ry.
Wondrous love

We May Journey with Rejoicing. 5

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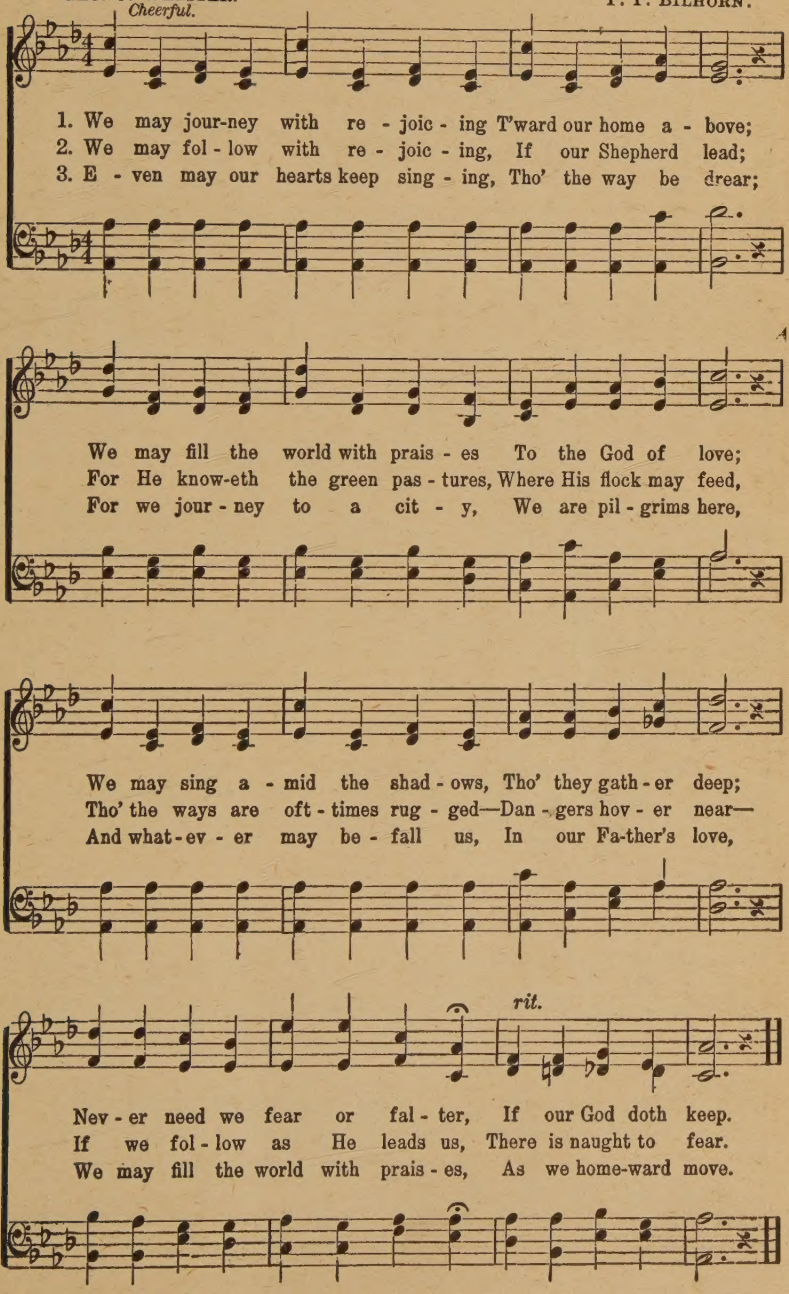
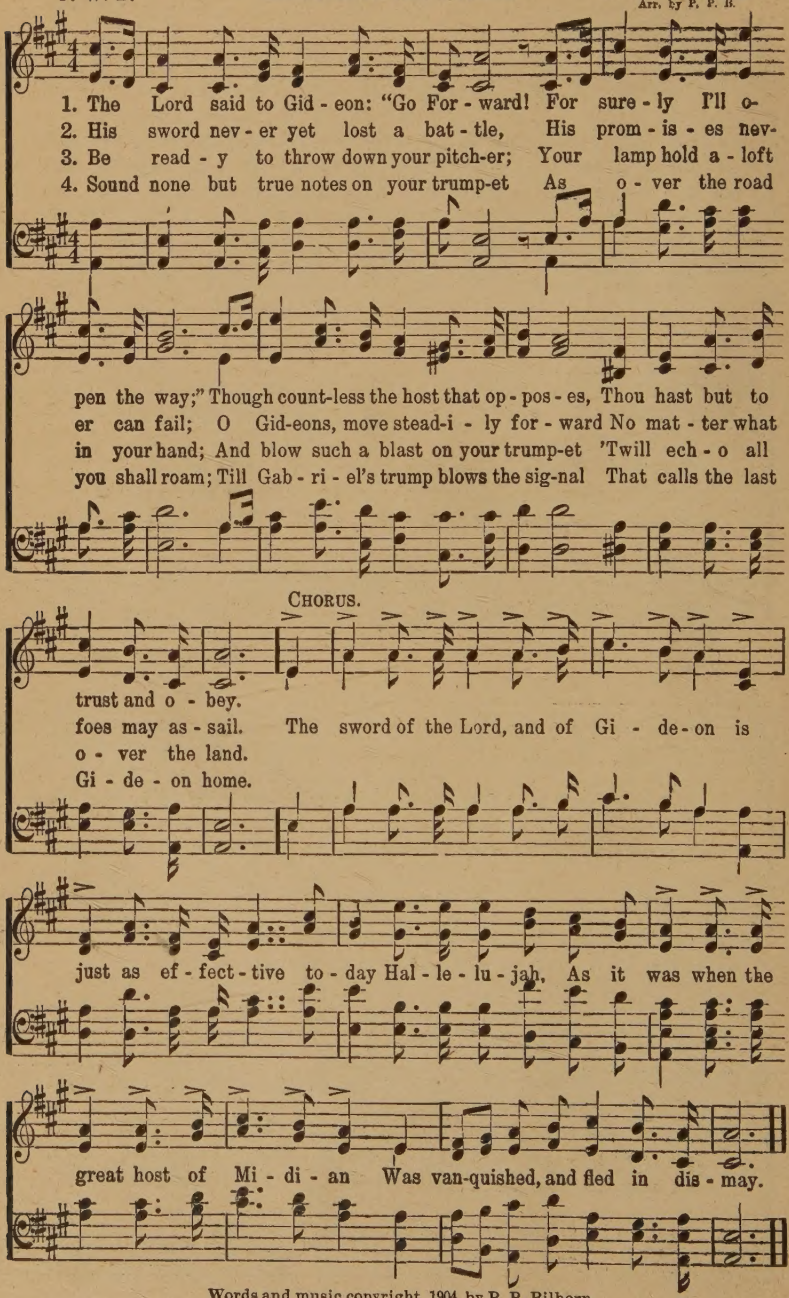
GEO. O. WEBSTER. P. P. BILHORN.

Cheerful.

1. We may jour-ney with re - joic - ing T'ward our home a - bove;
2. We may fol - low with re - joic - ing, If our Shepherd lead;
3. E - ven may our hearts keep sing - ing, Tho' the way be drear;
We may fill the world with prais - es To the God of love;
For He know-eth the green pas - tures, Where His flock may feed,
For we jour - ney to a cit - y, We are pil - grims here,
We may sing a - mid the shad - ows, Tho' they gath - er deep;
Tho' the ways are oft - times rug - ged—Dan - gers hov - er near—
And what - ev - er may be - fall us, In our Fa-ther's love,
rit.
Nev - er need we fear or fal - ter, If our God doth keep.
If we fol - low as He leads us, There is naught to fear.
We may fill the world with prais - es, As we home-ward move.

The Sword of the Lord and of Gideon.

J. W. B. DEDICATED TO THE GIDEONS. J. W. BURGESS. Arr. by P. P. B.


1. The Lord said to Gid - eon: "Go For - ward! For sure - ly I'll o-
2. His sword nev - er yet lost a bat - tle, His prom - is - es nev-
3. Be read - y to throw down your pitch-er; Your lamp hold a - loft
4. Sound none but true notes on your trump-et As o - ver the road
pen the way;" Though count-less the host that op - pos - es, Thou hast but to
er can fail; O Gid-eons, move stead-i - ly for - ward No mat - ter what
in your hand; And blow such a blast on your trump-et 'Twill ech - o all
you shall roam; Till Gab - ri - el's trump blows the sig-nal That calls the last
CHORUS.
trust and o - bey.
foes may as - sail. The sword of the Lord, and of Gi - de - on is
o - ver the land.
Gi - de - on home.
just as ef - fect - tive to - day Hal - le - lu - jah, As it was when the
great host of Mi - di - an Was van-quished, and fled in dis - may.

Words and music copyright, 1904, by P. P. Bilhorn.

Unto the Uttermost.

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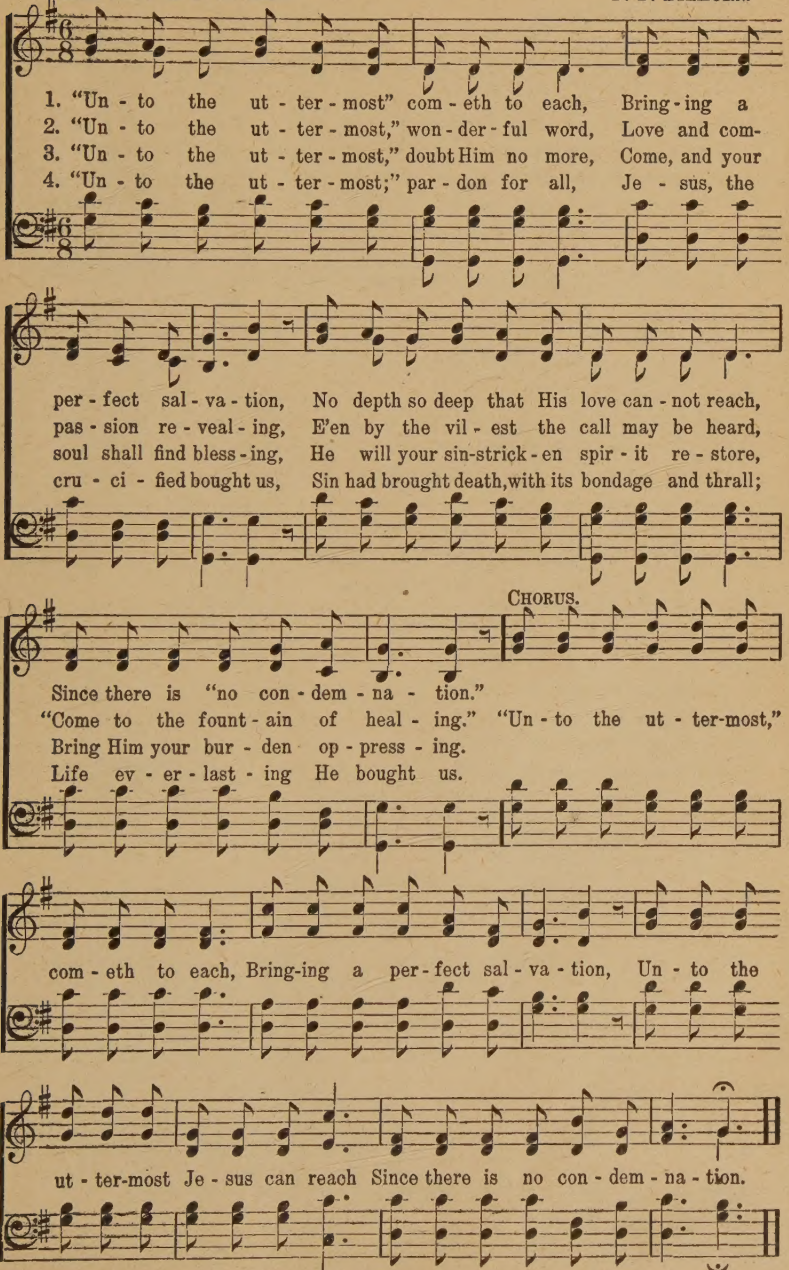
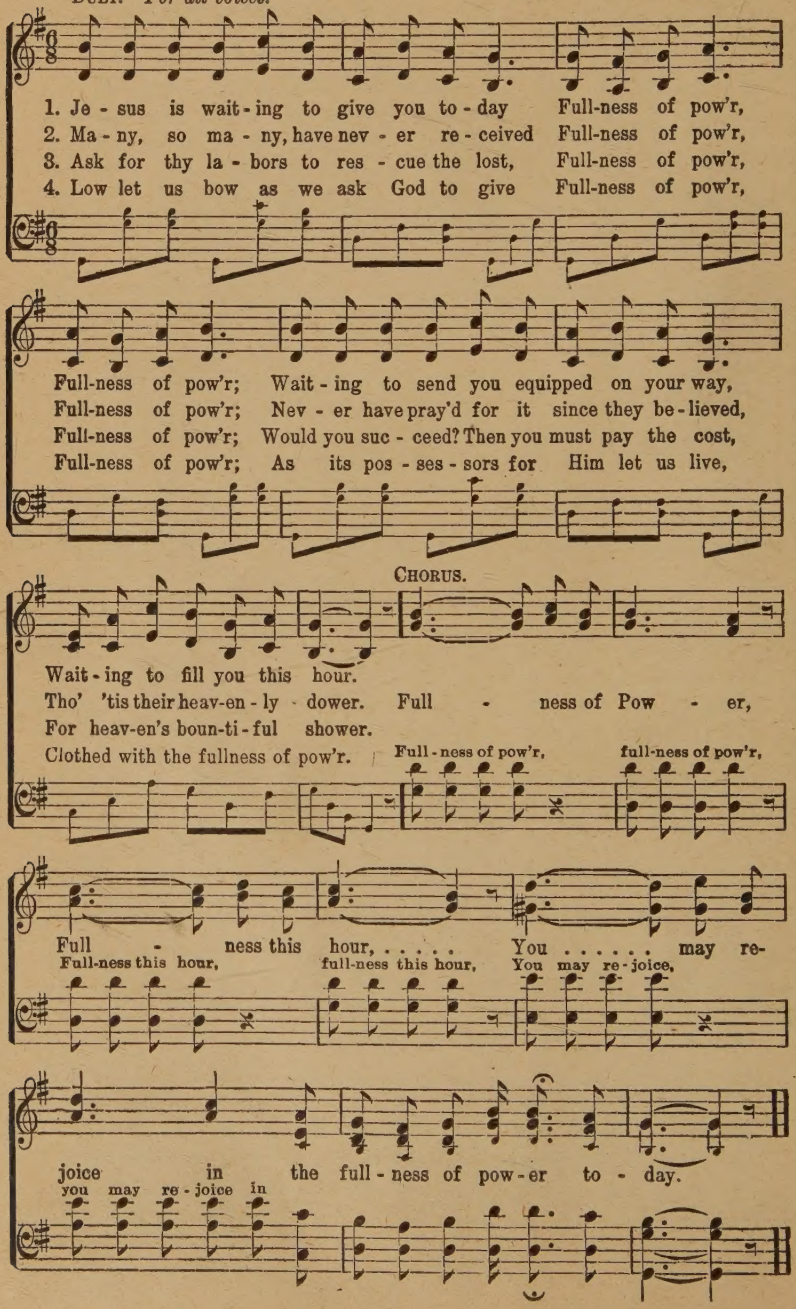
Miss JENNIE E. HUSSEY. P. P. BILHORN.


1. "Un - to the ut - ter - most" com - eth to each, Bring - ing a
2. "Un - to the ut - ter - most," won - der - ful word, Love and com-
3. "Un - to the ut - ter - most," doubt Him no more, Come, and your
4. "Un - to the ut - ter - most;" par - don for all, Je - sus, the
per - fect sal - va - tion, No depth so deep that His love can - not reach,
pas - sion re - veal - ing, E'en by the vil - est the call may be heard,
soul shall find bless - ing, He will your sin-strick - en spir - it re - store,
cru - ci - fied bought us, Sin had brought death, with its bondage and thrall;
CHORUS.
Since there is "no con - dem - na - tion."
"Come to the fount - ain of heal - ing." "Un - to the ut - ter-most,"
Bring Him your bur - den op - press - ing.
Life ev - er - last - ing He bought us.
com - eth to each, Bring-ing a per - fect sal - va - tion, Un - to the
ut - ter-most Je - sus can reach Since there is no con - dem - na - tion.

Fullness of Power.

JOHN R. CLEMENTS. Words and Music Copyright, 1904, by P. P. Bilhorn. P. P. BILHORN.

DUET. *For all voices.*

1. Je - sus is wait - ing to give you to - day Full-ness of pow'r,
2. Ma - ny, so ma - ny, have nev - er re - ceived Full-ness of pow'r,
3. Ask for thy la - bors to res - cue the lost, Full-ness of pow'r,
4. Low let us bow as we ask God to give Full-ness of pow'r,
Full-ness of pow'r; Wait - ing to send you equipped on your way,
Full-ness of pow'r; Nev - er have pray'd for it since they be - lieved,
Full-ness of pow'r; Would you suc - ceed? Then you must pay the cost,
Full-ness of pow'r; As its pos - ses - sors for Him let us live,
CHORUS.
Wait - ing to fill you this hour.
Tho' 'tis their heav-en - ly - dower. Full - ness of Pow - er,
For heav-en's boun-ti - ful shower.
Clothed with the fullness of pow'r.
Full - ness of pow'r, full-ness of pow'r,
Full - ness this hour, ... You . . . . . may re-
Full-ness this hour, full-ness this hour, You may re - joice,
joice in the full - ness of pow - er to - day.
you may re - joice in

Who Will Be the Next.

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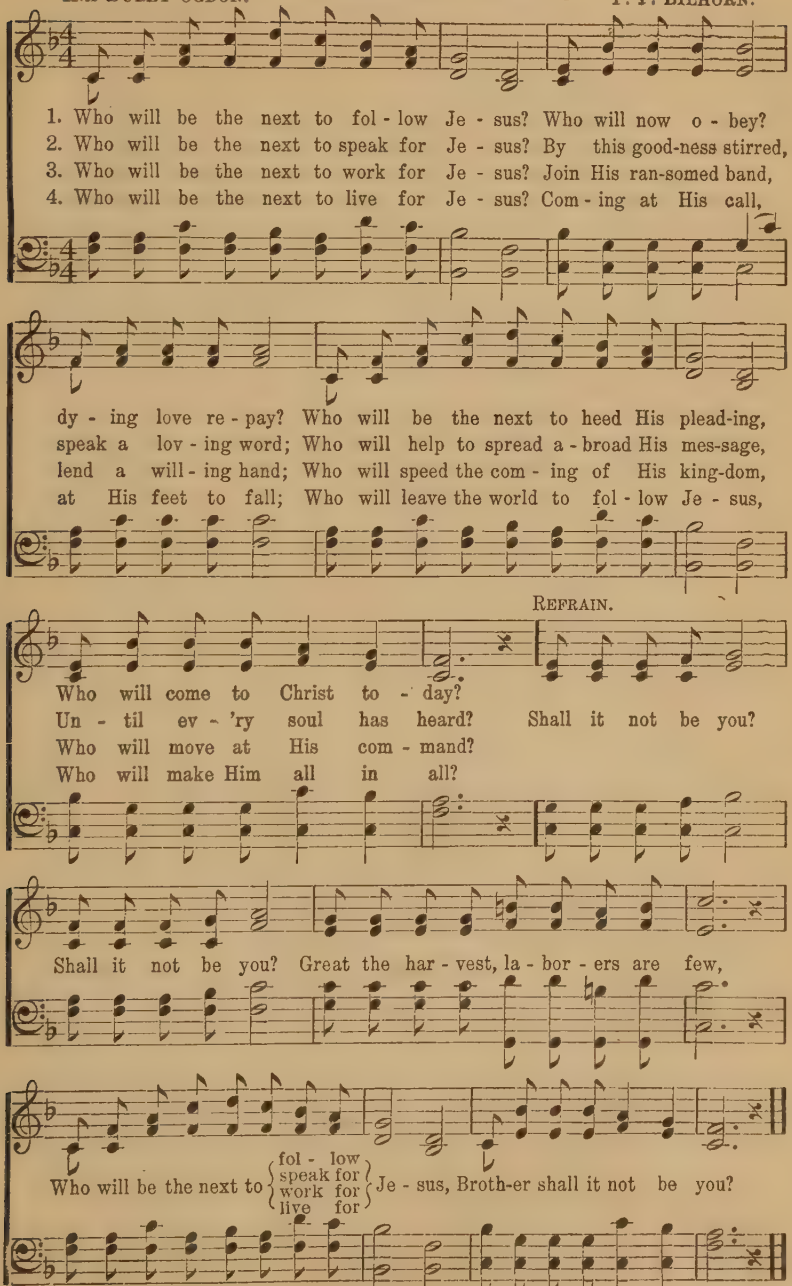
INA DULEY OGDON. P. P. BILHORN.

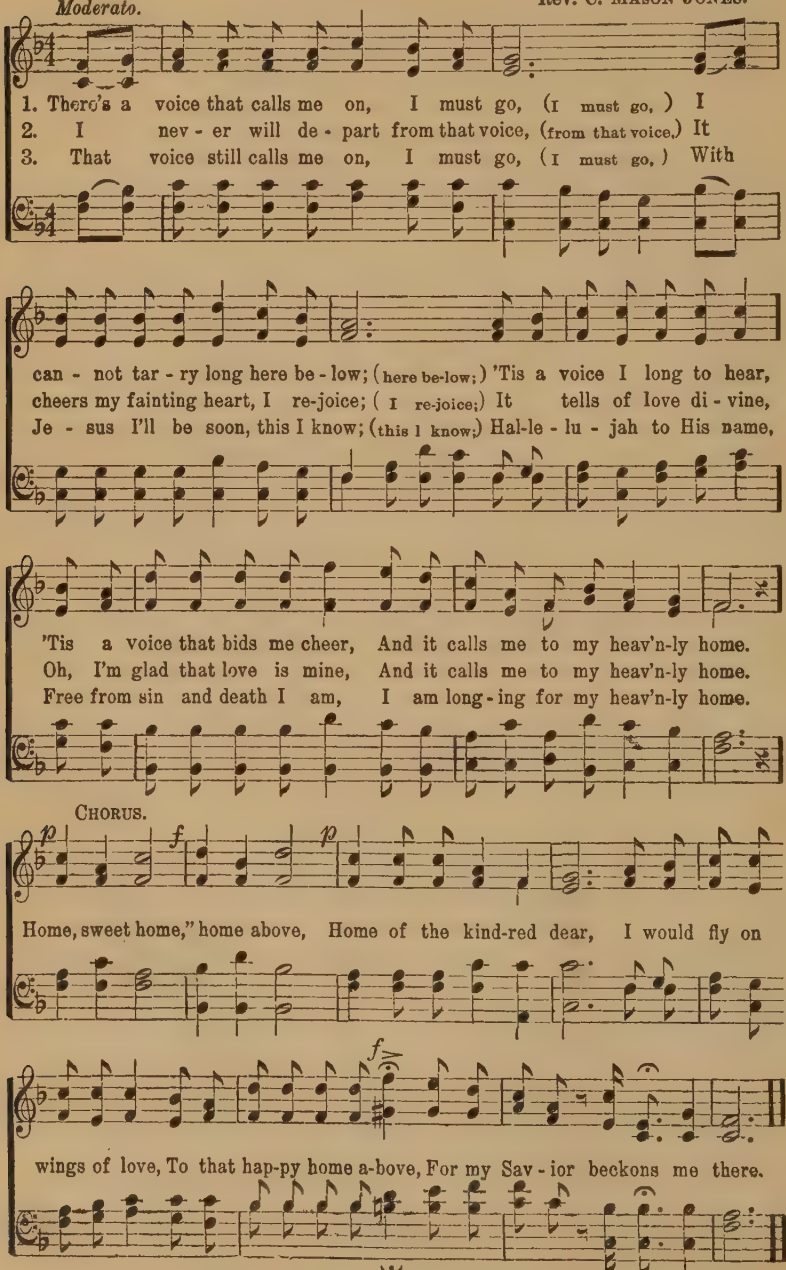

1. Who will be the next to fol - low Je - sus? Who will now o - bey?
2. Who will be the next to speak for Je - sus? By this good-ness stirred,
3. Who will be the next to work for Je - sus? Join His ran-somed band,
4. Who will be the next to live for Je - sus? Com - ing at His call,
dy - ing love re - pay? Who will be the next to heed His plead-ing,
speak a lov - ing word; Who will help to spread a - broad His mes-sage,
lend a will - ing hand; Who will speed the com - ing of His king-dom,
at His feet to fall; Who will leave the world to fol - low Je - sus,
REFRAIN.
Who will come to Christ to - day?
Un - til ev - 'ry soul has heard? Shall it not be you?
Who will move at His com - mand?
Who will make Him all in all?
Shall it not be you? Great the har - vest, la - bor - ers are few,
Who will be the next to { fol - low / speak for / work for / live for } Je - sus, Broth-er shall it not be you?

There's a Voice that Calls Me On.

Words and Music, Copyright, 1904, by C. Mason Jones.

C. M. J.
Moderato.

Rev. C. Mason Jones.


1. There's a voice that calls me on, I must go, (I must go,) I
2. I nev - er will de - part from that voice, (from that voice.) It
3. That voice still calls me on, I must go, (I must go,) With
can - not tar - ry long here be - low; (here be-low;) 'Tis a voice I long to hear,
cheers my fainting heart, I re-joice; (I re-joice;) It tells of love di - vine,
Je - sus I'll be soon, this I know; (this I know;) Hal-le - lu - jah to His name,
'Tis a voice that bids me cheer, And it calls me to my heav'n-ly home.
Oh, I'm glad that love is mine, And it calls me to my heav'n-ly home.
Free from sin and death I am, I am long - ing for my heav'n-ly home.
Chorus.
Home, sweet home," home above, Home of the kind-red dear, I would fly on
wings of love, To that hap-py home a-bove, For my Sav - ior beckons me there.

What Wilt Thou Have Me to Do?

Words and Music
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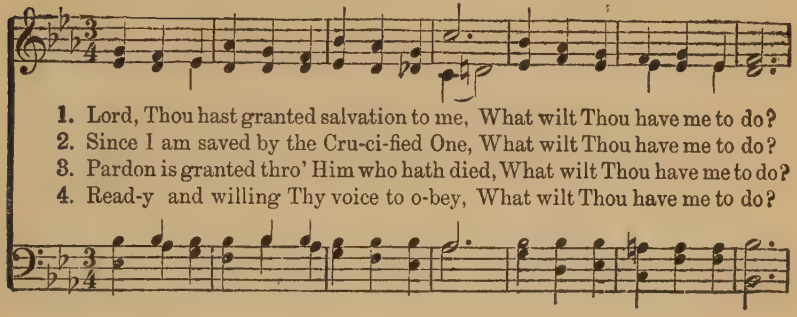
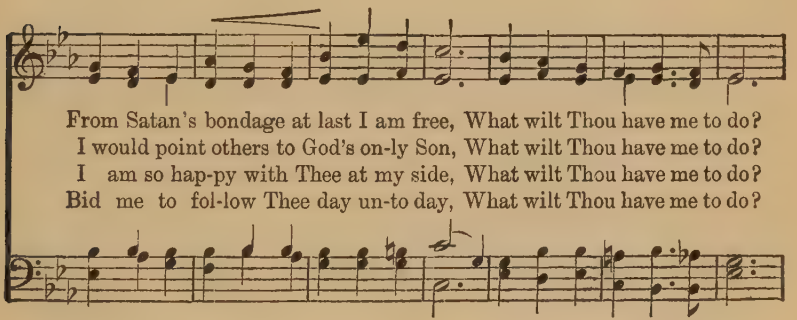
B. A. R.

Arr. from M. C.
by P. P. BILHORN.

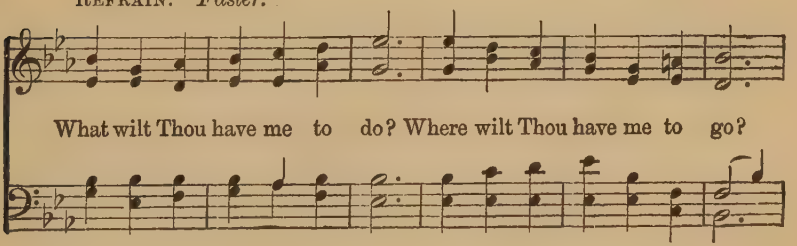


1. Lord, Thou hast granted salvation to me, What wilt Thou have me to do?
2. Since I am saved by the Cru-ci-fied One, What wilt Thou have me to do?
3. Pardon is granted thro' Him who hath died, What wilt Thou have me to do?
4. Read-y and willing Thy voice to o-bey, What wilt Thou have me to do?

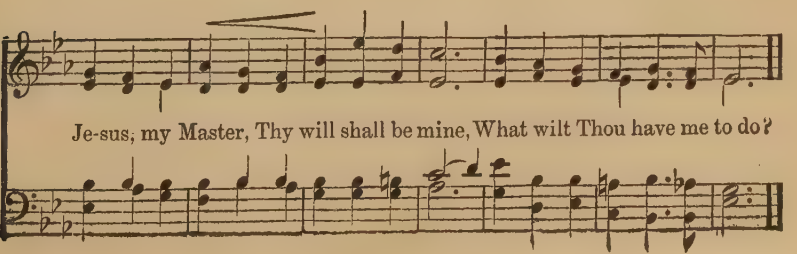


From Satan's bondage at last I am free, What wilt Thou have me to do?
I would point others to God's on-ly Son, What wilt Thou have me to do?
I am so hap-py with Thee at my side, What wilt Thou have me to do?
Bid me to fol-low Thee day un-to day, What wilt Thou have me to do?

REFRAIN. *Faster.*



What wilt Thou have me to do? Where wilt Thou have me to go?



Je-sus, my Master, Thy will shall be mine, What wilt Thou have me to do?

It Shall Be Well.

Words and Music Copyright, 1904, by Geo. O. Webster.

G. O. W. GEO. O. WEBSTER.

1. There's a voice full of ten - der en - treat - y, That's call - ing, dear
2. He has giv - en His life as a ran - som, For sin - ners He
3. You who've wan - dered a - far from the home - land, How wea - ry thy
4. With the cords of a ten - der com - pas - sion, With bands of an

sin - ner, to thee; 'Tis the voice of the world's on - ly Sav - ior,
hung on the tree; By His blood He has pur-chased re - demp-tion,
sin - bur-dened soul; He will heal all thy back - slid - ings free - ly,
in - fi - nite love, He would draw thee and hold thee and fold thee

CHORUS.

He is say - ing Oh, come un - to me. Come . . . . . un - to
Which now free - ly He of - fers to thee.
All your sin - sick-ness He will make whole.
Safe at home in His home-land a - bove. Come un - to me, oh,

rit. m tempo.

me . . . . . and it shall be well with thy soul; Come un - to me, oh,
come un - to me,

rit. m

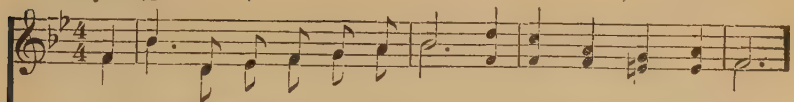
come un - to me and it shall be well with thy soul.
come to me,

Who Will Join Us?

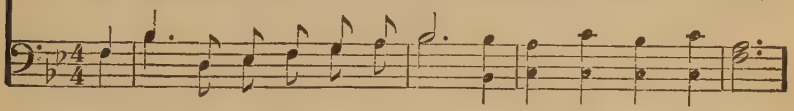
Words and Music
Copyright, 1901, by P. P. Bilhorn.

M. G. WALKER.
Arr. by P. P. B.

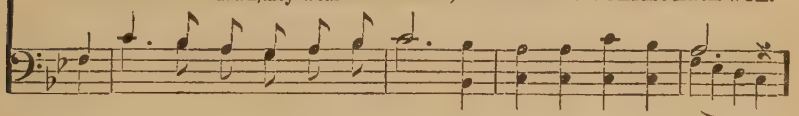
P. P. BILHORN.



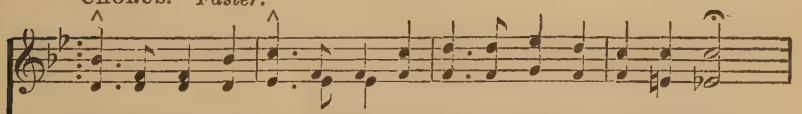
1. Be - hold the ar-mies of the King Are marching forth in line;
2. And now among the foremost ranks, Where foe meets foe to - day;
3. Be - hold, the King himself is near, And while His own ad-vance;
4. Oh, glo-rious, glo-rious vic-to - ry, With life's great bat - tle done;



Their roy - al ban-ners lift-ed high, In ra-diant splendor shine.
They stand erect with sword and shield, To brave the dread af-fray.
The trait-or le-gions backward fall Beneath their fearless glance.
The cross laid down, they wear the crown, Their faith in Christ hath won.

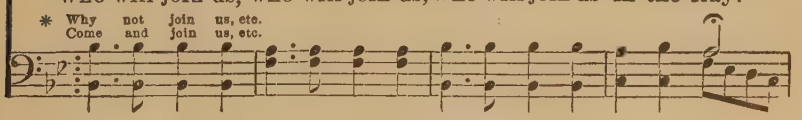


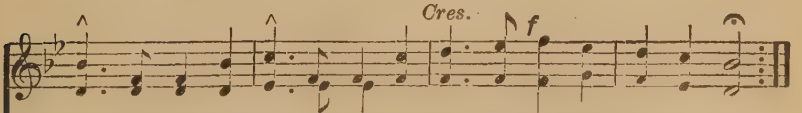
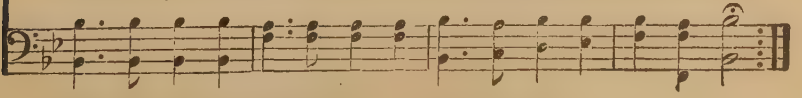
CHORUS. *Faster.*



Who will join us, who will join us, Who will join us in the fray?

* Why not join us, etc.
Come and join us, etc.



Cres. *f*

Who will join us, who will join us, Who will join our ranks to-day?

*Can use the words "Why not join us," or "Come and join us."

The Rock that Is Higher Than I.

Words and Music Copyright, 1904, by P. P. Bilhorn.

J. W. B. J. W. BURGESS.
Arr. by P. P. B.

1. When I'm foot-sore and wea - ry on life's dust - y way, And the hope-springs are
2. When the joy rays of heav - en shine in - to my soul, And I feel that my
3. When the pow - ers of dark-ness en - com-pass me round, And a - bout me the
4. When down to the brink of death's riv-er I come, And its dark bil - lows
5. To that sum-mer-bright land where the an - gels a - bide I shall go in the

fast run-ning dry, Then help me, dear Sav - ior, for safe - ty to
Sav - ior is nigh; May my heart o - ver - flow - ing with thank-ful-ness
fier - y darts fly; No harm can be - fall if I take for my
roll mount-ain high— My pi - lot and guide thro' this tri - al shall
sweet bye and bye; Then my earth wea - ry soul will con - fid - ing-ly

CHORUS.

flee To the Rock that is high - er than I.
be, For this Rock that is high - er than I.
shield The Rock that is high - er than I.
be, The Rock that is high - er than I.
rest On this Rock that is high - er than I.

Oh, the Rock, that is high - er than I, To its ref-uge the wea-ry ones fly, There safe in the

rit.

shel-ter of Christ I will hide—In the Rock that is high-er than I.

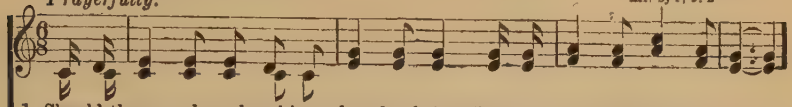
There is Always Time for Prayer.

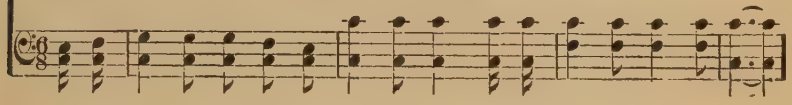
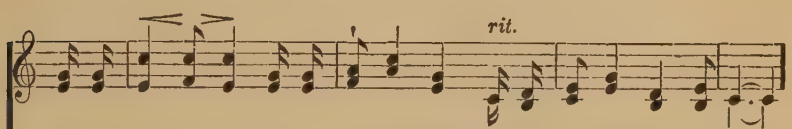
Words and Music Copyright, 1904, by P. P. Bilhorn.

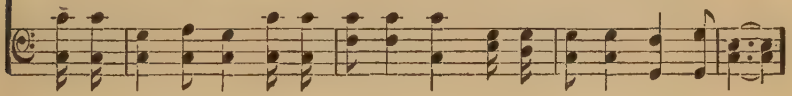
EDITH H. KINNEY, by per.

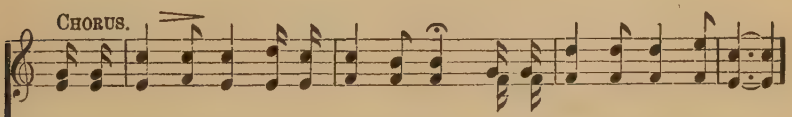
GEO. O. WEBSTER, Arr. by P. P. B

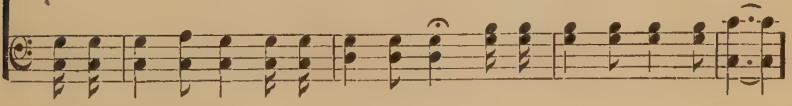
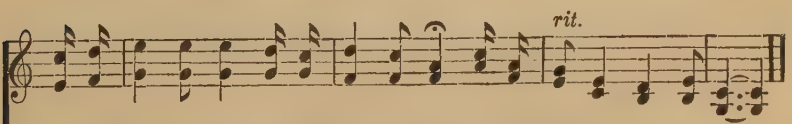
Prayerfully.

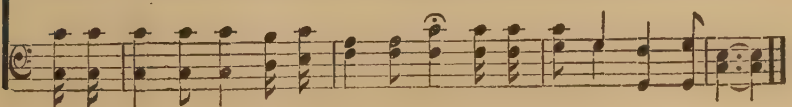


1. Should the new dawn, breaking, a bur-den bring, That your soul deems hard to bear,
2. With a lift of heart let the day be-gin, And a mo-ment re-spite spare,
3. When your wea-ry feet fal-ter on the path, Tho' to pause you do not dare,
4. When the late light dies with the set-ting sun, Would you taste a balm for care?



Seek a boon of grace for a lit-tle space; There is al-ways time for pray'r.
Ere you press a-long with the toiling throng; There is al-ways time for pray'r.
Would you find the stress of the noon grow less? There is al-ways time for pray'r.
With a lift of heart let the day de-part; There is al-ways time for pray'r.

CHORUS.

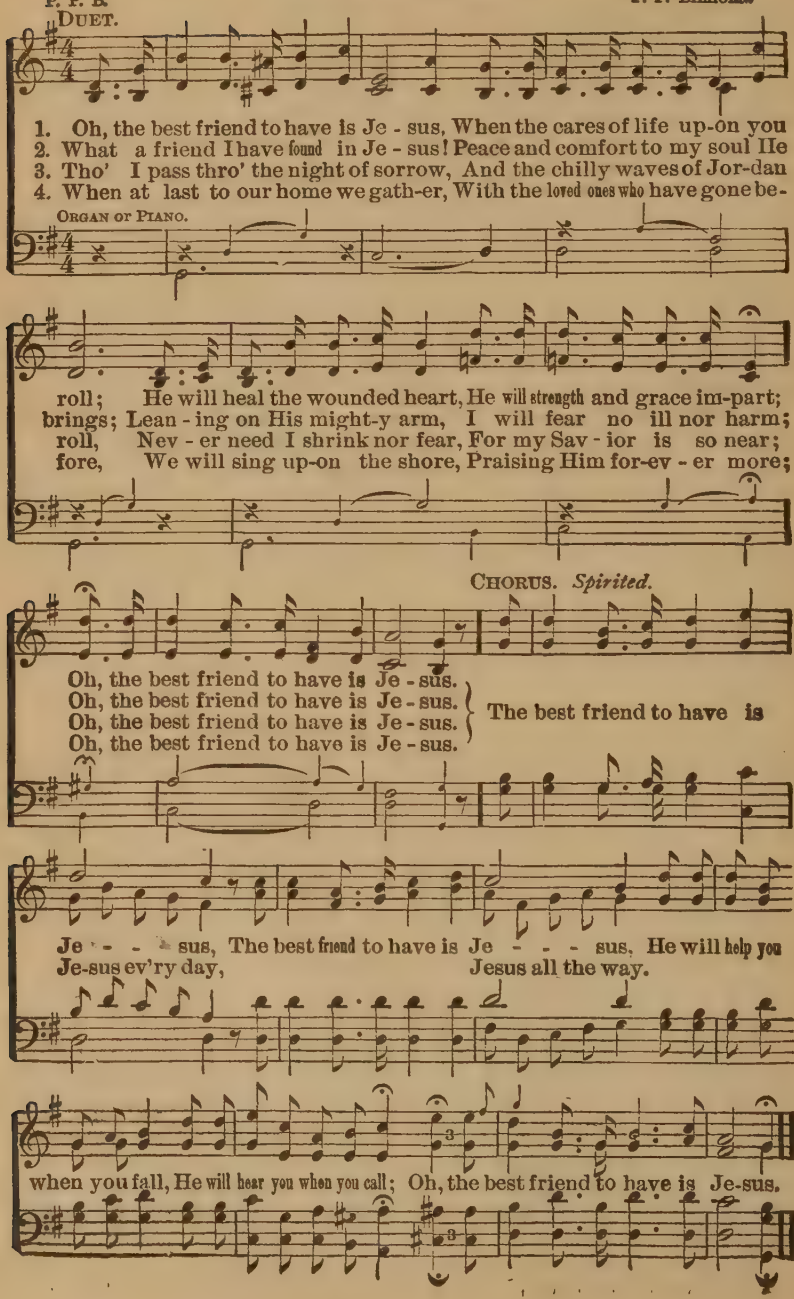


There is al-ways time in the morn-ing's prime, And the gold-en noon-tide fair;



There is al-ways time 'neath the e-ven-chime, There is al-ways time for pray'r.

The Best Friend is Jesus.

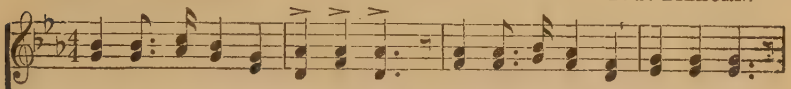
Copyright, 1896, by P. P. Bilhorn.

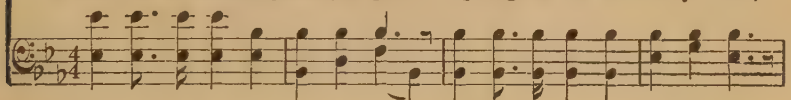
P. P. B. DUET. P. P. BILHORN.

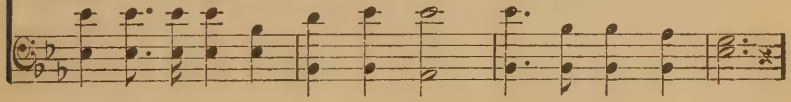

1. Oh, the best friend to have is Je - sus, When the cares of life up-on you
2. What a friend I have found in Je - sus! Peace and comfort to my soul He
3. Tho' I pass thro' the night of sorrow, And the chilly waves of Jor-dan
4. When at last to our home we gath-er, With the loved ones who have gone be-
ORGAN OR PIANO.
roll; He will heal the wounded heart, He will strength and grace im-part;
brings; Lean - ing on His might-y arm, I will fear no ill nor harm;
roll, Nev - er need I shrink nor fear, For my Sav - ior is so near;
fore, We will sing up-on the shore, Praising Him for-ev - er more;
CHORUS. Spirited.
Oh, the best friend to have is Je - sus.
Oh, the best friend to have is Je - sus.
Oh, the best friend to have is Je - sus.
Oh, the best friend to have is Je - sus.
The best friend to have is
Je - - - sus, The best friend to have is Je - - - sus, He will help you
Je-sus ev'ry day, Jesus all the way.
when you fall, He will hear you when you call; Oh, the best friend to have is Je-sus.

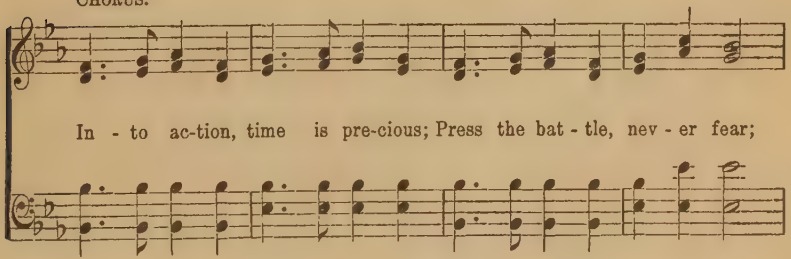
Fight the Fight of Faith.

Words and Music Copyright, 1904, by P. P. Bilhorn.

JOHN R. CLEMENTS. P. P. BILHORN.

1. Life is a bat - tle fierce and strong; Life is a bat - tle 'gainst the wrong;
2. Life is he - ro - ic, do your best; Have firm convictions, stand the test;
3. Life is de-mand-ing men of will; He - ro - ic pur-pose need they still;
4. Sa - tan is long - ing that you quail, Long - ing is he to have you fail,

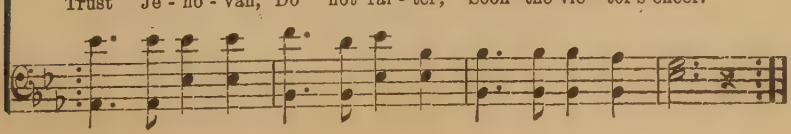


En - ter the con - flict with a song, "Fight the fight of faith."
Take up its du - ties with a zest, "Fight the fight of faith."
Ev - 'ry re-quire-ment you may fill; "Fight the fight of faith."
Strength from Je - ho - vah will pre - vail, "Fight the fight of faith."

CHORUS.



In - to ac-tion, time is pre-cious; Press the bat - tle, nev - er fear;

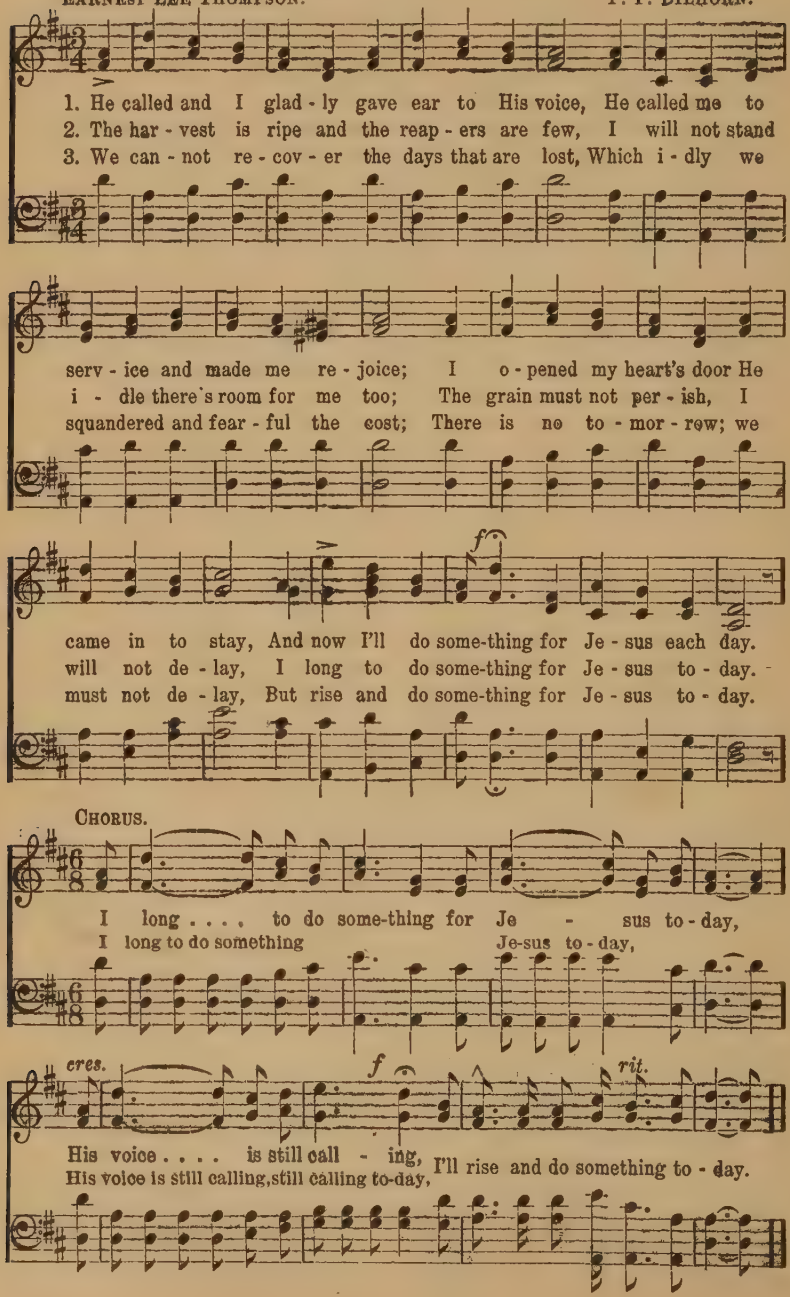
Trust Je - ho - vah, Do not fal - ter; Soon the vic - tor's cheer.



Do Something Today.

Words and Music Copyright, 1904, by P. P. Bilhorn.

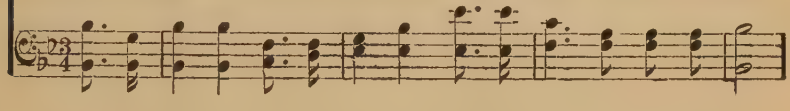
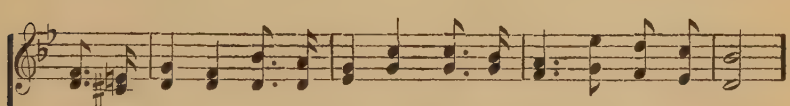
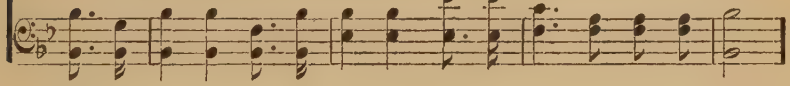
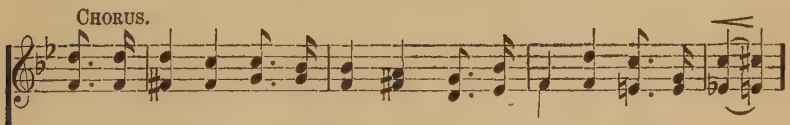
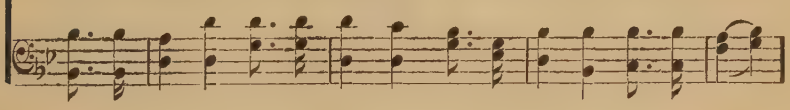
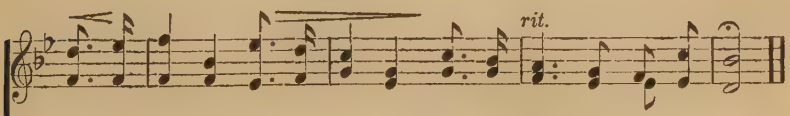
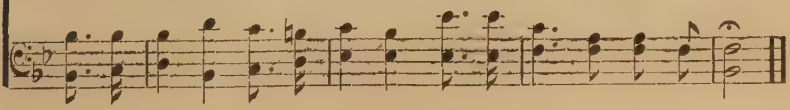
EARNEST LEE THOMPSON. P. P. BILHORN.


1. He called and I glad - ly gave ear to His voice, He called me to
2. The har - vest is ripe and the reap - ers are few, I will not stand
3. We can - not re - cov - er the days that are lost, Which i - dly we
serv - ice and made me re - joice; I o - pened my heart's door He
i - dle there's room for me too; The grain must not per - ish, I
squandered and fear - ful the cost; There is no to - mor - row; we
f
came in to stay, And now I'll do some-thing for Je - sus each day.
will not de - lay, I long to do some-thing for Je - sus to - day.
must not de - lay, But rise and do some-thing for Je - sus to - day.
CHORUS.
I long . . . . to do some-thing for Je - sus to - day,
I long to do something Je-sus to - day,
eres.
f
rit.
His voice . . . . is still call - ing, I'll rise and do something to - day.
His voice is still calling, still calling to-day,

Keep On Praying.

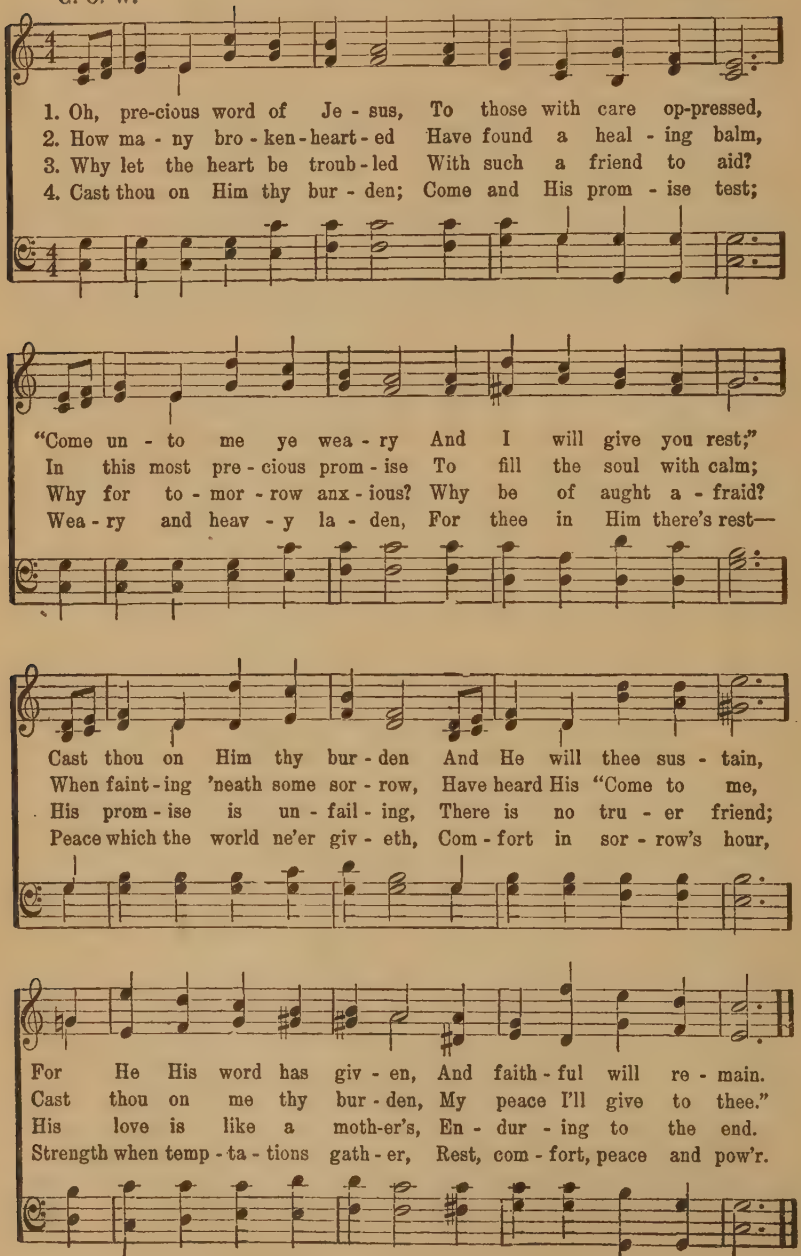
Words and Music Copyright, 1904, by P. P. Bilhorn.

ADAH TORREY HENDERSON. W. CARROLL RADEBAUGH.
Arr. by P. P. B.

1. Keep on pray-ing when the sun-shine Floods the way with gold-en light;
2. Keep on pray-ing tho' the dark-ness Veil the Fa-ther's kind-ly face;
3. Keep on pray-ing, for the tempt-er Spreads his silk-en net with care;
4. Keep on pray-ing all the jour-ney, Pray that oth-ers may be blest;

Keep on pray-ing hap-py pil-grim, While your life with joy is bright.
Keep on pray-ing wea-ry pil-grim, God will give sus-tain-ing grace.
Keep on pray-ing tempt-ed pil-grim, God will keep from ev-'ry snare.
Keep on pray-ing as you la-bor, Soon will come e-ter-nal rest.

CHORUS.

Keep on pray-ing, keep on pray-ing, Be the path-way dark or fair;

Keep on pray-ing, keep on pray-ing, God will hear and an-swer pray'r.

Precious Word of Jesus.

Words and Music Copyright, 1904, by P. P. Bilhorn.

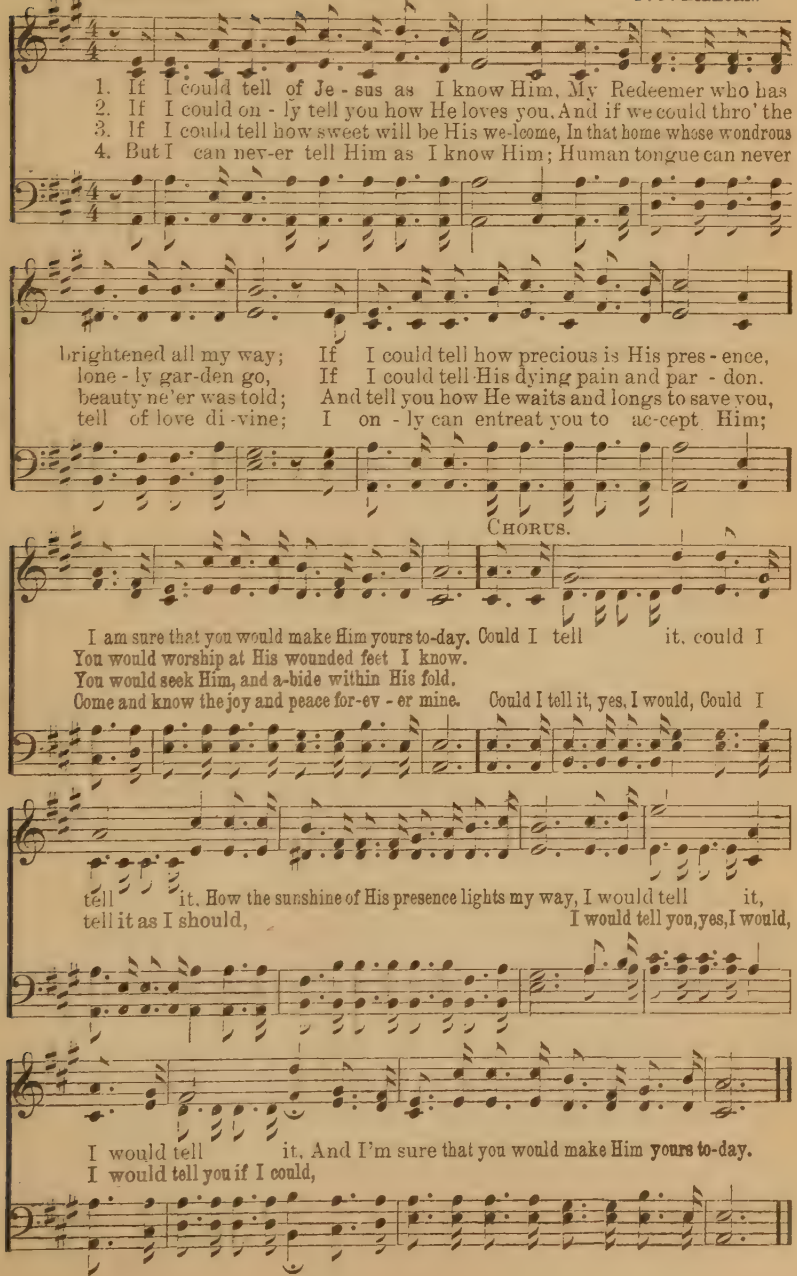
G. O. W. GEO. O. WEBSTER.


1. Oh, pre-cious word of Je - sus, To those with care op-pressed,
2. How ma - ny bro - ken-heart - ed Have found a heal - ing balm,
3. Why let the heart be troub - led With such a friend to aid?
4. Cast thou on Him thy bur - den; Come and His prom - ise test;
"Come un - to me ye wea - ry And I will give you rest;"
In this most pre - cious prom - ise To fill the soul with calm;
Why for to - mor - row anx - ious? Why be of aught a - fraid?
Wea - ry and heav - y la - den, For thee in Him there's rest—
Cast thou on Him thy bur - den And He will thee sus - tain,
When faint - ing 'neath some sor - row, Have heard His "Come to me,
His prom - ise is un - fail - ing, There is no tru - er friend;
Peace which the world ne'er giv - eth, Com - fort in sor - row's hour,
For He His word has giv - en, And faith - ful will re - main.
Cast thou on me thy bur - den, My peace I'll give to thee."
His love is like a moth-er's, En - dur - ing to the end.
Strength when temp - ta - tions gath - er, Rest, com - fort, peace and pow'r.

Could I Tell It.

Words and Music
Copyright, 1901, by P. P. Bilhorn.

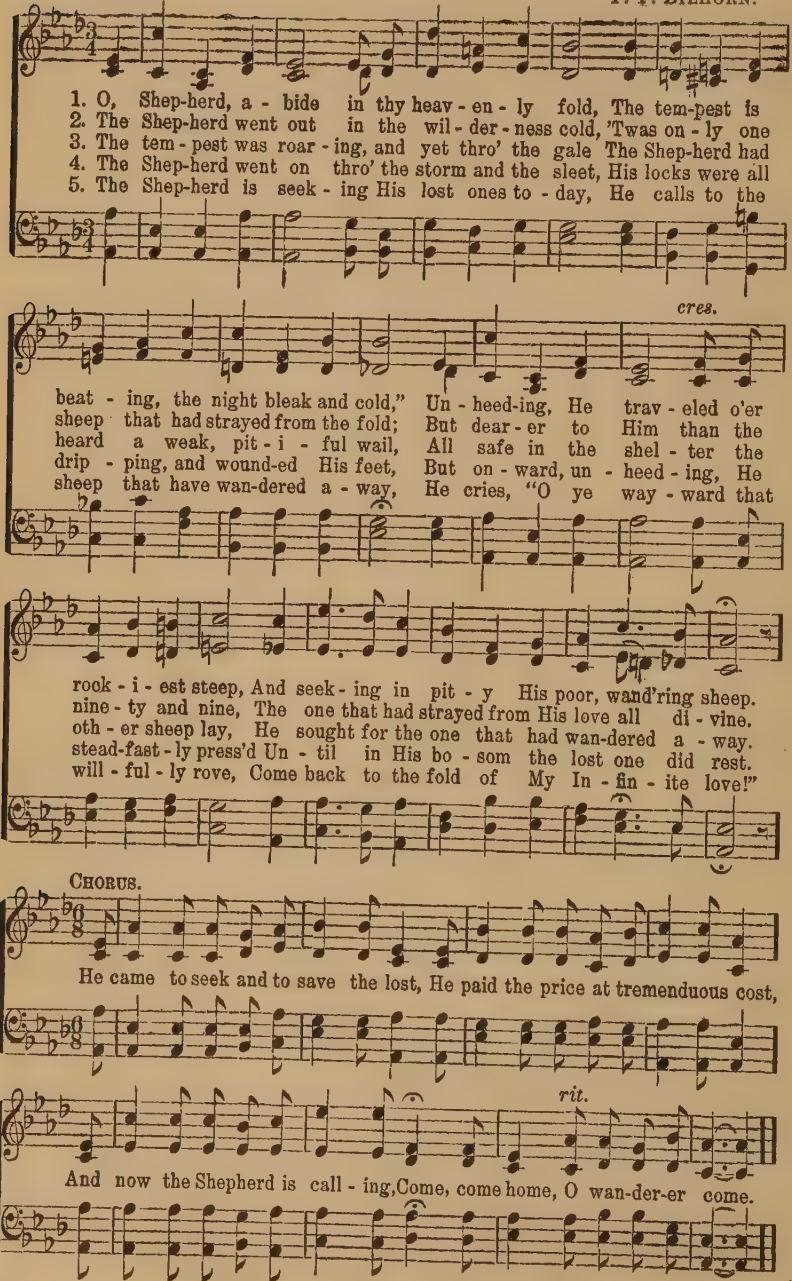
INA DULEY OGDON. P. P. BILHORN.


1. If I could tell of Je - sus as I know Him, My Redeemer who has
2. If I could on - ly tell you how He loves you, And if we could thro' the
3. If I could tell how sweet will be His we-lcome, In that home whose wondrous
4. But I can nev-er tell Him as I know Him; Human tongue can never
brightened all my way; If I could tell how precious is His pres - ence,
lone - ly gar-den go, If I could tell His dying pain and par - don.
beauty ne'er was told; And tell you how He waits and longs to save you,
tell of love di - vine; I on - ly can entreat you to ac-cept Him;
CHORUS.
I am sure that you would make Him yours to-day. Could I tell it, could I
You would worship at His wounded feet I know.
You would seek Him, and a-bide within His fold.
Come and know the joy and peace for-ev - er mine. Could I tell it, yes, I would, Could I
tell it. How the sunshine of His presence lights my way, I would tell it,
tell it as I should, I would tell you, yes, I would,
I would tell it. And I'm sure that you would make Him yours to-day.
I would tell you if I could,

The Wayward Sheep.

Words and Music Copyright, 1904, by P. P. Bilhorn.

BIRDIE BELL. P. P. BILHORN.


1. O, Shep-herd, a - bide in thy heav - en - ly fold, The tem-pest is beat - ing, the night bleak and cold," Un - heed-ing, He trav - eled o'er rock - i - est steep, And seek - ing in pit - y His poor, wand'ring sheep.
2. The Shep-herd went out in the wil - der - ness cold, 'Twas on - ly one sheep that had strayed from the fold; But dear - er to Him than the nine - ty and nine, The one that had strayed from His love all di - vine.
3. The tem - pest was roar - ing, and yet thro' the gale The Shep-herd had heard a weak, pit - i - ful wail, All safe in the shel - ter the oth - er sheep lay, He sought for the one that had wan-dered a - way.
4. The Shep-herd went on thro' the storm and the sleet, His locks were all drip - ping, and wound-ed His feet, But on - ward, un - heed - ing, He stead-fast - ly press'd Un - til in His bo - som the lost one did rest.
5. The Shep-herd is seek - ing His lost ones to - day, He calls to the sheep that have wan-dered a - way, He cries, "O ye way - ward that will - ful - ly rove, Come back to the fold of My In - fin - ite love!"
cres.
CHORUS.
He came to seek and to save the lost, He paid the price at tremenduous cost,
rit.
And now the Shepherd is call - ing, Come, come home, O wan-der-er come.

Looking Beyond.

Words and Music Copyright, 1904, by P. P. Bilhorn.

INA DULEY OGDON. THORO HARRIS.

1. I am look-ing be-yond the shad-ows, Press-ing my home-ward way;
2. I am look-ing be-yond my sor-row, Look-ing be-yond my care;
3. I am look-ing be-yond the con-flict; Soon will the night be o'er,
4. I am look-ing be-yond the Jor-dan, Cling-ing to Je-sus' hand;

I am sing-ing a glad ho-san-na, Look-ing be-yond to-day.
I am look-ing be-yond temp-ta-tion, Look-ing in faith and pray'r.
And a peace-ful and per-fect morning Dawn on a storm-less shore.
I am look-ing be-yond the shad-ows, In - to the prom-ised land.

CHORUS.

Look - ing be - yond, look - ing be-yond, I'm fond - ly

Dream - ing of bless - ings un - told; O my soul loves to

dream of its rapt - ure When those heav - en - ly por - tals un - fold.

Christ is Coming.

Words and Music.
Copyright, 1886, by P. P. Bilhorn.

P. P. B. P. P. Bilhorn.

1. Christ is com-ing, and all na-tions shall be-hold Him: Ev-'ry knee shall
2. Christ is com-ing, not as once,—a man of sor-row,—But as King of
3. Christ is com-ing, oh, what rap-ture to be-hold Him! Robed in splendor
4. Christ is com-ing, oh, my peo-ple are you rea-dy? Can you meet the

bow and call Him Lord and King; Ev'ry tongue shall then confess Of His
earth and heav-en He shall reign; War and strife and greed shall cease, O-ver
and in glo-ry He shall be: Dark-est night shall flee a-pace At the
Lord if He should come to-night? Will you hear the words "Well done" Or the

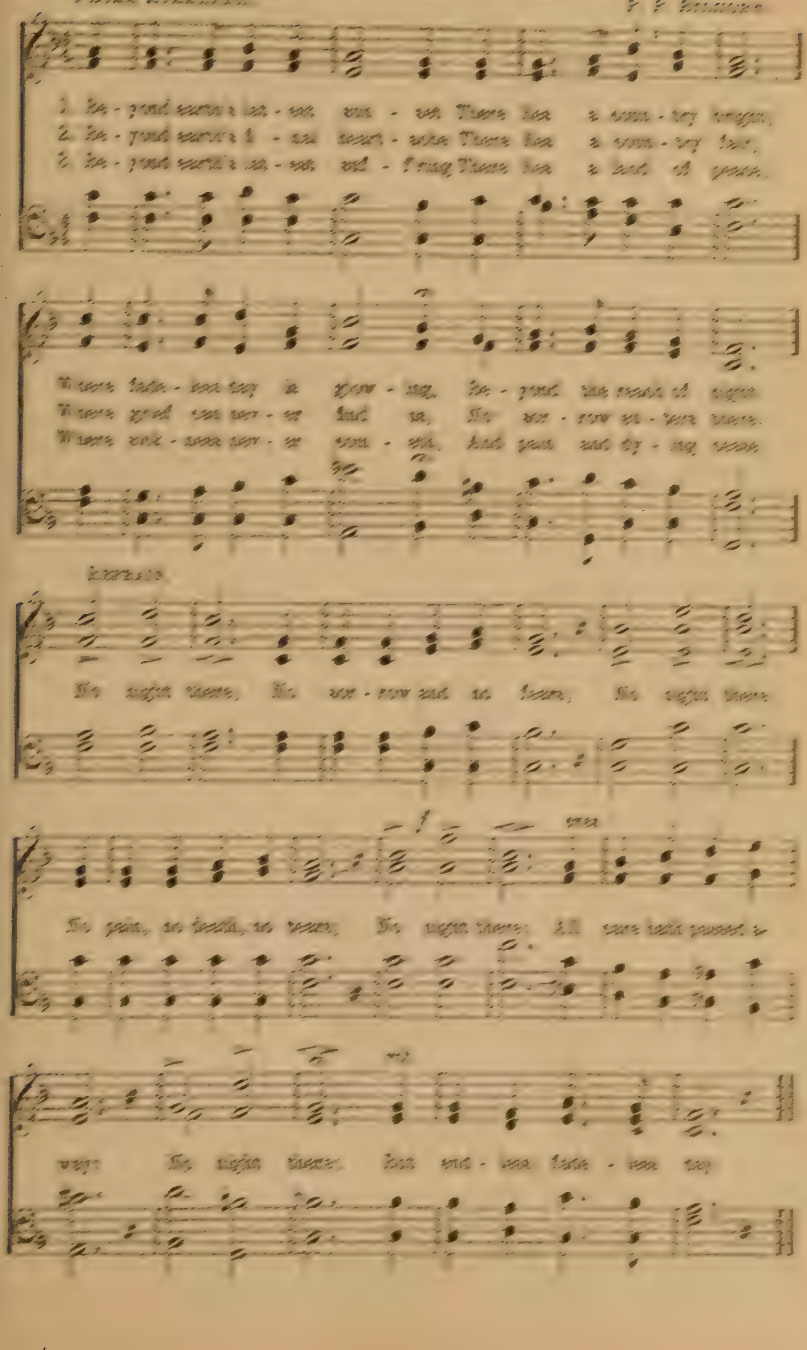
Fff.

love and righteousness: He is com-ing, all His ransomed home to bring.
all the earth be peace, He is com-ing, Christ the Lamb for sinner slain.
brightness of His face, Hal-le-lu-jah! He is com-ing soon for me.
aw-ful word, "Be-gone!" He is com-ing in His glo-ry and His might.

CHORUS.

Christ is com-ing, Christ is com-ing, And His righteousness and
Christ is com-ing, Christ is com-ing,

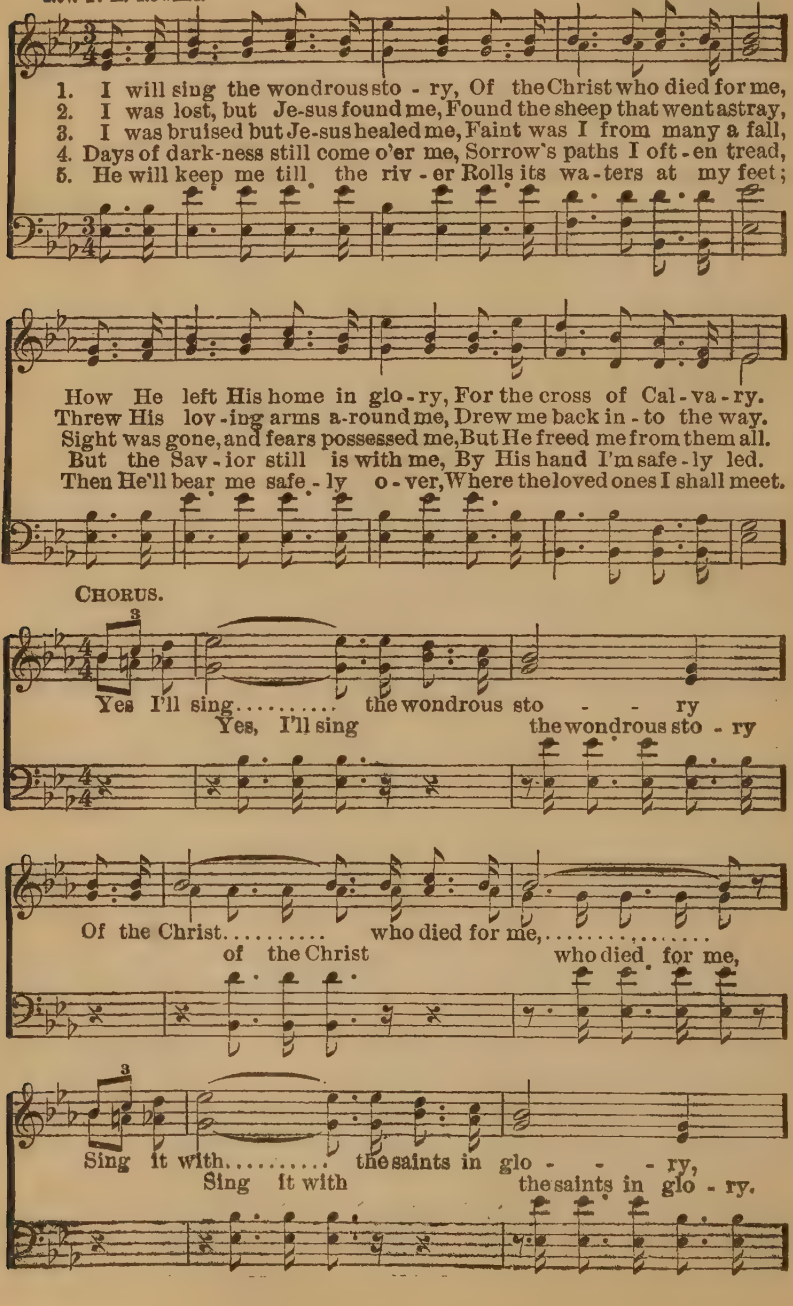
glo-ry we shall see; He is coming soon to wel-come you and me.
we shall see;

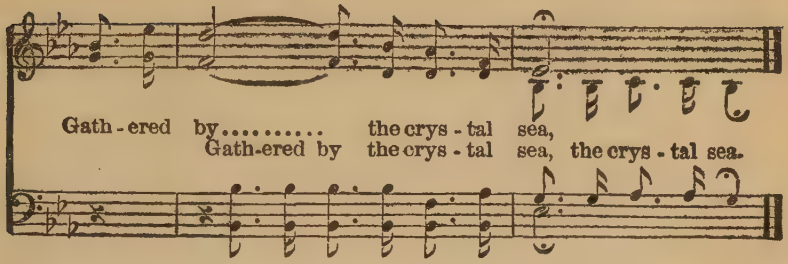

1. Be - yond earth's nar - row con - fines There lies a coun - try bright,
2. Be - yond earth's sin - ful heart - aches There lies a coun - try fair,
3. Be - yond earth's sor - row and - fear - ing There lies a land of peace,
Where fade - less day is glow - ing, Be - yond the reach of night
Where good can ne - ver fail us, No sor - row or - pain there,
Where rich - eous ne - ver - more - ing, And pain and dy - ing cease
Chorus.
No night there, No sor - row and no fears, No night there
No pain, no death, no tears, No night there; All care and passed a
way; No night there; but end - less day and

I will Sing the Wondrous Story.

Copyright, 1887, by Ira D. Sankey.

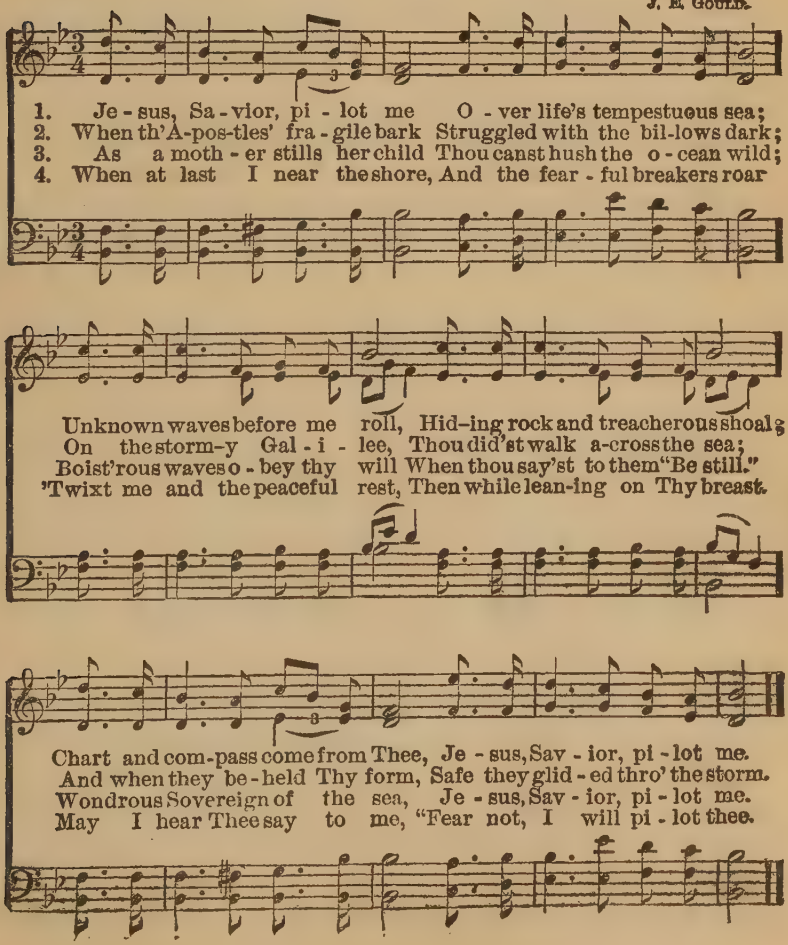
Rev. F. H. Rowley. Peter P. Bilhorn.


1. I will sing the wondrous sto - ry, Of the Christ who died for me,
2. I was lost, but Je-sus found me, Found the sheep that went astray,
3. I was bruised but Je-sus healed me, Faint was I from many a fall,
4. Days of dark-ness still come o'er me, Sorrow's paths I oft - en tread,
5. He will keep me till the riv - er Rolls its wa - ters at my feet;
How He left His home in glo - ry, For the cross of Cal - va - ry.
Threw His lov - ing arms a-round me, Drew me back in - to the way.
Sight was gone, and fears possessed me, But He freed me from them all.
But the Sav - ior still is with me, By His hand I'm safe - ly led.
Then He'll bear me safe - ly o - ver, Where the loved ones I shall meet.
Chorus.
Yes I'll sing..... the wondrous sto - - - ry
Yes, I'll sing the wondrous sto - ry
Of the Christ..... who died for me,.....
of the Christ who died for me,
Sing it with..... the saints in glo - - - ry,
Sing it with the saints in glo - ry.



Savior, Pilot Me.

J. E. Gould.


1. Je-sus, Sa-vior, pi-lot me O-ver life's tempestuous sea;
2. When th'A-pos-tles' fra-gile bark Struggled with the bil-lows dark;
3. As a moth-er stills her child Thou canst hush the o-cean wild;
4. When at last I near the shore, And the fear-ful breakers roar
Unknown waves before me roll, Hid-ing rock and treacherous shoal;
On the storm-y Gal-i-lee, Thou did'st walk a-cross the sea;
Boist'rous waves o-bey thy will When thou say'st to them "Be still."
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest, Then while lean-ing on Thy breast.
Chart and com-pass come from Thee, Je-sus, Sav-ior, pi-lot me.
And when they be-held Thy form, Safe they glid-ed thro' the storm.
Wondrous Sovereign of the sea, Je-sus, Sav-ior, pi-lot me.
May I hear Thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi-lot thee.

In That Day.

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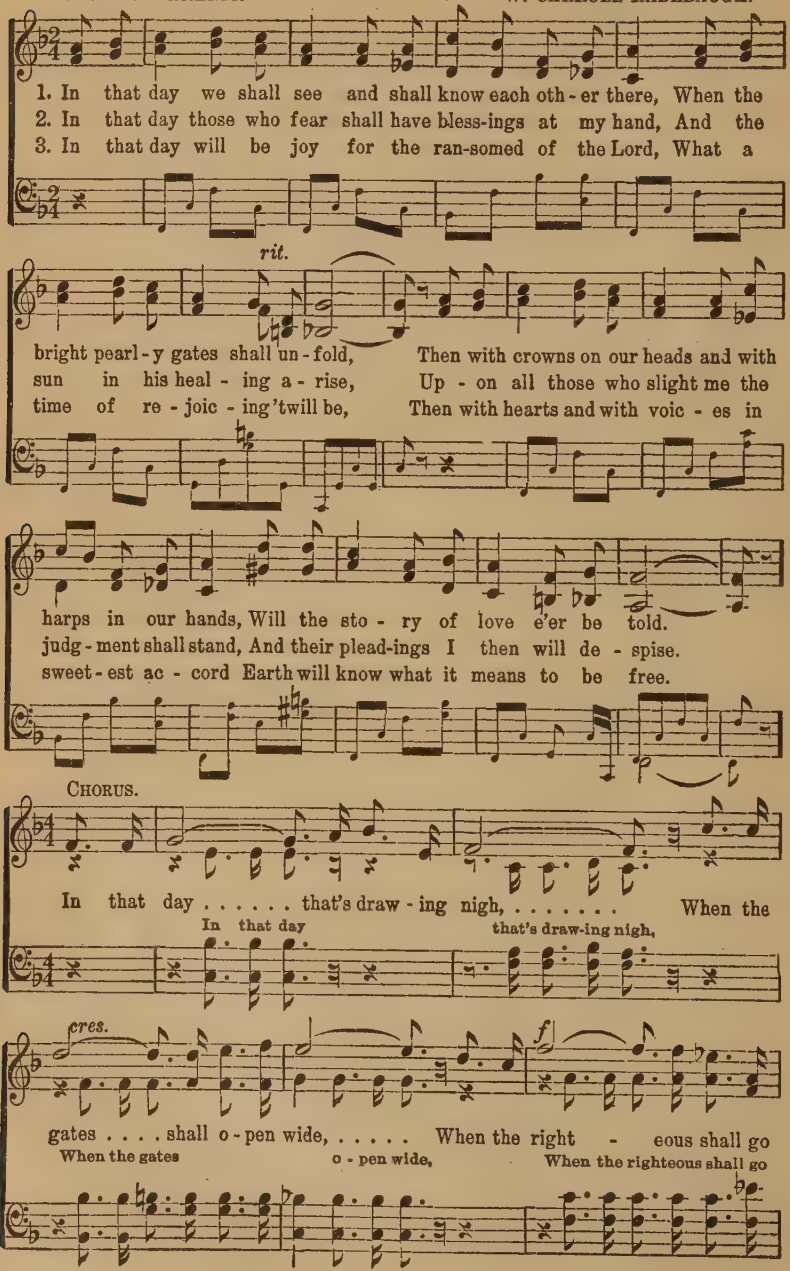
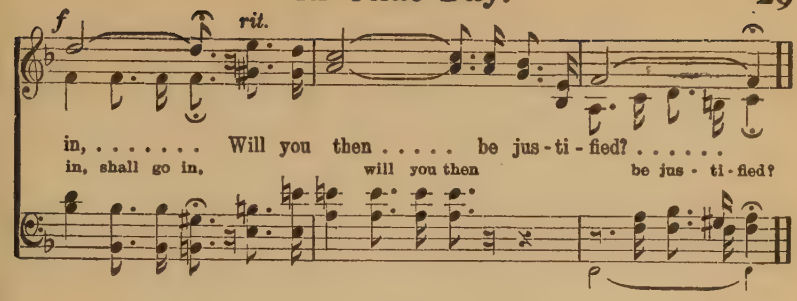
JOHN R. CLEMENTS. W. CARROLL RADEBAUGH.


1. In that day we shall see and shall know each oth - er there, When the
2. In that day those who fear shall have bless-ings at my hand, And the
3. In that day will be joy for the ran-somed of the Lord, What a
rit.
bright pearl - y gates shall un - fold, Then with crowns on our heads and with
sun in his heal - ing a - rise, Up - on all those who slight me the
time of re - joic - ing 'twill be, Then with hearts and with voic - es in
harps in our hands, Will the sto - ry of love e'er be told.
judg - ment shall stand, And their plead-ings I then will de - spise.
sweet - est ac - cord Earth will know what it means to be free.
CHORUS.
In that day . . . . . that's draw - ing nigh, ... When the
In that day
that's draw-ing nigh,
cres.
gates . . . . shall o - pen wide, ... When the right - eous shall go
When the gates
o - pen wide,
When the righteous shall go

In That Day.



My Desire.

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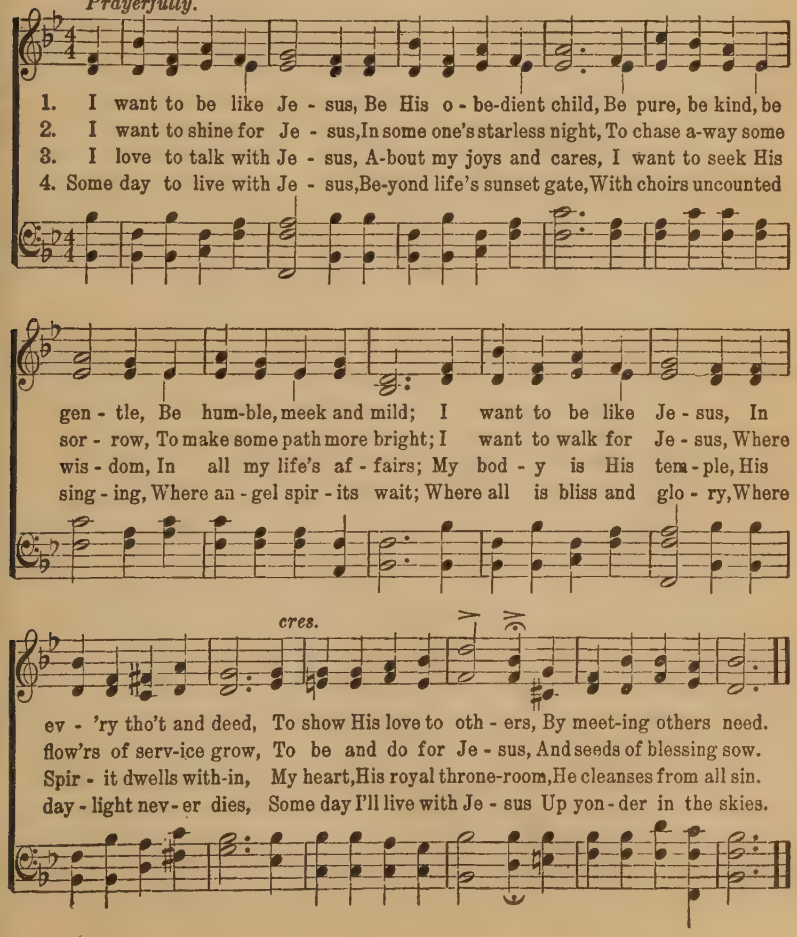
JOHN R. CLEMENTS. P. P. BILHORN.

Prayerfully.


1. I want to be like Je - sus, Be His o - be-dient child, Be pure, be kind, be
2. I want to shine for Je - sus, In some one's starless night, To chase a-way some
3. I love to talk with Je - sus, A-bout my joys and cares, I want to seek His
4. Some day to live with Je - sus, Be-yond life's sunset gate, With choirs uncounted
gen - tle, Be hum-ble, meek and mild; I want to be like Je - sus, In
sor - row, To make some path more bright; I want to walk for Je - sus, Where
wis - dom, In all my life's af - fairs; My bod - y is His tem - ple, His
sing - ing, Where an - gel spir - its wait; Where all is bliss and glo - ry, Where
cres.
ev - 'ry tho't and deed, To show His love to oth - ers, By meet-ing others need.
flow'rs of serv-ice grow, To be and do for Je - sus, And seeds of blessing sow.
Spir - it dwells with-in, My heart, His royal throne-room, He cleanses from all sin.
day - light nev - er dies, Some day I'll live with Je - sus Up yon - der in the skies.

Fall In Line.

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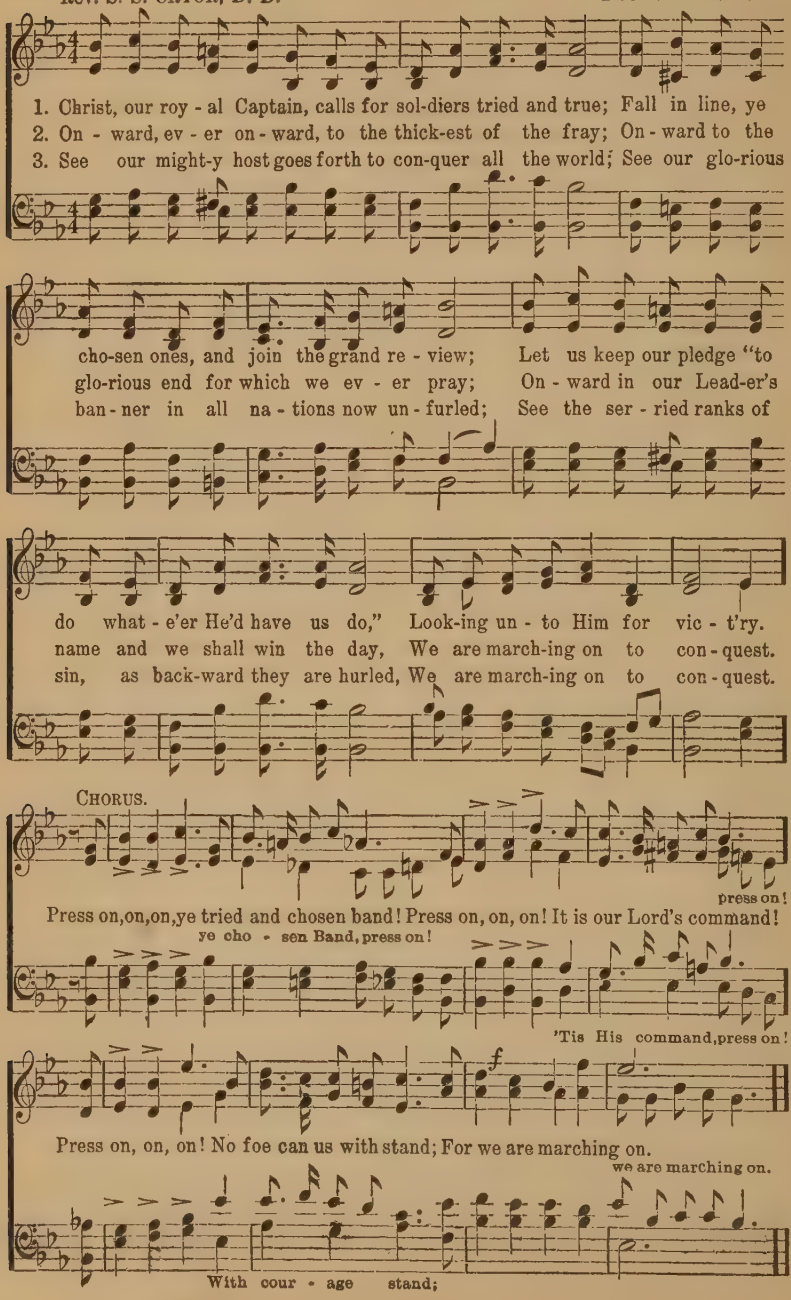
Rev. S. S. CRYOR, D. D. THORO HARRIS.


1. Christ, our roy - al Captain, calls for sol-diers tried and true; Fall in line, ye
2. On - ward, ev - er on - ward, to the thick-est of the fray; On - ward to the
3. See our might-y host goes forth to con-quer all the world; See our glo-rious
cho-sen ones, and join the grand re - view; Let us keep our pledge "to
glo-rious end for which we ev - er pray; On - ward in our Lead-er's
ban - ner in all na - tions now un - furled; See the ser - ried ranks of
do what - e'er He'd have us do," Look-ing un - to Him for vic - t'ry.
name and we shall win the day, We are march-ing on to con - quest.
sin, as back-ward they are hurled, We are march-ing on to con - quest.
CHORUS.
press on!
Press on,on,on,ye tried and chosen band! Press on, on, on! It is our Lord's command!
ye cho - sen Band, press on!
'Tis His command,press on!
Press on, on, on! No foe can us with stand; For we are marching on.
we are marching on.
With cour - age stand;

Jesus Christ Is My Savior. 31

Suggested by Dr. Edwin Forrest Hallenbeck's Testimony Meeting.

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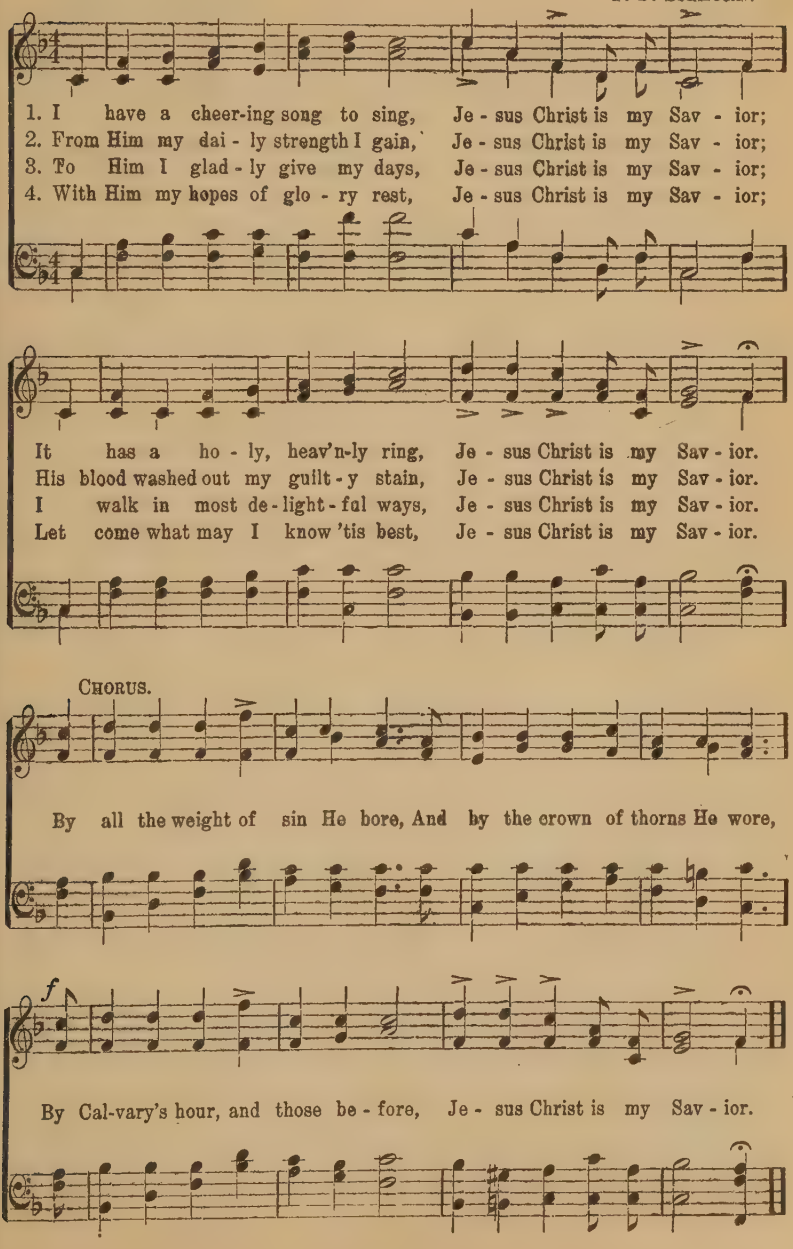
JOHN R. CLEMENTS. P. P. BILHORN.

1. I have a cheer-ing song to sing, Je - sus Christ is my Sav - ior;
2. From Him my dai - ly strength I gain, Je - sus Christ is my Sav - ior;
3. To Him I glad - ly give my days, Je - sus Christ is my Sav - ior;
4. With Him my hopes of glo - ry rest, Je - sus Christ is my Sav - ior;
It has a ho - ly, heav'n-ly ring, Je - sus Christ is my Sav - ior.
His blood washed out my guilt - y stain, Je - sus Christ is my Sav - ior.
I walk in most de - light - ful ways, Je - sus Christ is my Sav - ior.
Let come what may I know 'tis best, Je - sus Christ is my Sav - ior.
CHORUS.
By all the weight of sin He bore, And by the crown of thorns He wore,
f
By Cal-vary's hour, and those be - fore, Je - sus Christ is my Sav - ior.

Go Ye Therefore.

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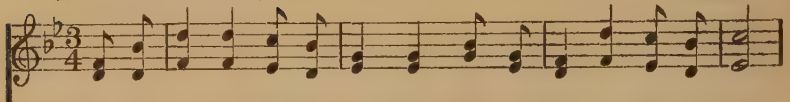
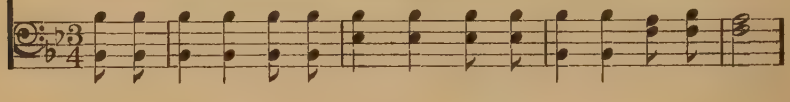
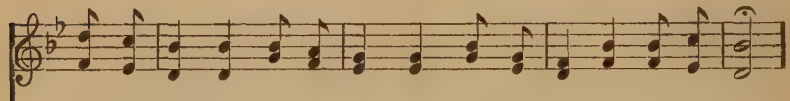
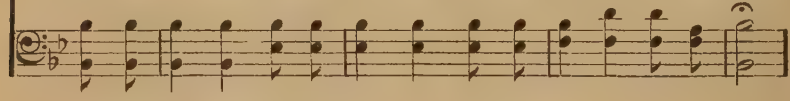
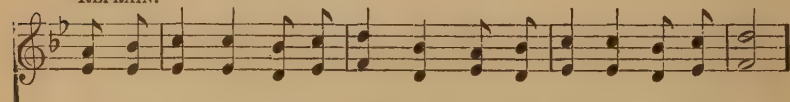
INA DULEY OGDON. P. P. BILHORN.

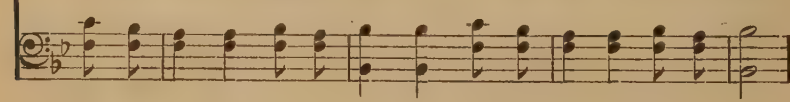


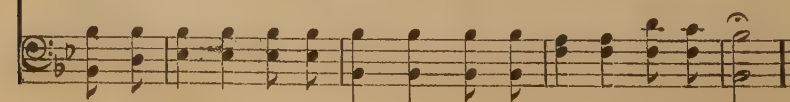
1. "Go ye there-fore teach all na - tions" 'Tis the Mas-ter's voice you hear;
2. "Go bap - tise them in the name of Fa - ther, Son and Ho - ly Ghost;"
3. "Bid - ding them ob-serve my say - ings, What - so - ev - er I com - mand,



Go and spread His free sal - va - tion, Tell it far and tell it near.
Speed the com - ing of His king - dom, Hast - en forth to save the lost.
And lo, I am with you al - ways, Al - ways e - ven to the end."

REFRAIN.



Go and tell of Christ the Sav - ior, Go and tell His love so free;



Tell the news to ev - 'ry creat - ure, 'Till the world His own shall be.

Walking With Jesus.

Words and Music
Copyright, 1901, by P. P. Bilhorn.

H. L. B. HARRY L. BROOKS.

1. Walking in the bless-ed light of Je-sus' love, Walk-ing ev-'ry hour,
2. Sav-ior, keep me walking in the nar-row way, Walk-ing ev-'ry hour,
3. Walking by the riv-er on the gold-en shore, Walk-ing ev-'ry hour,

walk-ing ev-'ry day; Walk-ing in the strength He gives us from a-bove,
walk-ing ev-'ry day; Save me from the tempter's fie-ry darts and pow'r,
walk-ing ev-'ry day; Walk-ing in the Sav-ior's presence ev-er-more,

REFRAIN.

Walk-ing with Je-sus a-lone. Walk-ing with
Save me, O Je-sus, I pray.
Walk-ing with Je-sus at home. Walk-ing in the sun-shine,

Je-sus, Walk-ing ev-'ry day, walk-ing all the way,
walk-ing in the shad-ow,

Walk-ing with Je-sus, Walking with Jesus a-lone.
Walking in the sunshine, walking in the shadow,

Afterwhile.

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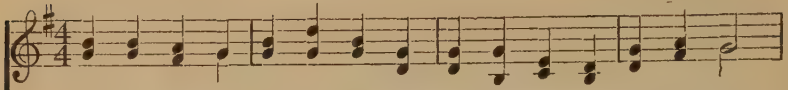
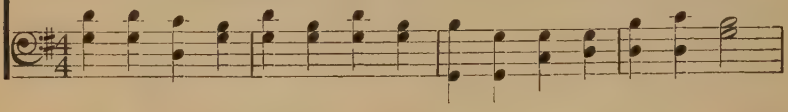
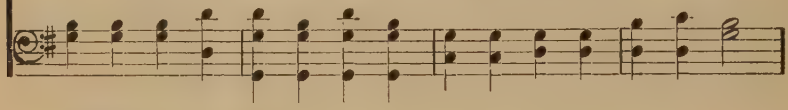
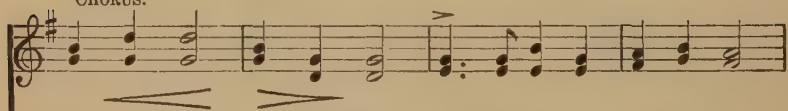
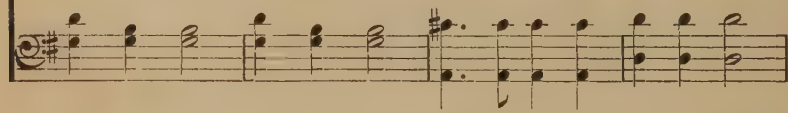
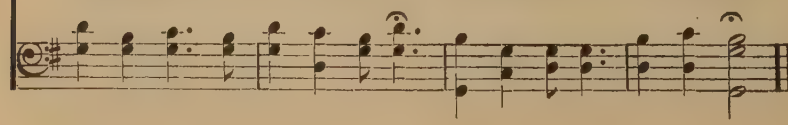
INA DULEY OGDON. P. P. BILHORN.



1. Af - ter-while, the tri - als end - ed, Af - ter-while, the jour-ney o'er;
2. Af - ter-while, the o - pen por - tal, Snow-y robe, and gold - en crown;
3. Af - ter-while, a fade-less mor - row, On the shores of Par - a - dise;
4. Af - ter-while, in songs un - brok - en, We shall tell our Sav - ior's grace,



In our Fa-ther's arms de - fend-ed, We shall rest for - ev - er - more.
Af - ter - while the life im - mor - tal, Af - ter-while, the sweet "Well done."
Af - ter-while, sur-cease from sor - row, Af - ter - while no more good byes.
Af - ter-while, with joys un - spok - en, We shall see Him face to face.

CHORUS.

Af - ter - while, af - ter - while, Oh, the hap - py af - ter - while,

f *rit.*

We shall meet to live for - ev - er In the hap - py af - ter-while.

Trusting and Rejoicing.

Words and Music
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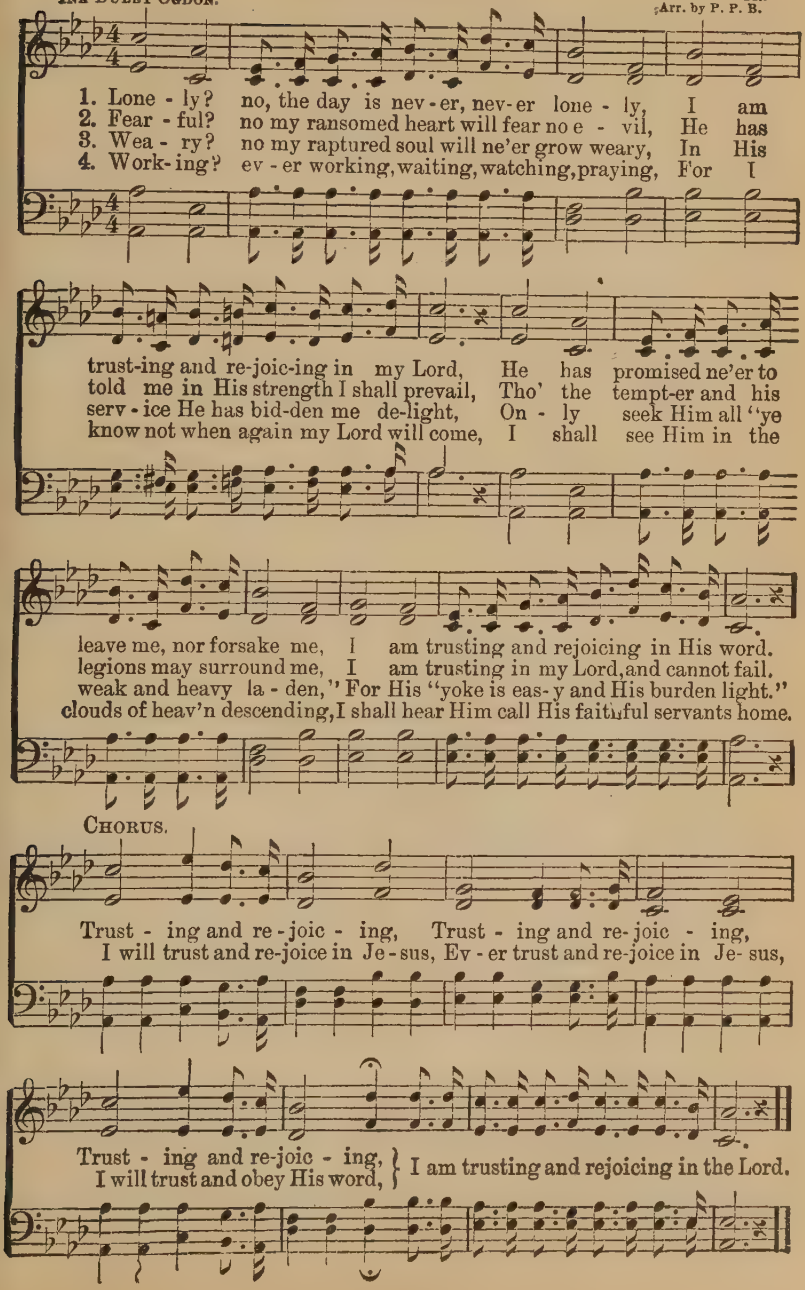
Ina Duley Ogdon.

Ferd Degen.
Arr. by P. P. B.


1. Lone - ly? no, the day is nev - er, nev - er lone - ly, I am
2. Fear - ful? no my ransomed heart will fear no e - vil, He has
3. Wea - ry? no my raptured soul will ne'er grow weary, In His
4. Work - ing? ev - er working, waiting, watching, praying, For I
trust-ing and re-joic-ing in my Lord, He has promised ne'er to
told me in His strength I shall prevail, Tho' the tempt-er and his
serv - ice He has bid-den me de-light, On - ly seek Him all "ye
know not when again my Lord will come, I shall see Him in the
leave me, nor forsake me, I am trusting and rejoicing in His word.
legions may surround me, I am trusting in my Lord, and cannot fail.
weak and heavy la - den," For His "yoke is eas - y and His burden light."
clouds of heav'n descending, I shall hear Him call His faithful servants home.
Chorus.
Trust - ing and re - joic - ing, Trust - ing and re - joic - ing,
I will trust and re-joice in Je - sus, Ev - er trust and re-joice in Je - sus,
Trust - ing and re-joic - ing, I will trust and obey His word, } I am trusting and rejoicing in the Lord.

My Lord and I.

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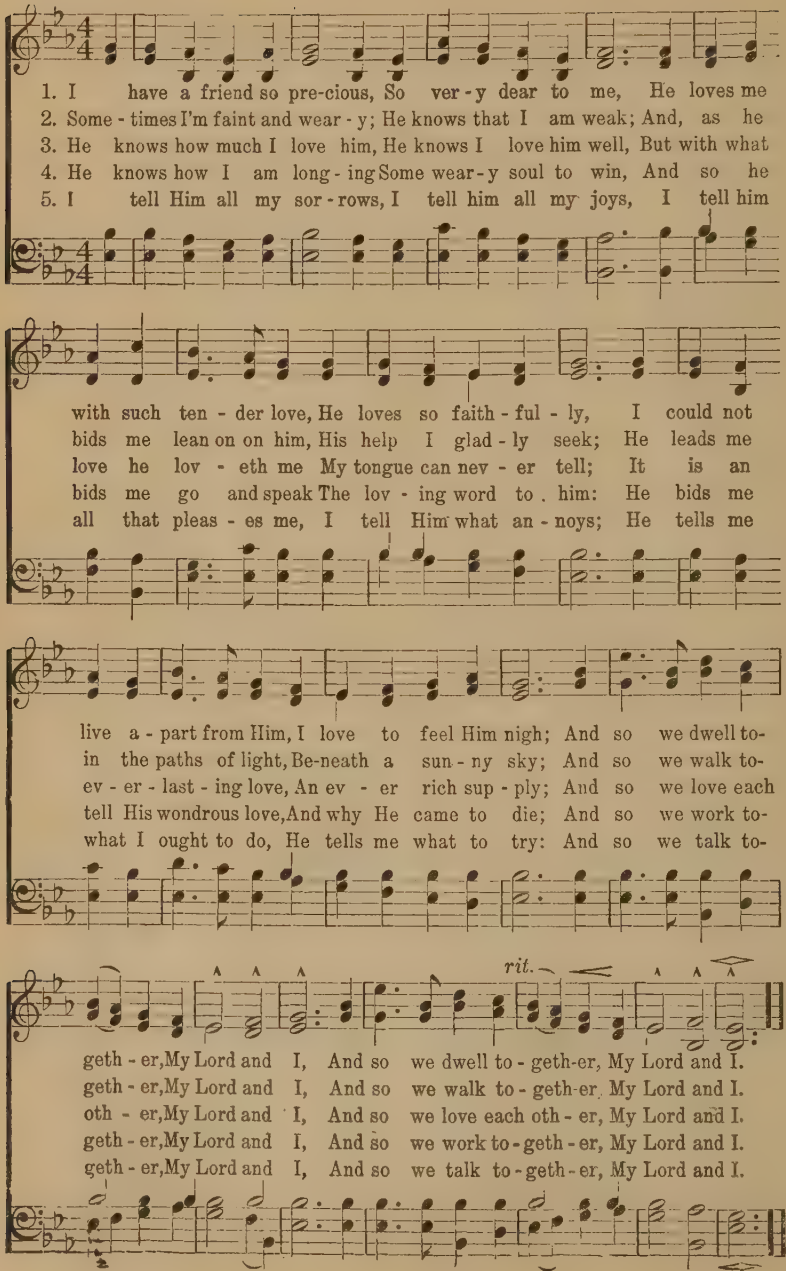
Mrs. L. SHOREY. P. P. BILHORN.


1. I have a friend so pre-cious, So ver-y dear to me, He loves me
2. Some-times I'm faint and wear-y; He knows that I am weak; And, as he
3. He knows how much I love him, He knows I love him well, But with what
4. He knows how I am long-ing Some wear-y soul to win, And so he
5. I tell Him all my sor-rows, I tell him all my joys, I tell him
with such ten-der love, He loves so faith-ful-ly, I could not
bids me lean on on him, His help I glad-ly seek; He leads me
love he lov-eth me My tongue can nev-er tell; It is an
bids me go and speak The lov-ing word to him: He bids me
all that pleas-es me, I tell Him what an-noys; He tells me
live a-part from Him, I love to feel Him nigh; And so we dwell to-
in the paths of light, Be-neath a sun-ny sky; And so we walk to-
ev-er-last-ing love, An ev-er rich sup-ply; And so we love each
tell His wondrous love, And why He came to die; And so we work to-
what I ought to do, He tells me what to try: And so we talk to-
rit.
geth-er, My Lord and I, And so we dwell to-geth-er, My Lord and I.
geth-er, My Lord and I, And so we walk to-geth-er, My Lord and I.
oth-er, My Lord and I, And so we love each oth-er, My Lord and I.
geth-er, My Lord and I, And so we work to-geth-er, My Lord and I.
geth-er, My Lord and I, And so we talk to-geth-er, My Lord and I.

'Twas for Me.

P. P. B.

Words and Music Copyright, 1904, by P. P. Bilhorn.

P. P. BILHORN.

Slowly. *Faster.*

1. 'Twas for me the Christ of God shed on Cal - va - ry His blood, There's pow-er
2. 'Twas for me, His ag - o - ny, in the dark Geth-sem-a - ne, There's pow-er
3. 'Twas for me they pierced His side, and there flow'd the crimson tide, There's pow-er
4. 'Tis for me He in-ter-cedes, with five bleeding wounds He pleads, There's pow-er

Slowly.

in the precious blood of Je-sus; 'Twas for me the cleansing stream flow'd and
in the precious blood of Je-sus; 'Twas for me, up - on His face, Je - sus
in the precious blood of Je-sus; 'Twas for me He died, He rose, He hath
in the precious blood of Je-sus; 'Tis for me He'll come a - gain, then in

Faster.

wash'd and made me clean, There's pow-er in the pre-cious blood of Je - sus.
pray'd for strength and grace, There's pow-er in the pre-cious blood of Je - sus.
con - quered all my foes, There's pow-er in the pre-cious blood of Je - sus.
glo - ry I shall reign, There's pow-er in the pre-cious blood of Je - sus.

CHORUS.

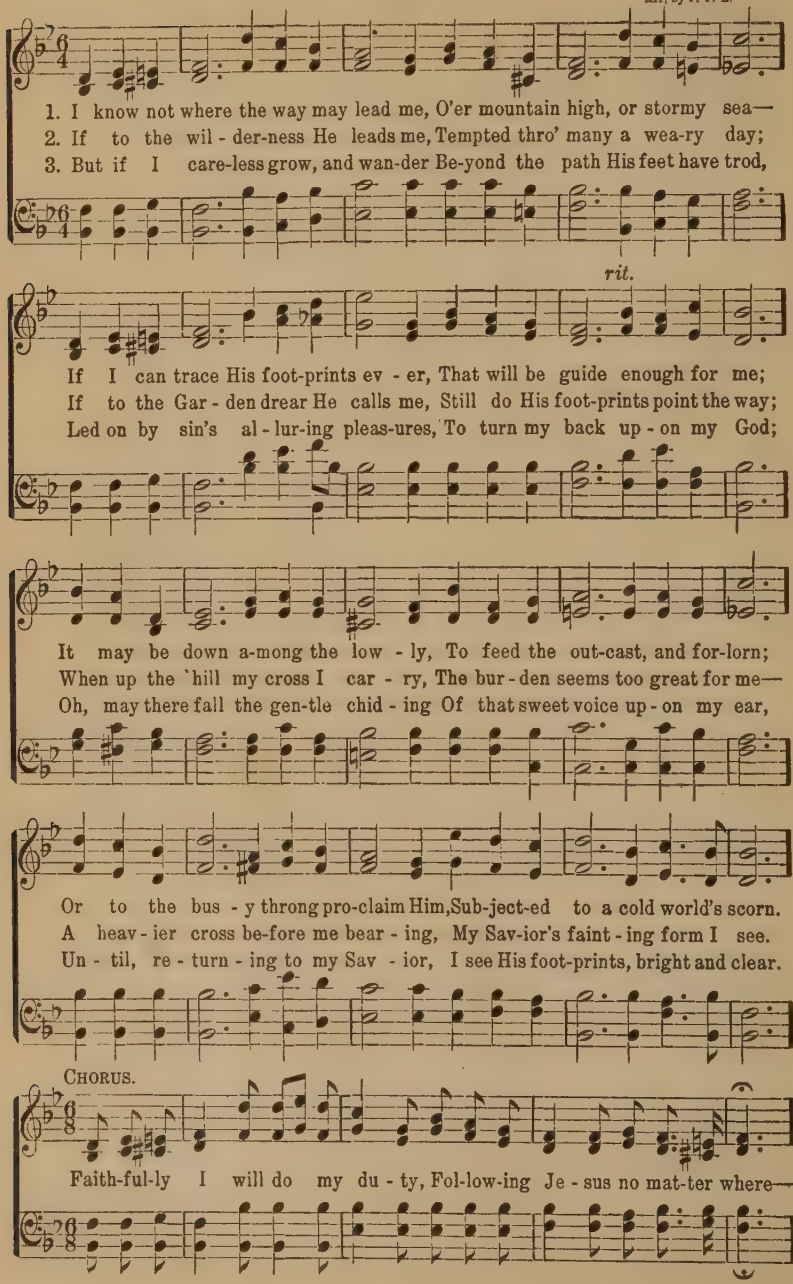
There's is pow-er in the blood, there's is pow - er in the blood,

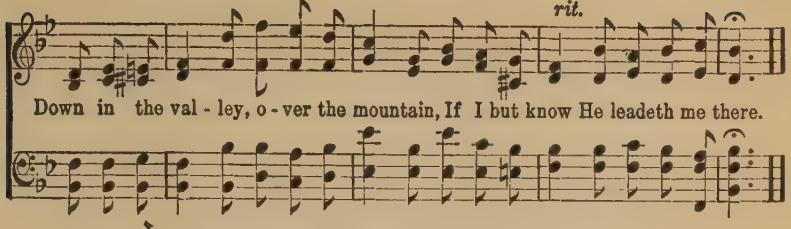
1 2

Pow - er in the pre - cious blood of Je - sus Je - sus.

His Footprints Point the Way.

J. W. B. Words and Music Copyright, 1904, by P. P. Bilhorn. J. W. BURGESS. Arr, by P. P. B.

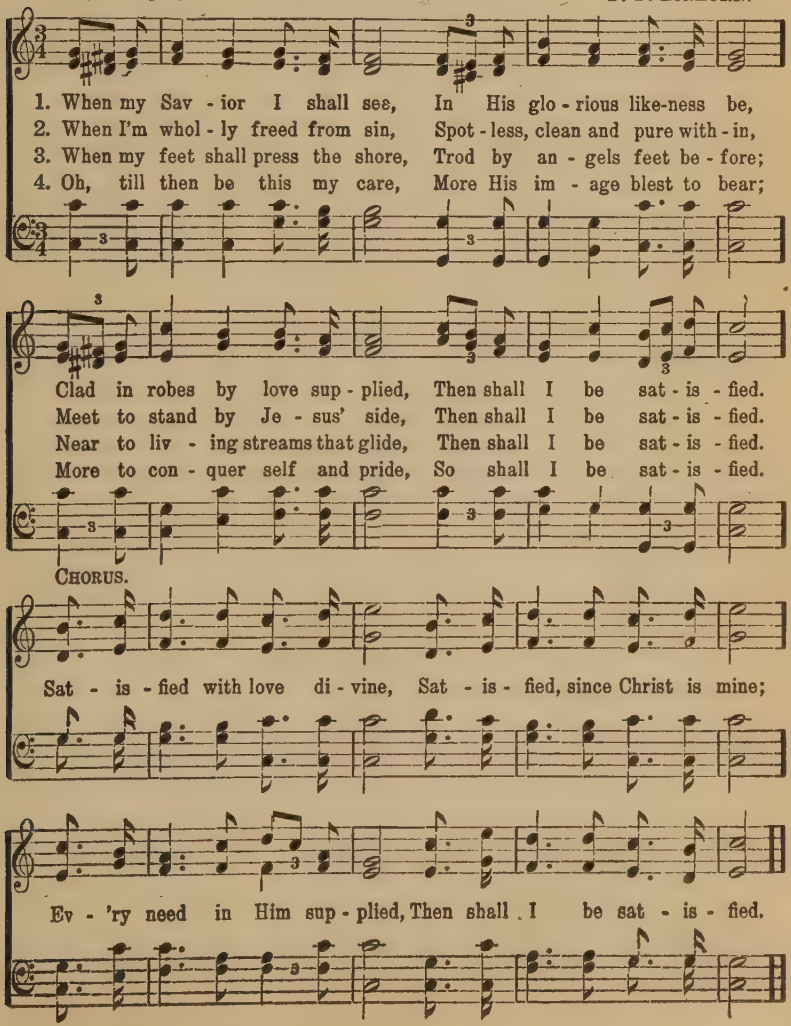

1. I know not where the way may lead me, O'er mountain high, or stormy sea—
2. If to the wil - der-ness He leads me, Tempted thro' many a wea-ry day;
3. But if I care-less grow, and wan-der Be-yond the path His feet have trod,
rit.
If I can trace His foot-prints ev - er, That will be guide enough for me;
If to the Gar - den drear He calls me, Still do His foot-prints point the way;
Led on by sin's al - lur-ing pleas-ures, To turn my back up - on my God;
It may be down a-mong the low - ly, To feed the out-cast, and for-lorn;
When up the `hill my cross I car - ry, The bur - den seems too great for me—
Oh, may there fall the gen-tle chid - ing Of that sweet voice up - on my ear,
Or to the bus - y throng pro-claim Him, Sub-ject-ed to a cold world's scorn.
A heav - ier cross be-fore me bear - ing, My Sav-ior's faint - ing form I see.
Un - til, re - turn - ing to my Sav - ior, I see His foot-prints, bright and clear.
CHORUS.
Faith-ful-ly I will do my du - ty, Fol-low-ing Je - sus no mat-ter where—



When My Savior I Shall See.

Words and Music Copyright, 1897, by P. P. Bilhorn.

Arr. P. P. B. P. P. BILHORN.


1. When my Sav - ior I shall see, In His glo - rious like-ness be,
2. When I'm whol - ly freed from sin, Spot - less, clean and pure with - in,
3. When my feet shall press the shore, Trod by an - gels feet be - fore;
4. Oh, till then be this my care, More His im - age blest to bear;
Clad in robes by love sup - plied, Then shall I be sat - is - fied.
Meet to stand by Je - sus' side, Then shall I be sat - is - fied.
Near to liv - ing streams that glide, Then shall I be sat - is - fied.
More to con - quer self and pride, So shall I be sat - is - fied.
CHORUS.
Sat - is - fied with love di - vine, Sat - is - fied, since Christ is mine;
Ev - 'ry need in Him sup - plied, Then shall I be sat - is - fied.

Child of Mine.

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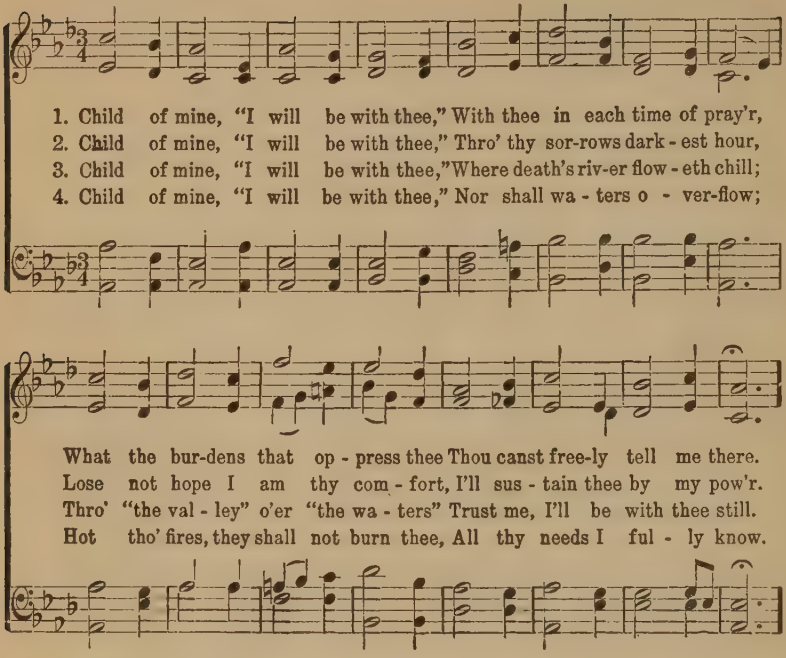
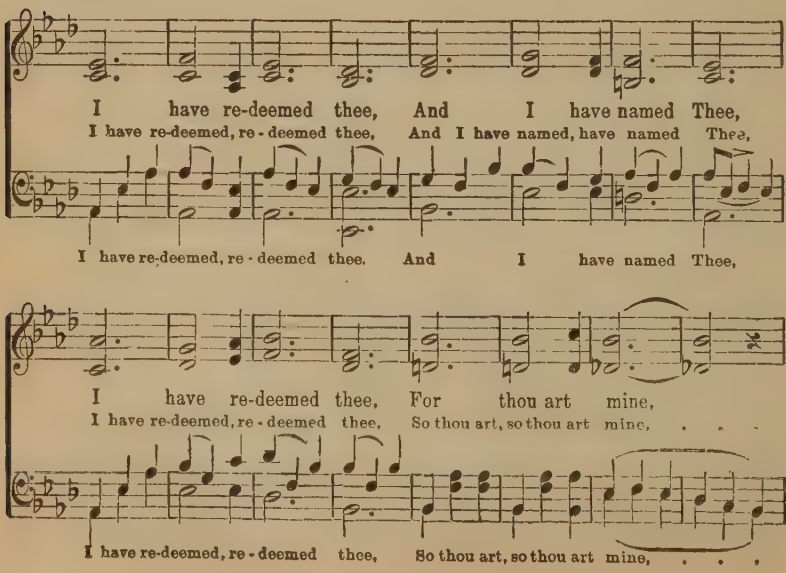
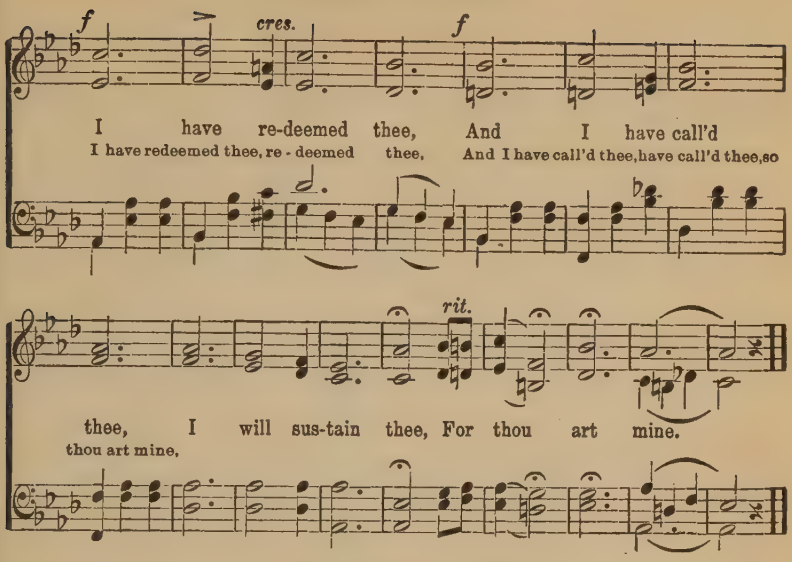
JOHN R. CLEMENTS. Is 43: 1, 2. P. P. BILHORN.


1. Child of mine, "I will be with thee," With thee in each time of pray'r,
2. Child of mine, "I will be with thee," Thro' thy sor-rows dark - est hour,
3. Child of mine, "I will be with thee,"Where death's riv-er flow - eth chill;
4. Child of mine, "I will be with thee," Nor shall wa - ters o - ver-flow;
What the bur-dens that op - press thee Thou canst free-ly tell me there.
Lose not hope I am thy com - fort, I'll sus - tain thee by my pow'r.
Thro' "the val - ley" o'er "the wa - ters" Trust me, I'll be with thee still.
Hot tho' fires, they shall not burn thee, All thy needs I ful - ly know.

CHORUS.


I have re-deemed thee, And I have named Thee,
I have re-deemed, re - deemed thee, And I have named, have named Thee,
I have re-deemed, re - deemed thee. And I have named Thee,
I have re-deemed thee, For thou art mine,
I have re-deemed, re - deemed thee, So thou art, so thou art mine, . . .
I have re-deemed, re - deemed thee, So thou art, so thou art mine, . . .

Child of Mine.


f
cres.
f
I have re-deemed thee, And I have call'd
I have redeemed thee, re - deemed thee, And I have call'd thee, have call'd thee, so
rit.
thee, I will sus-tain thee, For thou art mine.
thou art mine.

Lord Save Me.

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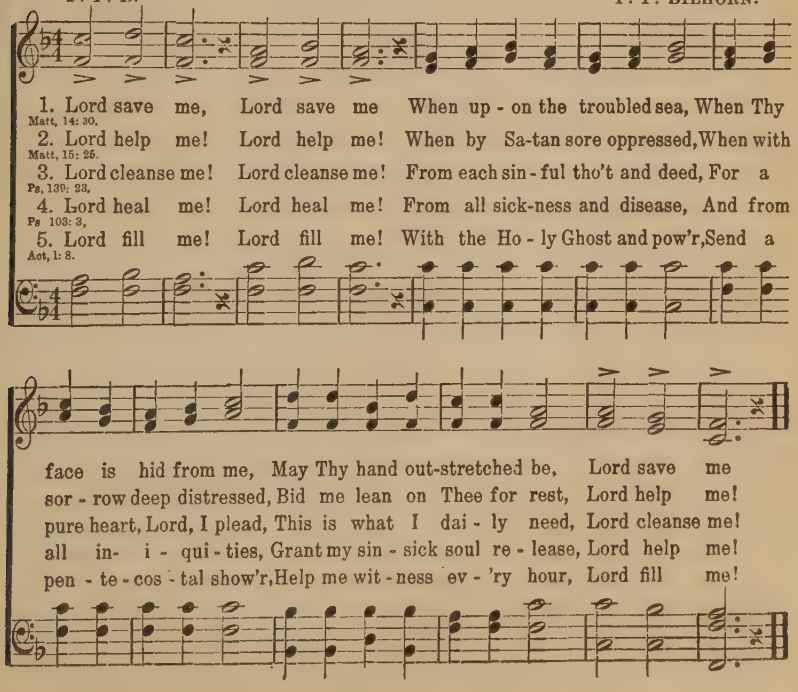
P. P. B. P. P. BILHORN.


1. Lord save me, Lord save me When up - on the troubled sea, When Thy
Matt, 14: 30.
2. Lord help me! Lord help me! When by Sa-tan sore oppressed, When with
Matt, 15: 25.
3. Lord cleanse me! Lord cleanse me! From each sin - ful tho't and deed, For a
Ps, 139: 23.
4. Lord heal me! Lord heal me! From all sick-ness and disease, And from
Ps 103: 3.
5. Lord fill me! Lord fill me! With the Ho - ly Ghost and pow'r, Send a
Act, 1: 8.
face is hid from me, May Thy hand out-stretched be, Lord save me
sor - row deep distressed, Bid me lean on Thee for rest, Lord help me!
pure heart, Lord, I plead, This is what I dai - ly need, Lord cleanse me!
all in- i - qui - ties, Grant my sin - sick soul re - lease, Lord help me!
pen - te - cos - tal show'r, Help me wit - ness ev - 'ry hour, Lord fill me!

O Tell Me More of Christ.

Words and Music
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E. E. Hewitt. P. P. Bilhorn.

1. O tell me more of Christ, my Sav-ior; On this glad theme
2. O tell me more of love's sweet sto-ry, If you would cheer
3. O tell me more! How waves of sor-row Shall hear His voice
4. O tell me more! And I re-peat-ing The hap-py news,

dwell o'er and o'er; His boundless grace, His sav-ing fa-vor,
and com-fort me; How Je-sus wept, the King of glo-ry,
say, "Peace, be still;" How af-ter night, bright dawns the mor-row,
shall spread the joy; Come, bless-ed Lord, Thy work com-plet-ing,

Chorus. *Cres.*

His precious name, O tell me more!
Those ten-der tears of sym-pa-thy.
To those who trust His bless-ed will.
Till songs of praise our lips em-ploy.
} O tell me more! So much I

need His pow'r to keep, His hand to lead; O tell me more

Cres. *f* *Rit.*

of Him I love, Un-til I see His face a-bove (face a-bove).

Come to the Savior Just Now.

G. O. W.

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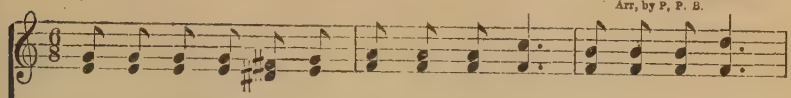
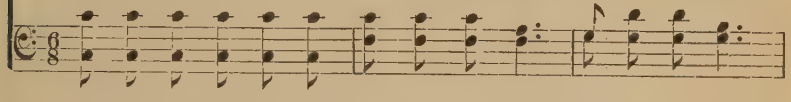
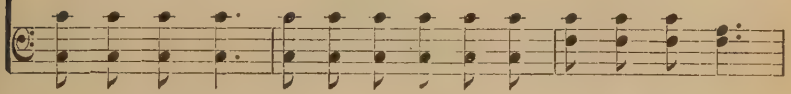
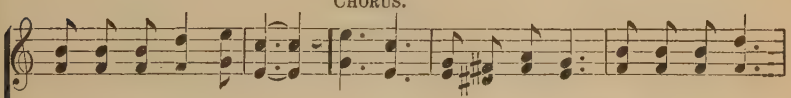
GEO. O. WEBSTER.
Arr, by P. P. B.

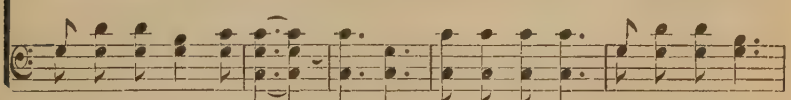


1. Sin - ner, the Sav - ior is call - ing to thee— List to Him now,
2. Long thou hast trav-elled the dark path of sin, List to Him now,
3. Long He has sought thee, and called thee in vain,— List to Him now,
4. Turn from thy wand'rings, ac - cept Him to - day, List to Him now,



list to Him now; "Come with thy bur-dens of sin un - to me,"
list to Him now; Pa - tient - ly seek - ing thy lost soul to win,
list to Him now; Do not re - ject Him, I pray thee, a - gain,
list to Him now; He will for - give; all thy sins wash a - way,

CHORUS.



Come to Him now, just now. Just now, "Come un - to me," hear His sweet call,

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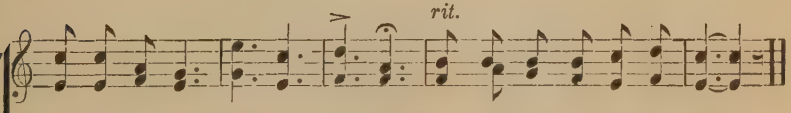
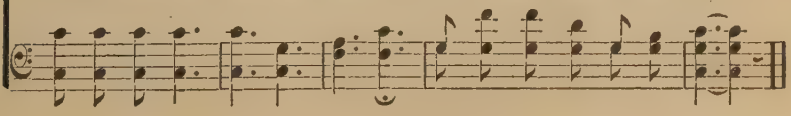

hear His sweet call; Just now, just now, Will you not come to Him now?



Hear Him Calling.

Jno. R. Clements.

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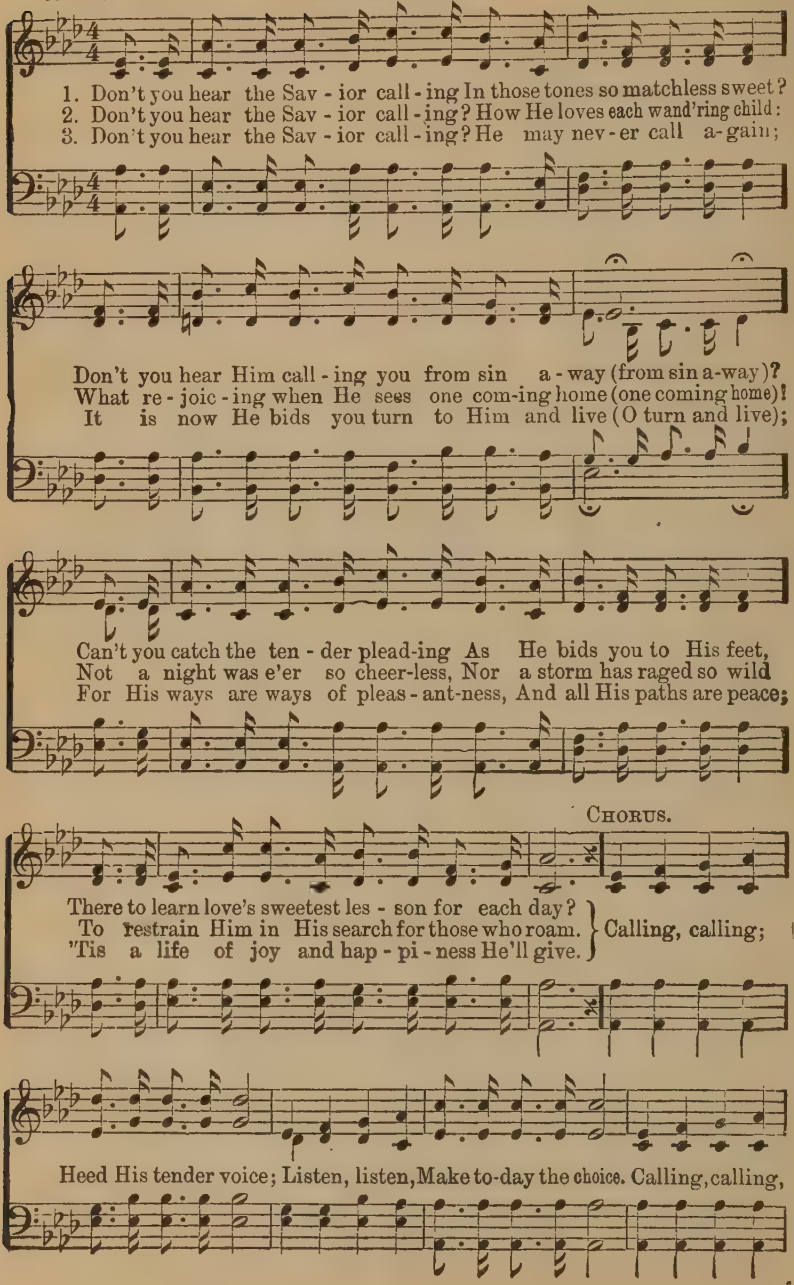
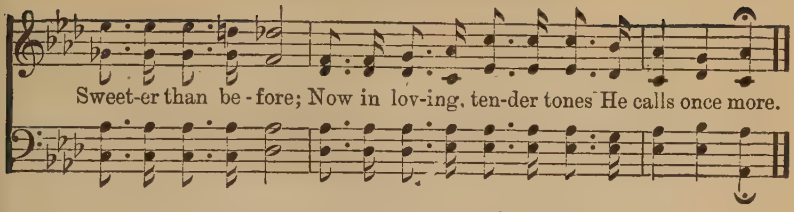
P. P. Bilhorn.


1. Don't you hear the Sav - ior call - ing In those tones so matchless sweet?
2. Don't you hear the Sav - ior call - ing? How He loves each wand'ring child:
3. Don't you hear the Sav - ior call - ing? He may nev - er call a - gain;
Don't you hear Him call - ing you from sin a - way (from sin a-way)?
What re - joic - ing when He sees one com-ing home (one coming home)!
It is now He bids you turn to Him and live (O turn and live);
Can't you catch the ten - der plead-ing As He bids you to His feet,
Not a night was e'er so cheer-less, Nor a storm has raged so wild
For His ways are ways of pleas - ant-ness, And all His paths are peace;
Chorus.
There to learn love's sweetest les - son for each day?
To restrain Him in His search for those who roam.
'Tis a life of joy and hap - pi - ness He'll give.
Calling, calling;
Heed His tender voice; Listen, listen, Make to-day the choice. Calling, calling,



Every Day and Hour.

FANNY J. CROSBY. Copyright, 1903, by W. H. Doane. W. H. DOANE, by per.

Slowly.

1. Sav-ior, more than life to me, I am clinging, clinging close to Thee;
2. Thro' this changing world be-low, Lead me gently, gently as I go;
3. Let me love Thee more and more, Till this fleeting, fleeting life is o'er;

Let Thy precious blood applied, Keep me ev-er, ev-er near Thy side.
Trusting Thee, I can-not stray, I can nev-er, nev-er lose my way.
Till my soul is lost in love, In a brighter, brighter world a-bove.

REFRAIN.

Ev-'ry day, ev-'ry hour, Let me feel Thy cleansing pow'r;
Ev-'ry day and hour, ev-'ry day and hour,

May Thy ten-der love to me Bind me clos-er, clos-er, Lord, to Thee.

Marching to Canaan.

Words and Music Copyright, 1904, by P. P. Bilhorn.

ESTHER LEE. P. P. BILHORN.

1. Out on the bat - tle-field march-ing a - long, Driv - ing out Sa - tan with
2. Out on the bat - tle-field charg-ing the foe, Vic - to - ry, vic - to - ry,
3. Out in the bat - tle by day and by night, Oūt in the bat - tle and
4. Out on the bat - tle-field, ev - er and on, Fac - ing the con - flict til

ban - er and song, Christ is our Cap - tain, we'll con - quer the wrong,
on - ward we go, Christ is our Cap - tain, 'tis tri - umph we know,
fight-ing for right, Christ is our Cap - tain, we'll con - quer the fight,
vic - t'ry is won, Christ is our Cap - tain, He'll shel - ter His own,

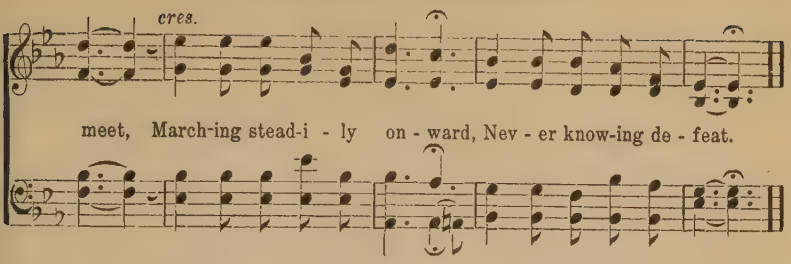
CHORUS. *f*

While we are march-ing to Ca - naan. March-ing stead-i - ly on - ward,

Ev - er faith-ful and true, From each ter- ri - ble con - flict, Gain-ing

cres.

cour-age a - new; Still o - bey-ing our Cap-tain, Conq'ring each siege we

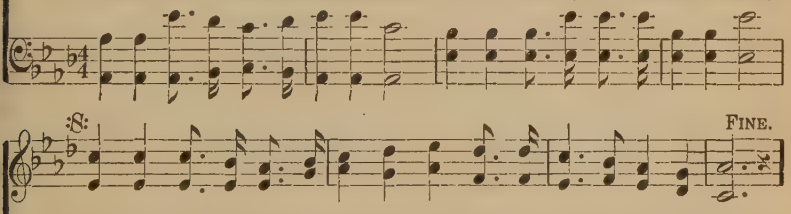


We Shall Conquer in His Name.

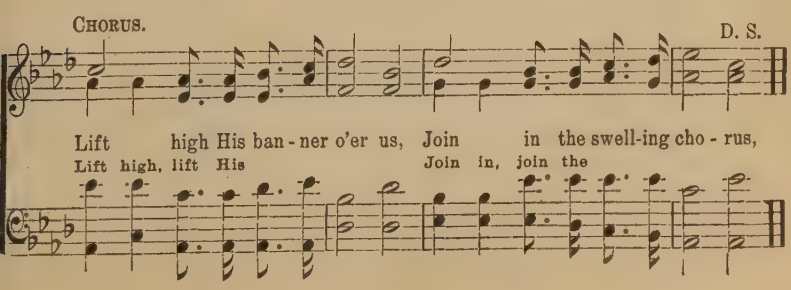
Words and Music Copyright, 1901, by P. P. Bilhorn.

THOMAS SULLIVAN. P. P. BILHORN.

1. Sold-iers of the Cross, in triumph sing! Hymns of gratefull praise in tribute bring!
2. Courage, comrades, what have we to fear? Our Al - might-y Captain, Christ, is near;
3. Tho' the bat - tle ra - ges fierce and long, Fear not! right shall triumph over wrong;
4. Forward! let no doubt or fear ap - pall; On to vic-t'ry at the Sav-ior's call;


FINE.
Let the na-tions know the Lord is King, We shall con - quer in His name.
With His strength our drooping hearts to cheer, We shall con - quer in His name.
Face the foe with faith un-daunt-ed, strong, We shall con - quer in His name.
This our mot - to, "Christ is all in all," We shall con - quer in His name.

D. S.—*Hal - le - lu-jah! Christ the Lord is King, We shall con-quer in His name.*



Sweet Peace, the Gift of God's Love.

Copyright, 1887, and 1889, by P. P. Bilhorn.

P. P. B.

PETER P. BILHORN.

1. There comes to my heart one sweet strain, (sweet strain,) A
2. Thro' Christ on the cross peace was made, (was made,) My
3. When Je - sus as Lord I had crowned, (had crowned,) My
4. In Je - sus for peace I a - bide, (a - bide,) And

glad and a joy - ous re - frain, (re - frain,) I
debt by his death was all paid, (all paid,) No
heart with this peace did a - bound, (a - bound,) In
as I keep close to His side, (His side,) There's

sing it a-gain and a - gain, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.
oth - er foun-da-tion is laid, For peace, the gift of God's love.
Him the rich blessing I found, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.
noth-ing but peace doth be - tide, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.

CHORUS.

Peace, peace, sweet peace, Won-der-ful gift from a - bove, (a-bove,)

Rit.

Oh, won-der-ful, won-der-ful peace, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.

Hear the Savior Calling.

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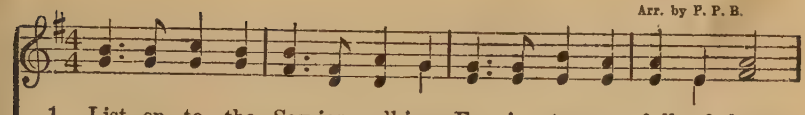
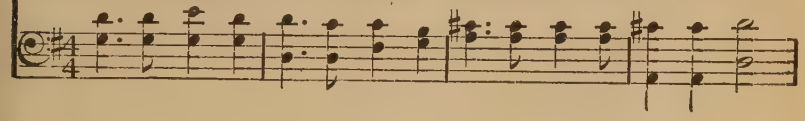
C. A. H.

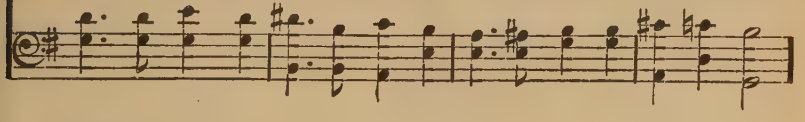
CARRIE A. HART.
Arr. by P. P. B.



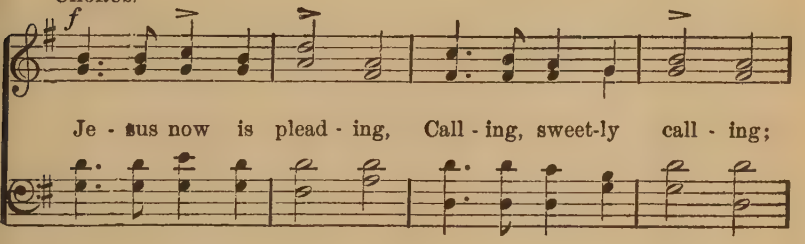
1. List - en to the Sav-ior call-ing, Ev - 'ry tone so full of love;
2. Ev - 'ry day a - way from Je- sus Is a day of sin and woe,
3. Ev - 'ry need He will sup-ply you, He your hun-gry soul will feed;
4. O the matchless love and mer-cy, Filled with blessings all de - vine!



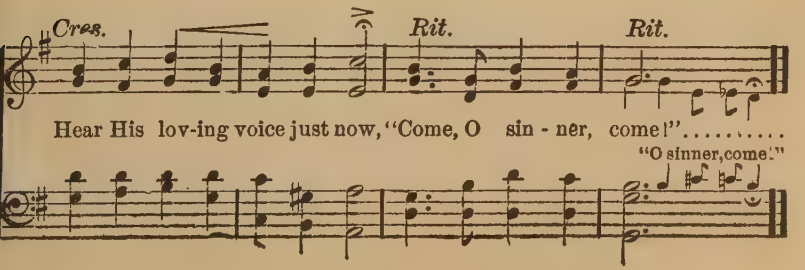
He a - lone can cleanse and par-don, Fit you for that home a - bove.
But He longs and waits to save you, Come and you His love shall know.
Come, in child-like faith be - liev-ing, He a-lone doth know each need.
Come and claim this precious of - fer, He has said, "It shall be thine."



CHORUS.



Je - sus now is plead - ing, Call - ing, sweet-ly call - ing;



Cres. Rit. Rit.

Hear His lov-ing voice just now, "Come, O sin - ner, come!".....
"O sinner, come!"

Having done All, to Stand.

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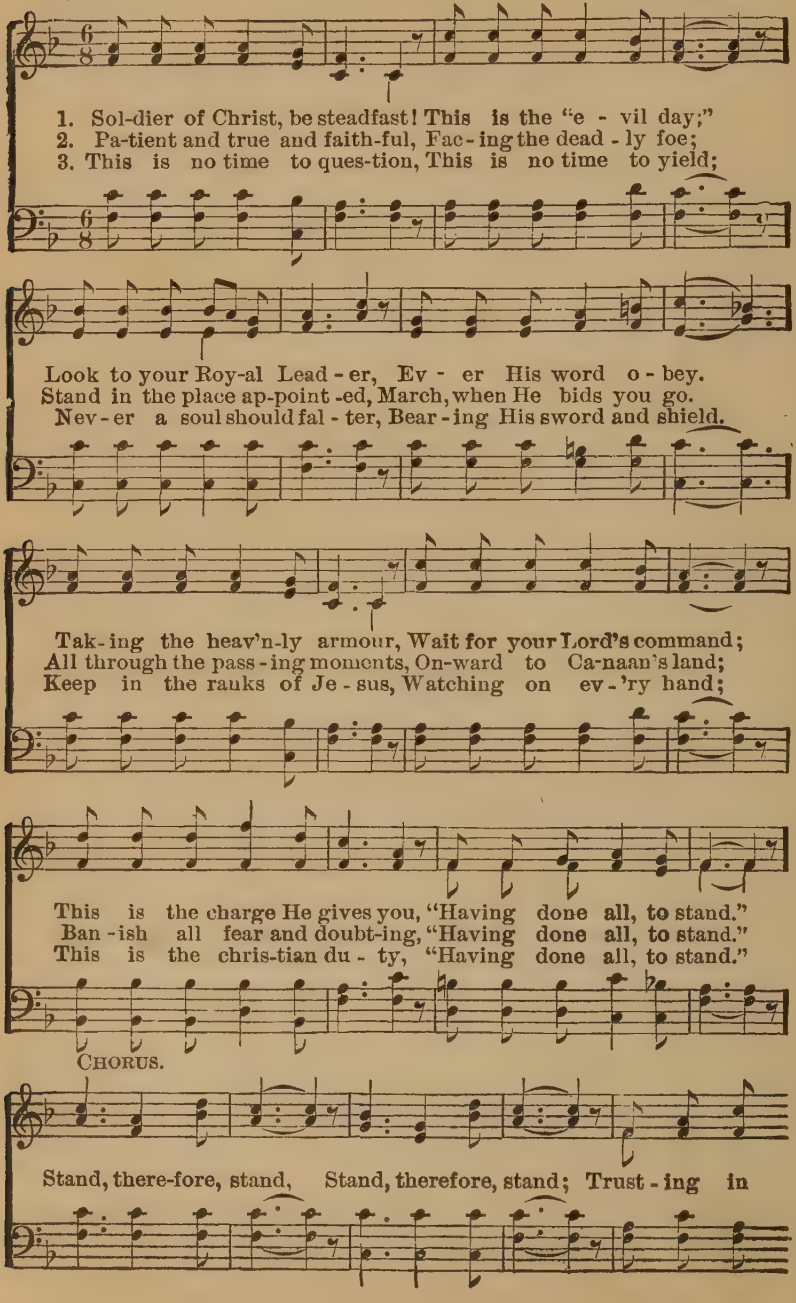
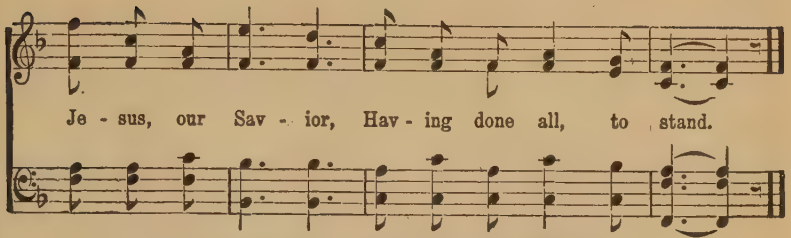
Miss. J. H. Johnston. P. P. Bilhorn.


1. Sol-dier of Christ, be steadfast! This is the "e - vil day;"
2. Pa-tient and true and faith-ful, Fac-ing the dead - ly foe;
3. This is no time to ques-tion, This is no time to yield;
Look to your Roy-al Lead - er, Ev - er His word o - bey.
Stand in the place ap-point -ed, March, when He bids you go.
Nev - er a soul should fal - ter, Bear - ing His sword and shield.
Tak - ing the heav'n-ly armour, Wait for your Lord's command;
All through the pass - ing moments, On-ward to Ca-naan's land;
Keep in the ranks of Je - sus, Watching on ev - 'ry hand;
This is the charge He gives you, "Having done all, to stand."
Ban - ish all fear and doubt-ing, "Having done all, to stand."
This is the chris-tian du - ty, "Having done all, to stand."
CHORUS.
Stand, there-fore, stand, Stand, therefore, stand; Trust - ing in



Let Your Light So Shine.

Words arr. by P. P. B.

Arr. of Words and Music
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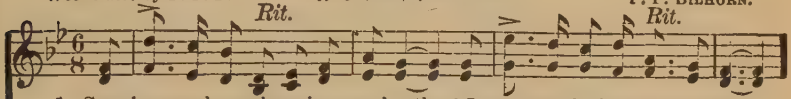
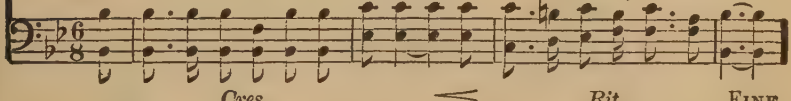
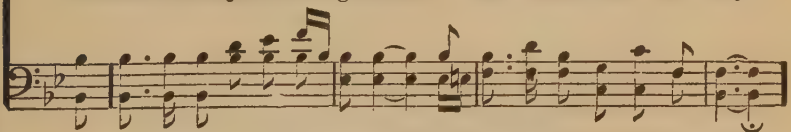
P. P. Bilhorn.



1. Say, is your lamp burning, my brother? I pray you look quickly and see,
2. Re-mem-ber how many a-round you Will fol-low wher-ev-er you go;
3. There's many a lamp that is lighted. We see them from near and from far,
4. But if they were trimmed night and morning. They'd never burn down, nor go out,
5. If once all the lamps that are lighted Should steadily blaze in a line,
6. How all the dark places would brighten! The mists would roll up and away!

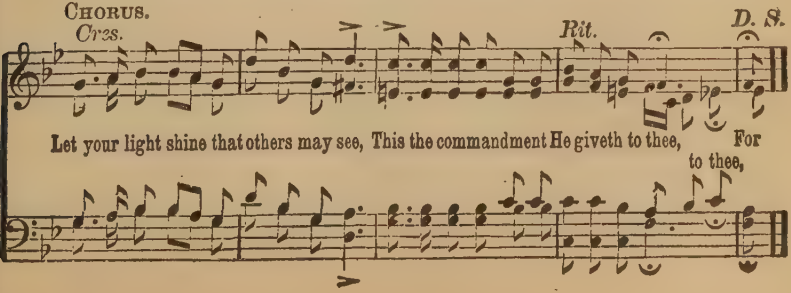


For if it were burning, then surely Some beams would fall brightly on me.
The tho't that they walked in your shadow Would make your lamp brighter, I know.
But few in their lustre and beau-ty Shine stead-i-ly on like a star.
Tho' from the four quarters of heaven The winds were all blowing a-bout.
Wide o-ver the land and the o-cean A gir-dle of glo-ry would shine.
The earth would laugh out in her gladness To hail the mil-len-ni-al day!



D. S.—if it were burning, then surely Some beams would fall brightly on me.

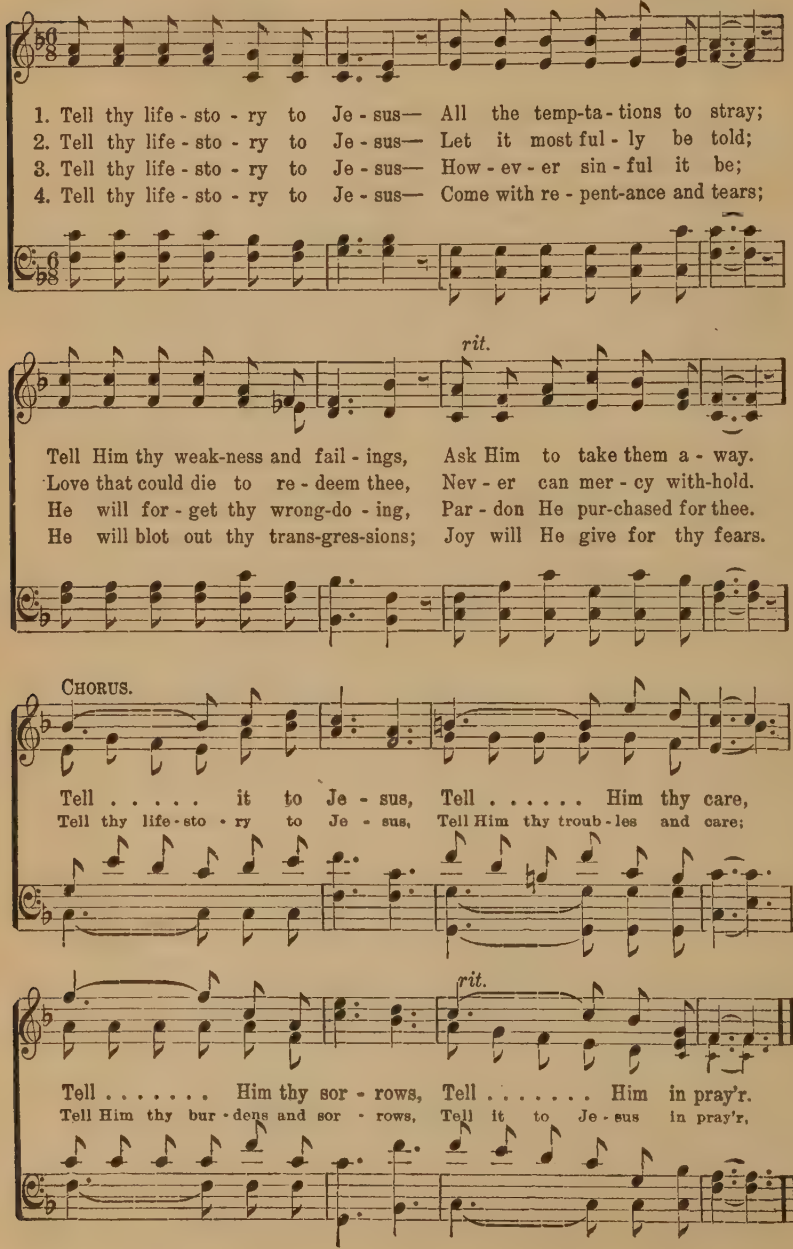
Chorus.



Let your light shine that others may see, This the commandment He giveth to thee, For to thee,

Tell Thy Life-Story to Jesus.

Words and Music Copyright, 1904, by P. P. Bilhorn

Mrs. Frank A. Breck. P. P. Bilhorn.

1. Tell thy life - sto - ry to Je - sus— All the temp-ta - tions to stray;
2. Tell thy life - sto - ry to Je - sus— Let it most ful - ly be told;
3. Tell thy life - sto - ry to Je - sus— How - ev - er sin - ful it be;
4. Tell thy life - sto - ry to Je - sus— Come with re - pent-ance and tears;
rit.
Tell Him thy weak-ness and fail - ings, Ask Him to take them a - way.
Love that could die to re - deem thee, Nev - er can mer - cy with-hold.
He will for - get thy wrong-do - ing, Par - don He pur-chased for thee.
He will blot out thy trans-gres-sions; Joy will He give for thy fears.
Chorus.
Tell . . . . . it to Je - sus, Tell . . . . . Him thy care,
Tell thy life - sto - ry to Je - sus, Tell Him thy troub - les and care;
rit.
Tell . . . . . Him thy sor - rows, Tell . . . . . Him in pray'r.
Tell Him thy bur - dens and sor - rows, Tell it to Je - sus in pray'r,

I Want Everybody to Know. 53

Mrs. Frank A. Breck. From C. H.

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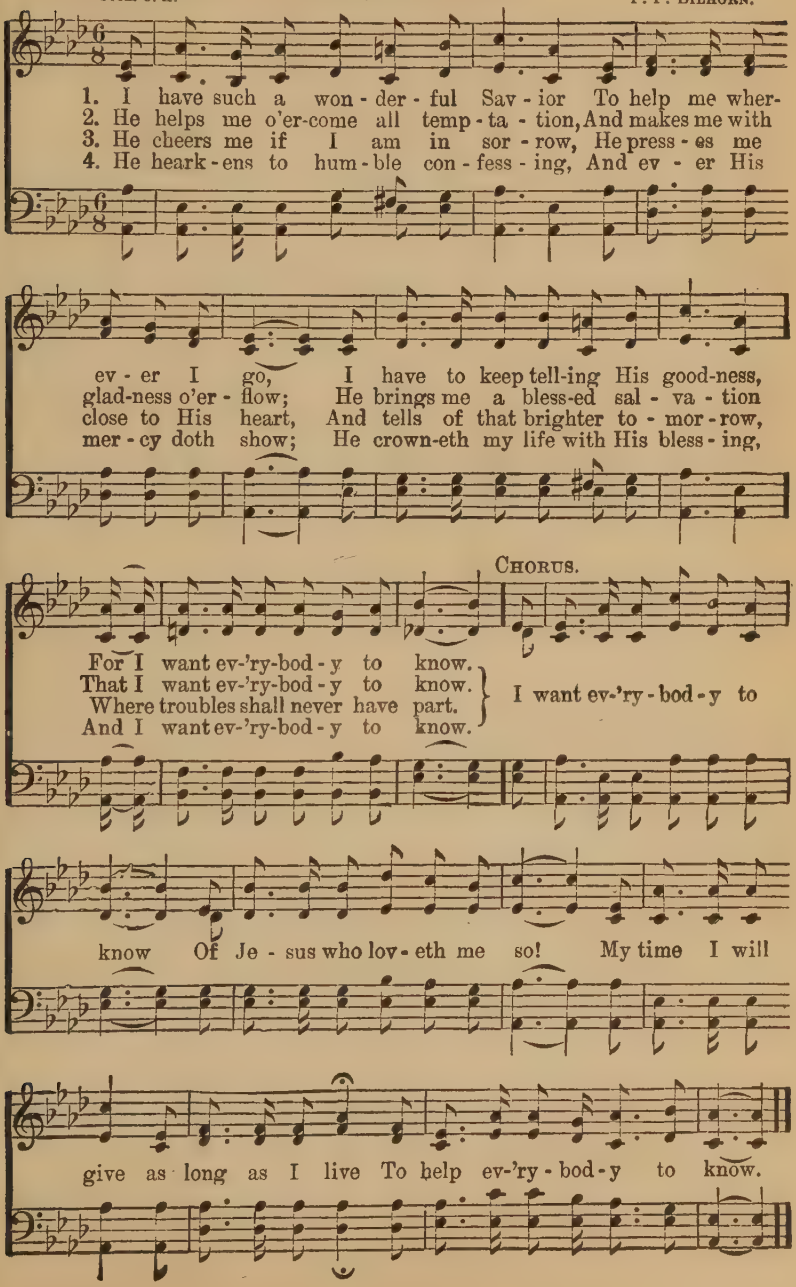
P. P. Bilhorn.


1. I have such a won - der - ful Sav - ior To help me wher-
2. He helps me o'er-come all temp - ta - tion, And makes me with
3. He cheers me if I am in sor - row, He press - es me
4. He heark - ens to hum - ble con - fess - ing, And ev - er His
ev - er I go, I have to keep tell-ing His good-ness,
glad-ness o'er - flow; He brings me a bless-ed sal - va - tion
close to His heart, And tells of that brighter to - mor - row,
mer - cy doth show; He crown-eth my life with His bless - ing,
Chorus.
For I want ev-'ry-bod - y to know.
That I want ev-'ry-bod - y to know.
Where troubles shall never have part.
And I want ev-'ry-bod - y to know.
I want ev-'ry - bod - y to
know Of Je - sus who lov - eth me so! My time I will
give as long as I live To help ev-'ry - bod - y to know.

Almost.

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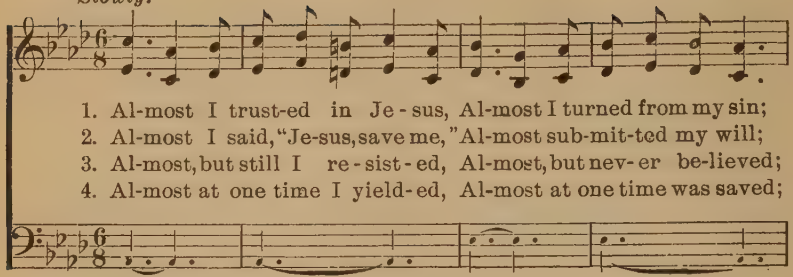
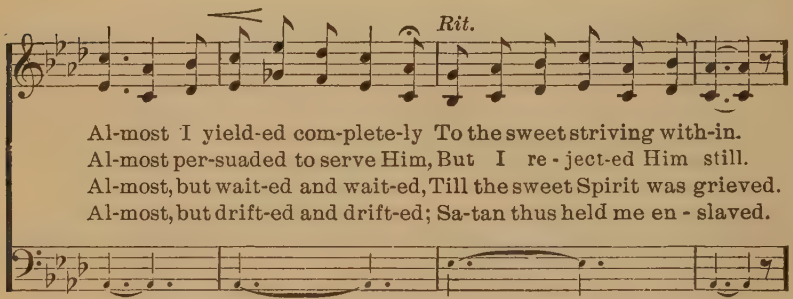
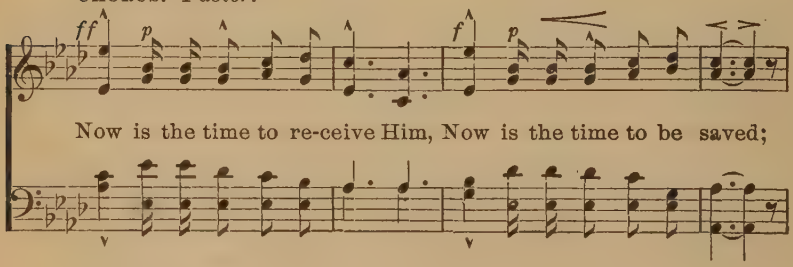
P. P. B. P. P. BILHORN.

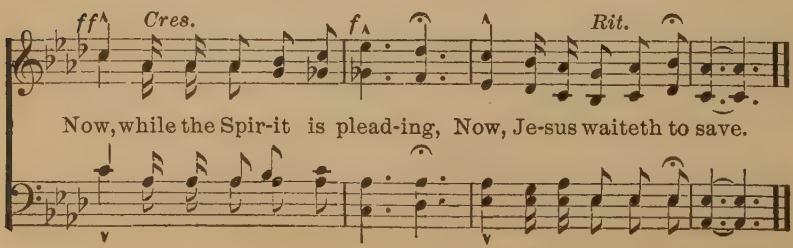
Slowly.


1. Al-most I trust-ed in Je - sus, Al-most I turned from my sin;
2. Al-most I said, "Je-sus, save me," Al-most sub-mit-ted my will;
3. Al-most, but still I re - sist - ed, Al-most, but nev - er be-lieved;
4. Al-most at one time I yield - ed, Al-most at one time was saved;


Rit.
Al-most I yield-ed com-plete-ly To the sweet striving with-in.
Al-most per-suaded to serve Him, But I re - ject-ed Him still.
Al-most, but wait-ed and wait-ed, Till the sweet Spirit was grieved.
Al-most, but drift-ed and drift-ed; Sa-tan thus held me en - slaved.

CHORUS. *Faster.*





Was It For Me.

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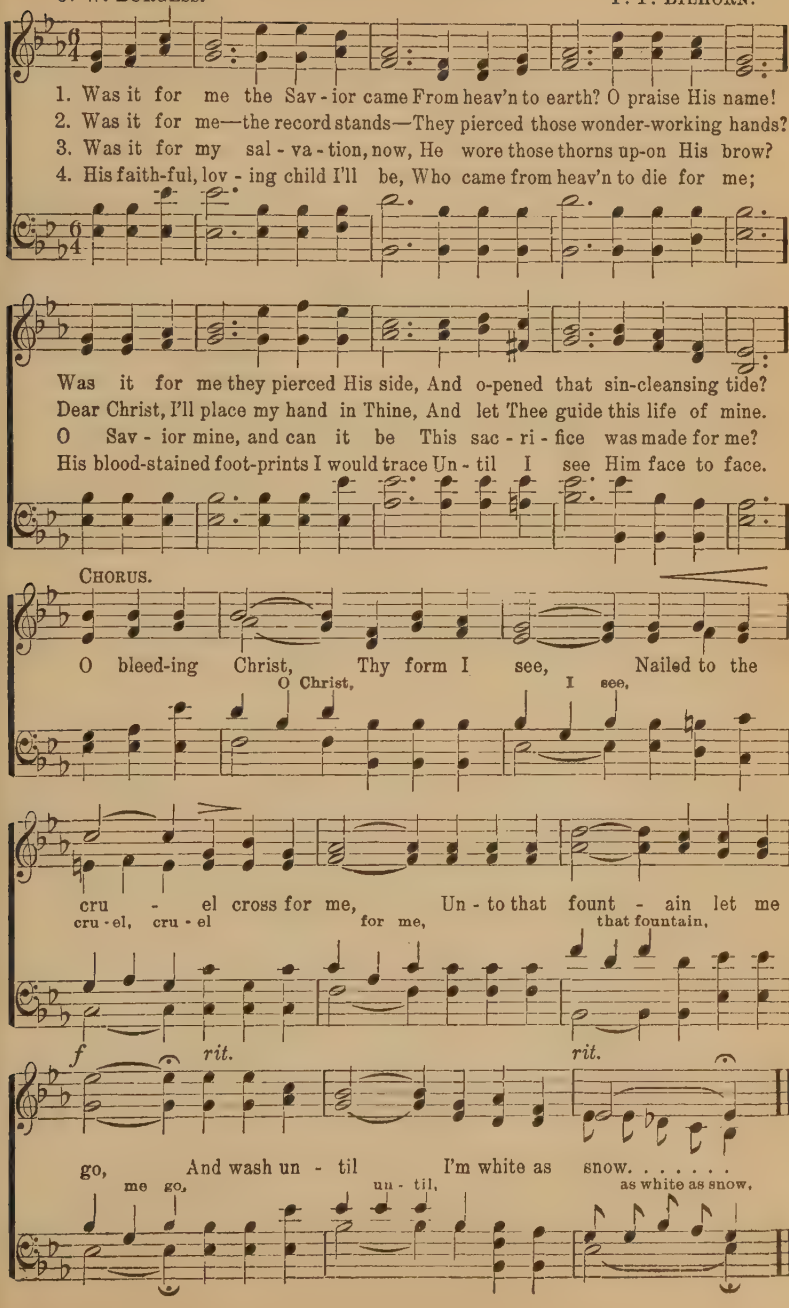
J. W. BURGESS. P. P. BILHORN.

1. Was it for me the Sav - ior came From heav'n to earth? O praise His name!
2. Was it for me—the record stands—They pierced those wonder-working hands?
3. Was it for my sal - va - tion, now, He wore those thorns up-on His brow?
4. His faith-ful, lov - ing child I'll be, Who came from heav'n to die for me;
Was it for me they pierced His side, And o-pened that sin-cleansing tide?
Dear Christ, I'll place my hand in Thine, And let Thee guide this life of mine.
O Sav - ior mine, and can it be This sac - ri - fice was made for me?
His blood-stained foot-prints I would trace Un - til I see Him face to face.
CHORUS.
O bleed-ing Christ, Thy form I see, Nailed to the
O Christ, I see,
cru - el cross for me, Un - to that fount - ain let me
cru - el, cru - el for me, that fountain,
f rit. rit.
go, And wash un - til I'm white as snow. . . . . .
me go, un - til, as white as snow,

Living where the Healing Waters flow.

Words and Music
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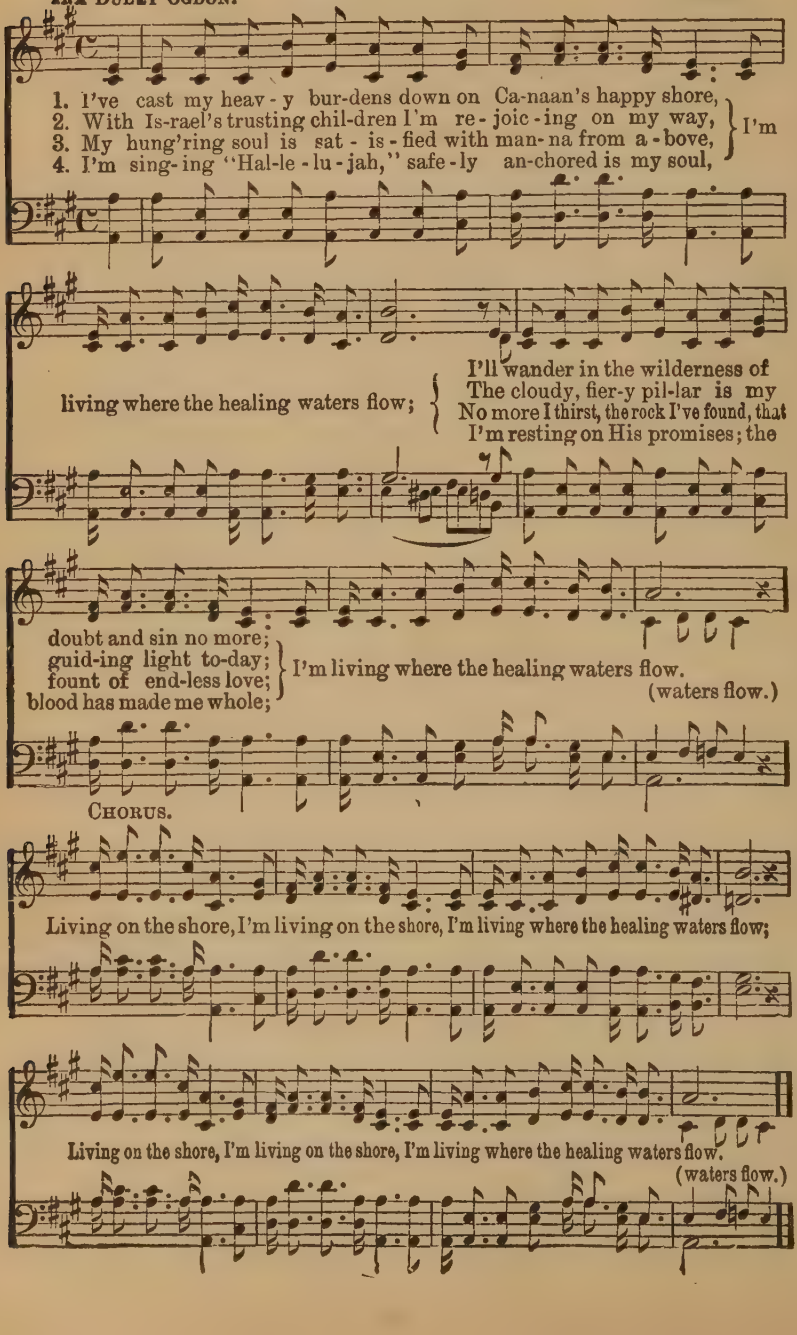
Ina Duley Ogdon. P. P. Bilhorn.


1. I've cast my heav - y bur-dens down on Ca-naan's happy shore,
2. With Is-rael's trusting chil-dren I'm re - joic - ing on my way,
3. My hung'ring soul is sat - is - fied with man - na from a - bove,
4. I'm sing-ing "Hal-le - lu - jah," safe - ly an-chored is my soul,
I'm living where the healing waters flow;
I'll wander in the wilderness of
The cloudy, fier-y pil-lar is my
No more I thirst, the rock I've found, that
I'm resting on His promises; the
doubt and sin no more;
guid-ing light to-day;
fount of end-less love;
blood has made me whole;
I'm living where the healing waters flow.
(waters flow.)
Chorus.
Living on the shore, I'm living on the shore, I'm living where the healing waters flow;
Living on the shore, I'm living on the shore, I'm living where the healing waters flow.
(waters flow.)

Beautiful, Wonderful Story.

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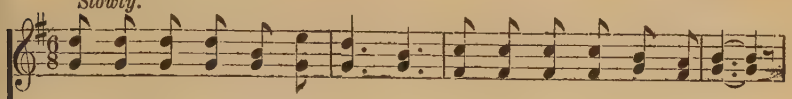
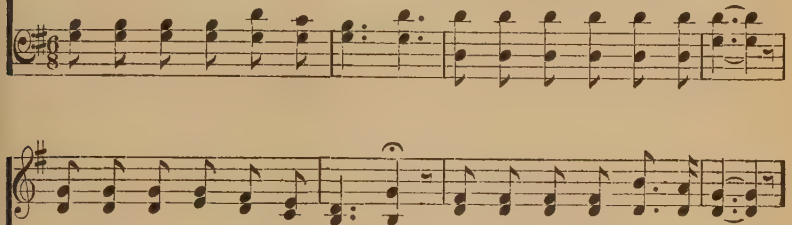
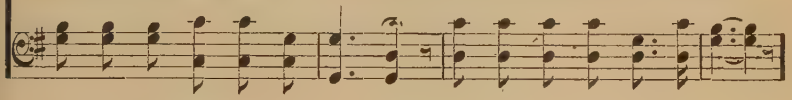
JENNIE E. HUSSEY. P. P. BILHORN.

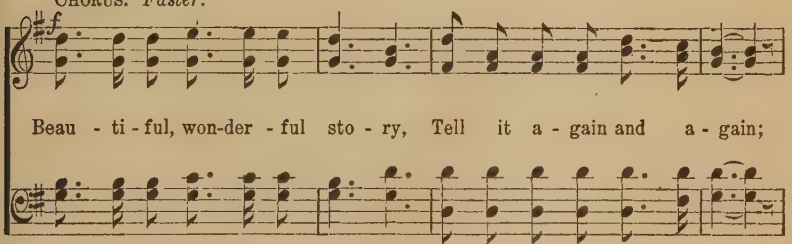
Slowly.



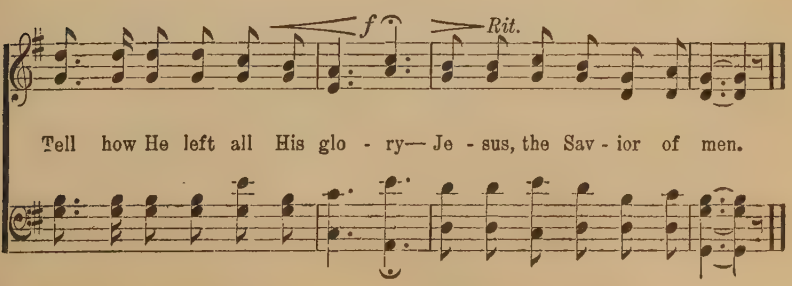
1. Love is a beau - ti - ful sto - ry, Sweet-est that ev - er was told,
2. Love is a won - der - ful sto - ry; Love that could sac - ri - fice all.
3. Love bro't the wise and the no - ble, Lay - ing their gifts at His feet;
4. What can we bring for an of - f'ring, Now He is reign - ing a - bove?



Love that bro't Je - sus, our Sav - ior, Down from the cit - y of gold.
Love that was born in a man - ger, Love that re-deems from the fall.
Gold and sweet myrrh and frank-in - cense, Go! and the sto - ry re-peat.
Bring Him our heart's ad - o - ra - tion, Prais - ing His won - der-ful love.

CHORUS. *Faster.*



Beau - ti - ful, won-der - ful sto - ry, Tell it a - gain and a - gain;



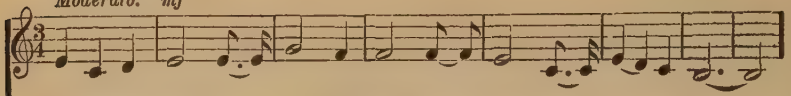
Tell how He left all His glo - ry— Je - sus, the Sav - ior of men.

Will There Be Light for Me?

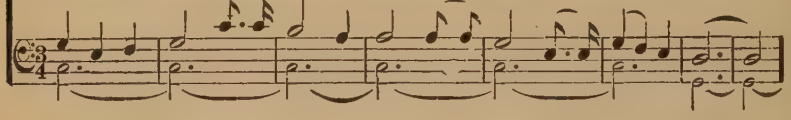
Copyright, 1899, by The Biglow & Main Co. By per,

E. S. ROBERTS. H. P. DANKS.

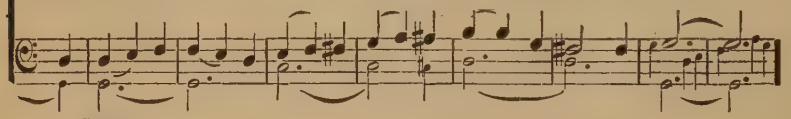
Moderato. *mf*



1. Will there be light at e - ven-tide, When my bark un - moors for sea?
2. When I draw near the oth - er shore, Will there be a shin-ing band
3. On yon - der shore are the gold - en gates That lead to the cit - y fair,



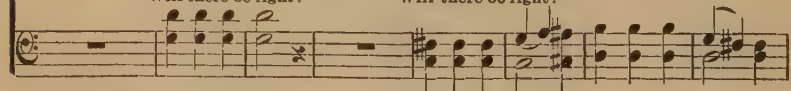
Will faith's bright ray il - lume the way, O will there be light for me?
Of those I knew and loved on earth, A-wait-ing me on the strand?
Where Je - sus stands, with outstretch'd hands, To bid me wel-come there.



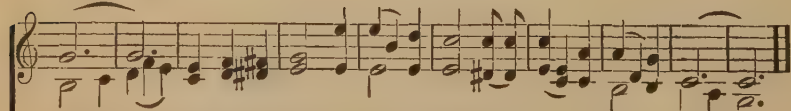
CHORUS.

Will there be light? O will there be light? O will there be light for
Will there be light? O will there be light? O will there be light for
There will be light, O there will be light, O there will be light for

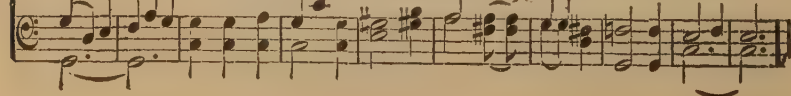
Will there be light? Will there be light?



For 3rd verse.—There will be light, There will be light,



me, for me? Will there be light at e - ven-tide, When my bark unmoors for sea?
me, for me? Will there be light of fac - es bright, On the banks of the crystal sea?
me, for me. He is the Light of glo - ry bright, That shone on Cal-va-ry.



Christ Is the Sunny Side.

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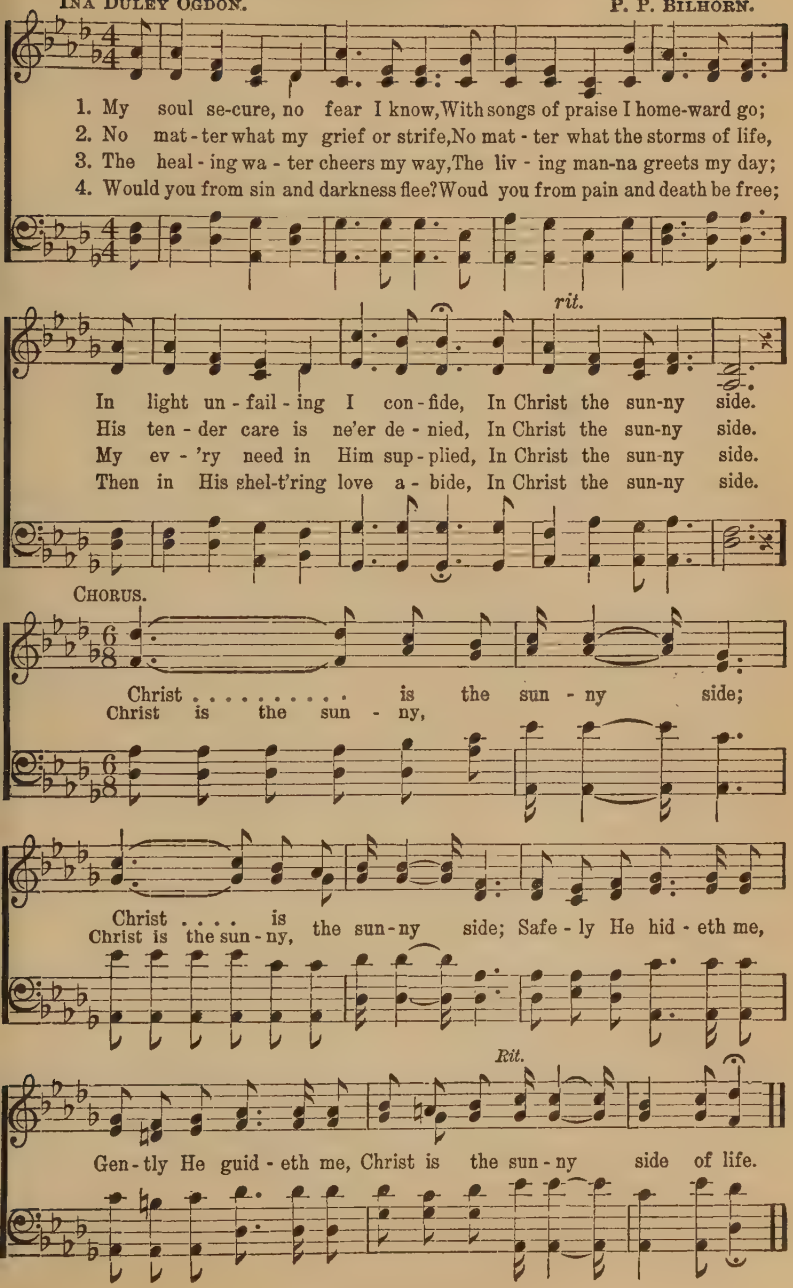
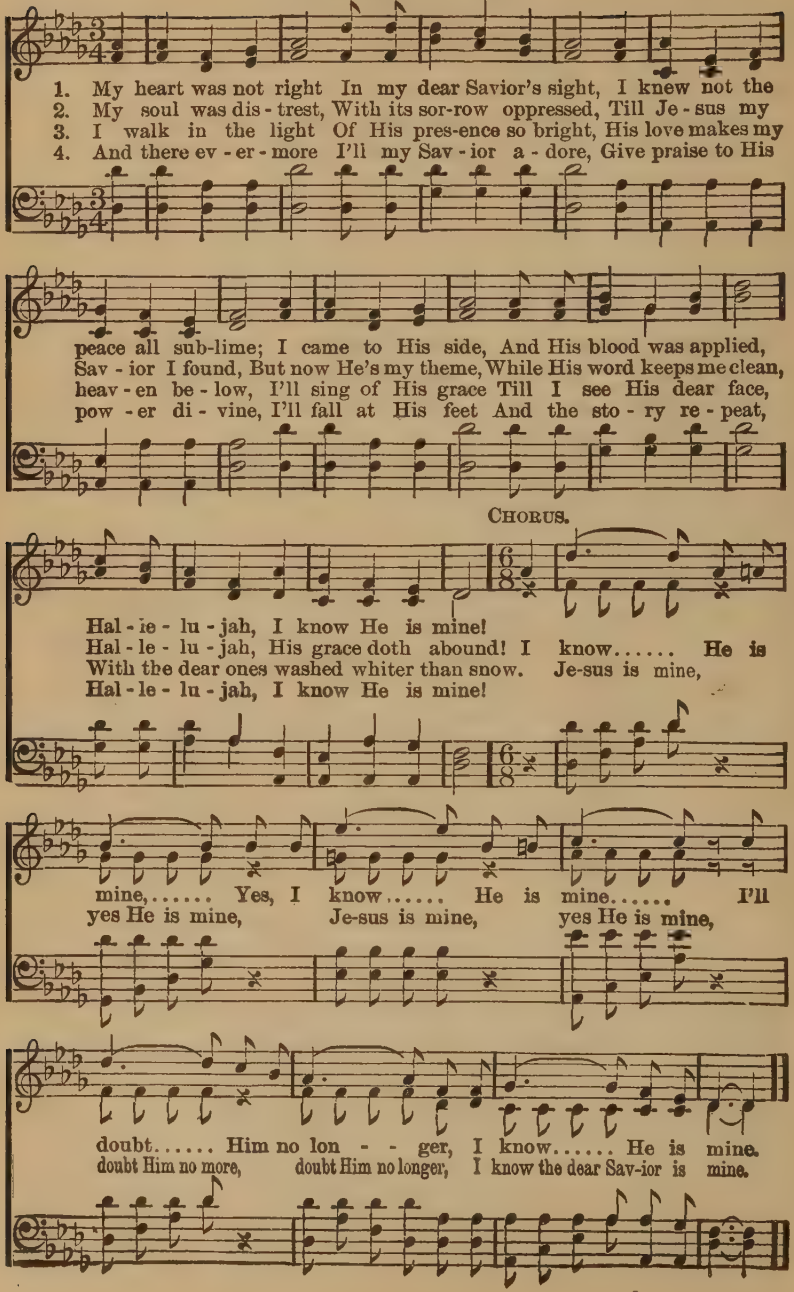
INA DULEY OGDON. P. P. BILHORN.


1. My soul se-cure, no fear I know, With songs of praise I home-ward go;
2. No mat-ter what my grief or strife, No mat-ter what the storms of life,
3. The heal-ing wa-ter cheers my way, The liv-ing man-na greets my day;
4. Would you from sin and darkness flee? Woud you from pain and death be free;
rit.
In light un-fail-ing I con-fide, In Christ the sun-ny side.
His ten-der care is ne'er de-nied, In Christ the sun-ny side.
My ev-'ry need in Him sup-plied, In Christ the sun-ny side.
Then in His shel-t'ring love a-bide, In Christ the sun-ny side.
CHORUS.
Christ . . . . . is the sun-ny side;
Christ is the sun-ny,
Christ . . . . is the sun-ny side; Safe-ly He hid-eth me,
Christ is the sun-ny,
Rit.
Gen-tly He guid-eth me, Christ is the sun-ny side of life.

I Know He is Mine.

P. P. B. Copyright, 1896, by P. P. Bilhorn. P. P. BILHORN.

1. My heart was not right In my dear Savior's sight, I knew not the peace all sub-lime; I came to His side, And His blood was applied,
2. My soul was dis-trest, With its sor-row oppressed, Till Je-sus my Sav-ior I found, But now He's my theme, While His word keeps me clean,
3. I walk in the light Of His pres-ence so bright, His love makes my heav-en be-low, I'll sing of His grace Till I see His dear face,
4. And there ev-er-more I'll my Sav-ior a-dore, Give praise to His pow-er di-vine, I'll fall at His feet And the sto-ry re-peat,
CHORUS.
Hal-le-lu-jah, I know He is mine!
Hal-le-lu-jah, His grace doth abound! I know..... He is
With the dear ones washed whiter than snow. Je-sus is mine,
Hal-le-lu-jah, I know He is mine!
mine,..... Yes, I know..... He is mine..... I'll
yes He is mine, Je-sus is mine, yes He is mine,
doubt..... Him no lon - - ger, I know..... He is mine.
doubt Him no more, doubt Him no longer, I know the dear Sav-ior is mine.

Come Unto Me.

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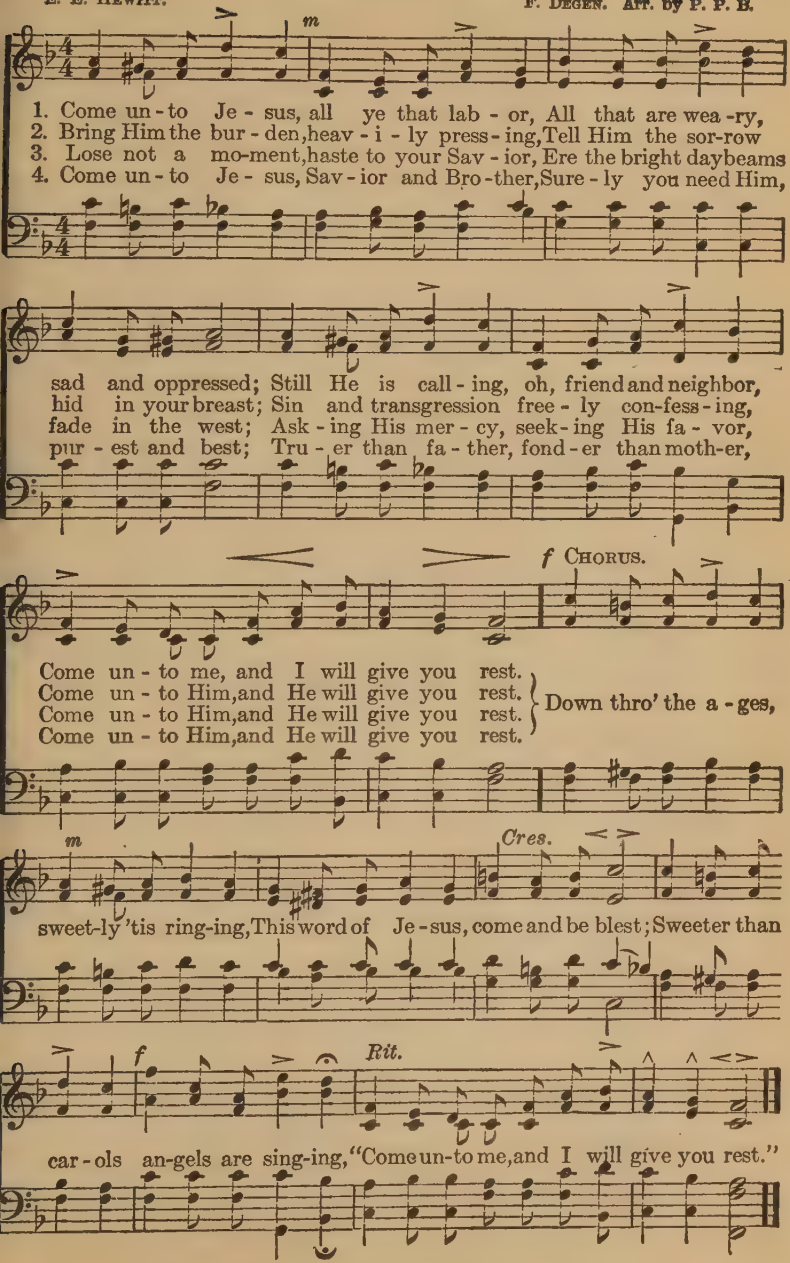
E. E. Hewitt. F. Degen. Arr. by P. P. B.


m
1. Come un - to Je - sus, all ye that lab - or, All that are wea - ry,
2. Bring Him the bur - den, heav - i - ly press - ing, Tell Him the sor-row
3. Lose not a mo-ment, haste to your Sav - ior, Ere the bright daybeams
4. Come un - to Je - sus, Sav - ior and Bro - ther, Sure - ly you need Him,
sad and oppressed; Still He is call - ing, oh, friend and neighbor,
hid in your breast; Sin and transgression free - ly con-fess - ing,
fade in the west; Ask - ing His mer - cy, seek - ing His fa - vor,
pur - est and best; Tru - er than fa - ther, fond - er than moth-er,
f Chorus.
Come un - to me, and I will give you rest.
Come un - to Him, and He will give you rest.
Come un - to Him, and He will give you rest.
Come un - to Him, and He will give you rest.
Down thro' the a - ges,
m
Cres.
sweet-ly 'tis ring-ing, This word of Je - sus, come and be blest; Sweeter than
f
Rit.
car - ols an-gels are sing-ing, "Come un-to me, and I will give you rest."

He That Overcometh.

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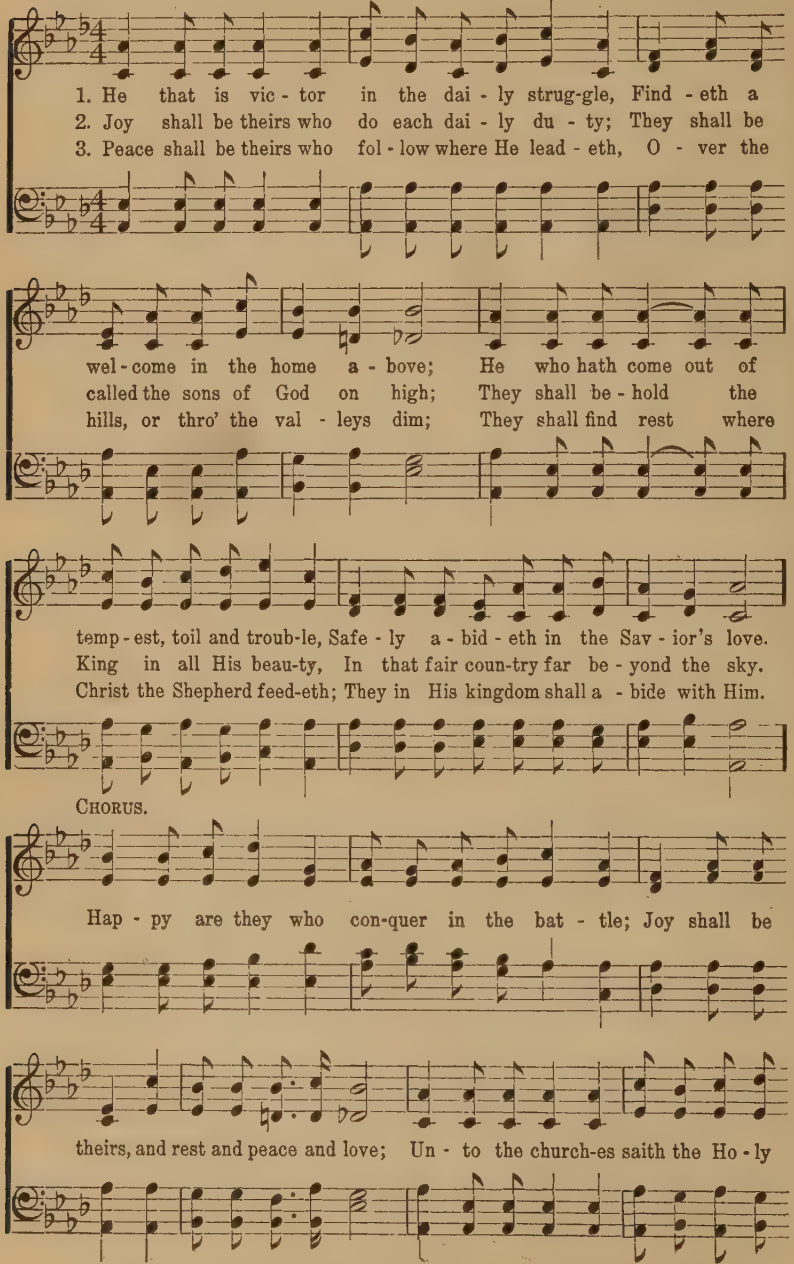
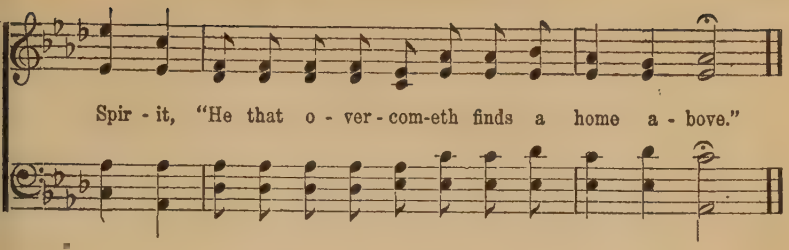
Miss JENNIE E. HUSSEY. P. P. BILHORN.

1. He that is vic - tor in the dai - ly strug-gle, Find - eth a
2. Joy shall be theirs who do each dai - ly du - ty; They shall be
3. Peace shall be theirs who fol - low where He lead - eth, O - ver the
wel - come in the home a - bove; He who hath come out of
called the sons of God on high; They shall be - hold the
hills, or thro' the val - leys dim; They shall find rest where
temp - est, toil and troub-le, Safe - ly a - bid - eth in the Sav - ior's love.
King in all His beau-ty, In that fair coun-try far be - yond the sky.
Christ the Shepherd feed-eth; They in His kingdom shall a - bide with Him.
CHORUS.
Hap - py are they who con-quer in the bat - tle; Joy shall be
theirs, and rest and peace and love; Un - to the church-es saith the Ho - ly

Just as I Am.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

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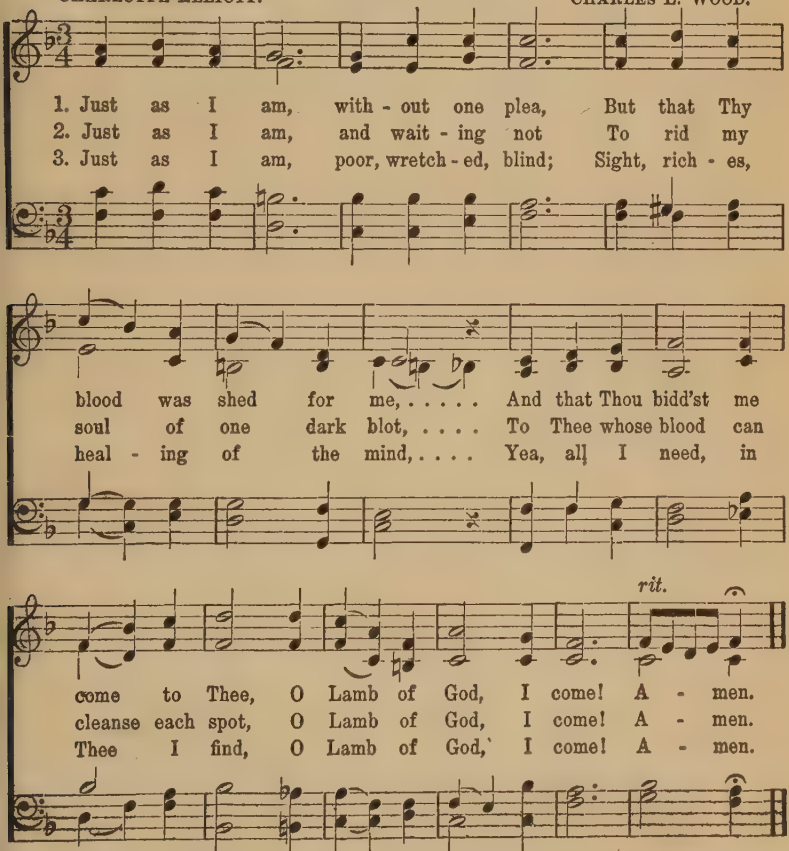
CHARLES L. WOOD.

1. Just as I am, with - out one plea, But that Thy
2. Just as I am, and wait - ing not To rid my
3. Just as I am, poor, wretch - ed, blind; Sight, rich - es,
blood was shed for me, ... And that Thou bidd'st me
soul of one dark blot, ... To Thee whose blood can
heal - ing of the mind, ... Yea, all I need, in
rit.
come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come! A - men.
cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come! A - men.
Thee I find, O Lamb of God, I come! A - men.

4. Just as I am—Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come! Amen.

5. Just as I am—Thy love unknown
Hath broken every barrier down;
Now, to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come! Amen.

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Step In Anywhere.

During one of the great battles of the Civil War, a recruit, who had lost his company in the strife, approached General Sheridan and timidly asked where he should "step in." "Step in?" thundered Sheridan, in a voice that frightened the already terrified recruit. "Step in anywhere; there's fighting all along the line."

Words and Music Copyright, 1904, by P. P. Bilhorn.

MRS. FRANK A. BRECK. P. P. BILHORN.

1. Would you be a sol-dier in the ar-my of the Lord, Fighting for his
2. Would you be a sol-dier? Reck-on not too high the cost, Foes will be be-
3. Would you be a sol-dier? There is room for young or old; Will you vol-un-
4. Would you be a sol-dier in a cause that can-not fail, Fac-ing ev-'ry

king-dom and e-ter-ni-ty's re-ward? Gird ye on the ar-mor, take the
fore you and the path by dan-ger crossed; Fal-ter not for dan-ger, he who
teer for serv-ice, ev-er true and bold? We shall win a tri-umph great-er
hard-ship with a faith that will not quail, Knowing for 'tis promised, that the

CHORUS.

Spir-it's might-y sword, And step in a-ny-where.
hes-i-tates is lost, Just step in a-ny-where. Step in a-ny-where;
than has yet been told, Then step in a-ny-where.
faith-ful shall pre-vail? Then step in a-ny-where.

cres.

step in a-ny-where There's fighting all a-long the line, a-long the line, For

soldiers brave and true, there is fighting now to do, Then step in a-ny-where.

Lo! I am With You Alway.

MOLLIE CARRUTHERS.

Words and Music
Copyright, 1901, by P. P. Bilhorn.

Arr. by P. P. B.

1. Lo! I am with you al - way, E - ven un - to the end;
When on the path be - fore you Shad-ows of sor-row lie,
2. Lo! I am with you al - way, Un - to the end of life;
Days of your joy and glad-ness I will re - joice to see;
3. Lo! I am with you al - way, E'en to the end of time;
When in my Fa-ther's man-sions, O - ver the si - lent sea.

When you are sad and wea - ry, I will my com - fort send.
Then will I send my sun - shine, Then [*Omit.* . . . . .]
When with your sins in con - flict, When in the storm of strife.
Ev - er in dark temp-ta - tion, I [*Omit.* . . . . .]
When in your wel-come cho - rus Voi - ces of an - gels chime;
I who have shared your sor - row Give [*Omit.* . . . . .]

CHORUS.

will I heed your cry. No, nev - er a - lone, ...
will your Sav - ior be.
you a home with me. No, no, nev - er a - lone,

no, nev - er a - lone. . . . . He prom-ised nev-er to leave me,
no, nev-er a-lone,

Nev - er to leave me a - lone. Nev-er to leave me a - lone.

Longing for the Sweet By and By.

P. P. B.

Words and Music
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P. P. BILHORN.

1. I stood all a - lone by the way - side, And gazed at the
2. The stars had more beau - ty and splen - dor Than earth with its
3. Some day, on the wings of the morn - ing, To yon - der bright
4. And when I shall reach that fair coun - try, Where sor - row shall

stars in the sky; I thought of the man - y who en - tered
wealth could sup - ply; I longed for a glimpse of the por - tals,
home I will fly; I'll en - ter the gates of that cit - y,
ne'er dim mine eye, I'll sing forth for - ev - er and praise it,

CHORUS. *Faster.*

The home in the Sweet By and By.
A home in the Sweet By and By.
And dwell in the Sweet By and By.
The home in the Sweet By and By.

Sweet By and By,

1

Sweet By and By, O land of beau-ty, home in the sky;

2

Rit.

My heart is long - ing for the Sweet By and By (By and By).

Bid Him Come In.

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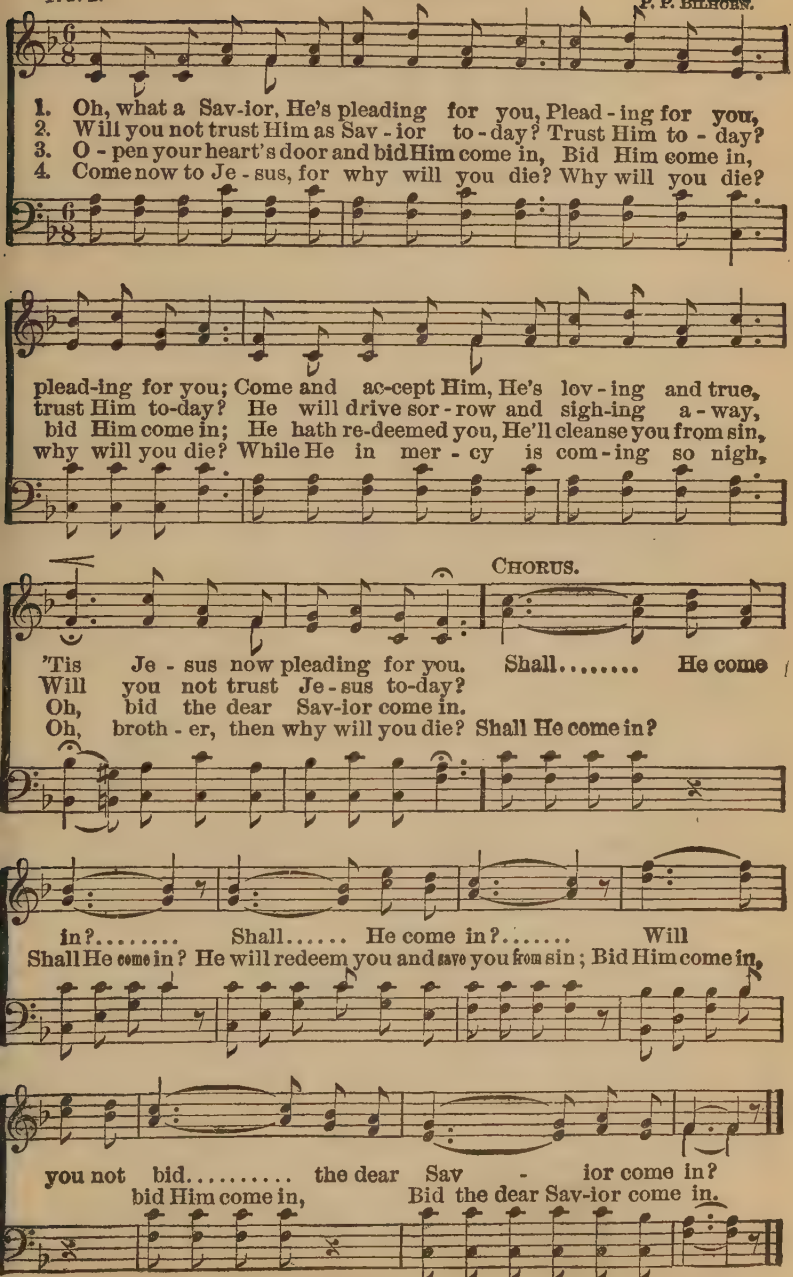
P. P. B. P. P. BILHORN.


1. Oh, what a Sav-ior, He's pleading for you, Plead-ing for you,
2. Will you not trust Him as Sav-ior to-day? Trust Him to-day?
3. O-pen your heart's door and bid Him come in, Bid Him come in,
4. Come now to Je-sus, for why will you die? Why will you die?
plead-ing for you; Come and ac-cept Him, He's lov-ing and true,
trust Him to-day? He will drive sor-row and sigh-ing a-way,
bid Him come in; He hath re-deemed you, He'll cleanse you from sin,
why will you die? While He in mer-cy is com-ing so nigh,
CHORUS.
'Tis Je-sus now pleading for you. Shall..... He come
Will you not trust Je-sus to-day?
Oh, bid the dear Sav-ior come in.
Oh, broth-er, then why will you die? Shall He come in?
in?..... Shall..... He come in?..... Will
Shall He come in? He will redeem you and save you from sin; Bid Him come in,
you not bid..... the dear Sav-ior come in?
bid Him come in, Bid the dear Sav-ior come in.

When the Beautiful Gates Unfold.

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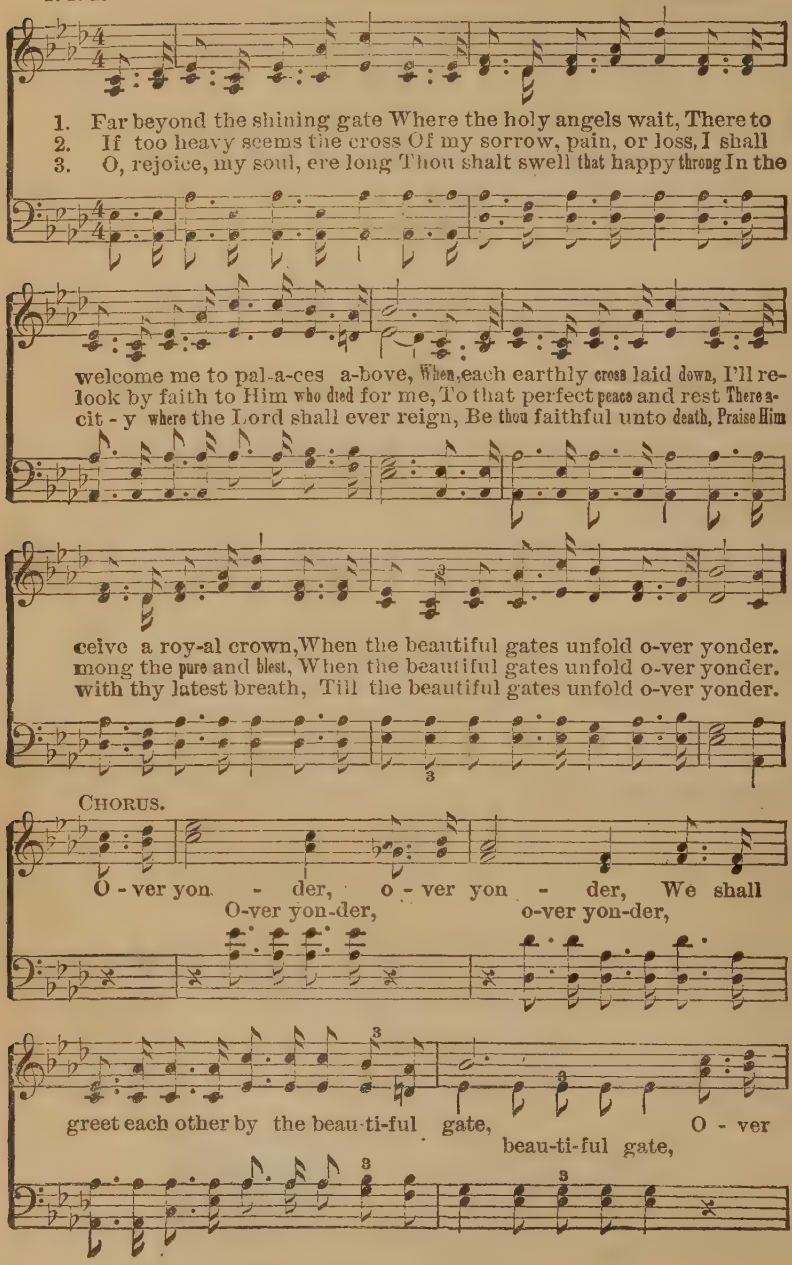
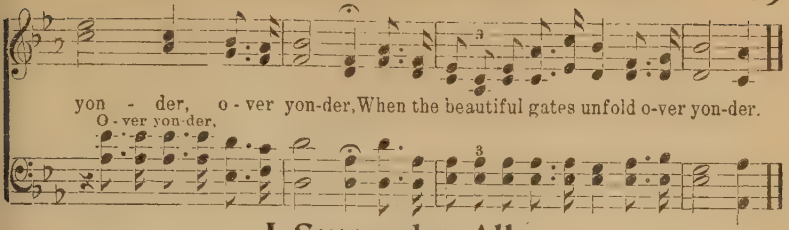

1. Far beyond the shining gate Where the holy angels wait, There to
2. If too heavy seems the cross Of my sorrow, pain, or loss, I shall
3. O, rejoice, my soul, ere long Thou shalt swell that happy throng In the
welcome me to pal-a-ces a-bove, When each earthly cross laid down, I'll re-
look by faith to Him who died for me, To that perfect peace and rest There a-
cit - y where the Lord shall ever reign, Be thou faithful unto death, Praise Him
ceive a roy-al crown, When the beautiful gates unfold o-ver yonder.
mong the pure and blest, When the beautiful gates unfold o-ver yonder.
with thy latest breath, Till the beautiful gates unfold o-ver yonder.
CHORUS.
O - ver yon - der, o - ver yon - der, We shall
O-ver yon-der, o-ver yon-der,
greet each other by the beau-ti-ful gate, O - ver
beau-ti-ful gate,



I Surrender All.

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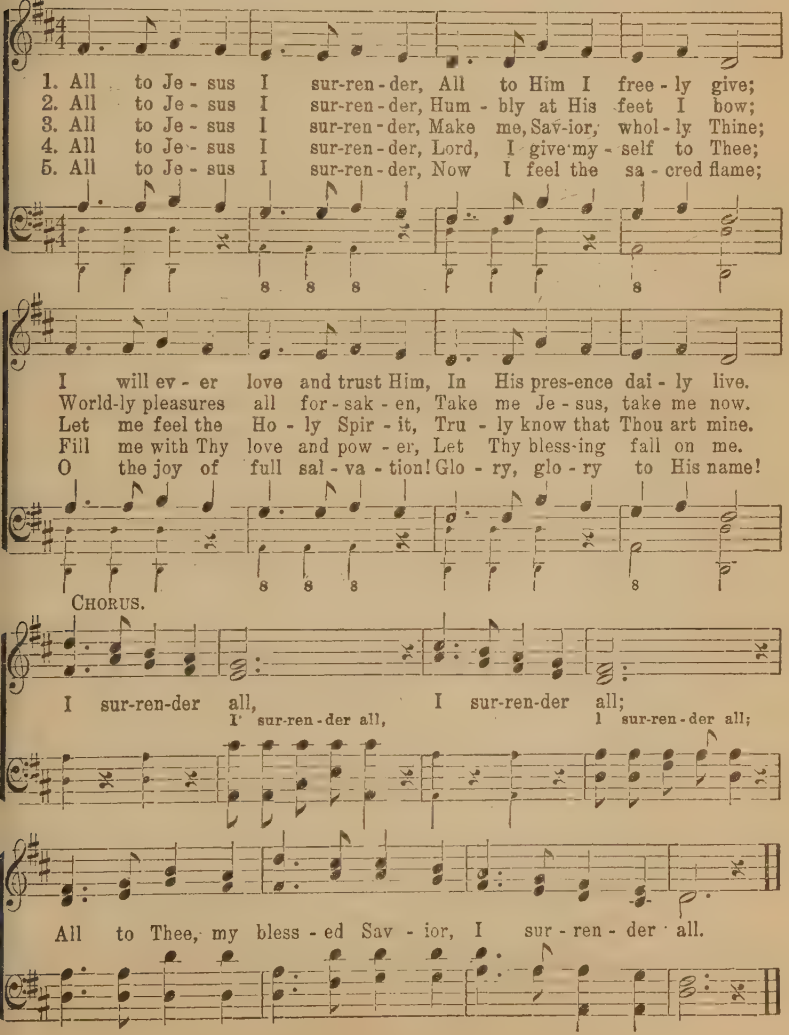
J. W. VAN DE VENTER. W. S. WEEDEN.

DUET.


1. All to Je - sus I sur-ren - der, All to Him I free - ly give;
2. All to Je - sus I sur-ren - der, Hum - bly at His feet I bow;
3. All to Je - sus I sur-ren - der, Make me, Sav-ior, whol - ly Thine;
4. All to Je - sus I sur-ren - der, Lord, I give my - self to Thee;
5. All to Je - sus I sur-ren - der, Now I feel the sa - cred flame;
I will ev - er love and trust Him, In His pres-ence dai - ly live.
World-ly pleasures all for - sak - en, Take me Je - sus, take me now.
Let me feel the Ho - ly Spir - it, Tru - ly know that Thou art mine.
Fill me with Thy love and pow - er, Let Thy bless-ing fall on me.
O the joy of full sal - va - tion! Glo - ry, glo - ry to His name!
CHORUS.
I sur-ren-der all, I sur-ren-der all;
I sur-ren-der all, I sur-ren-der all;
All to Thee, my bless - ed Sav - ior, I sur - ren - der all.

Will You Go?

Words and Music
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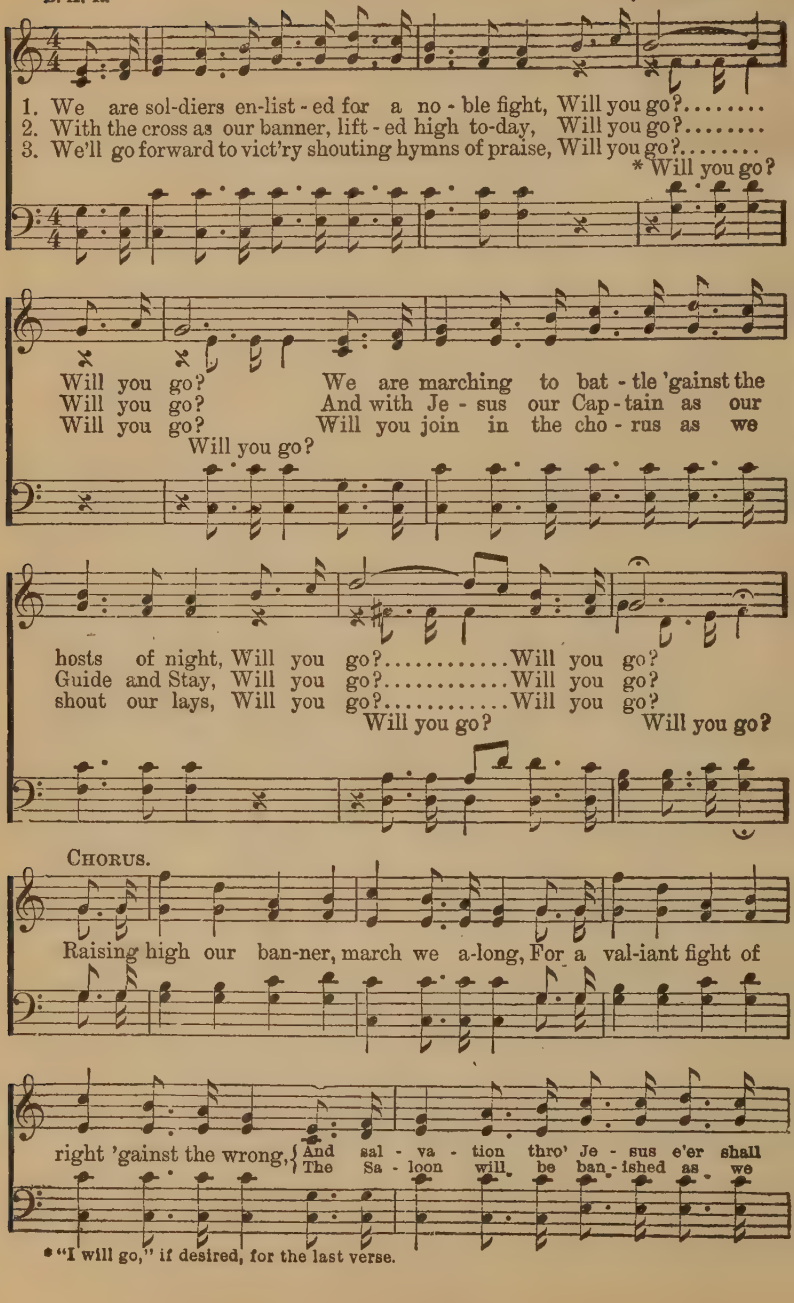
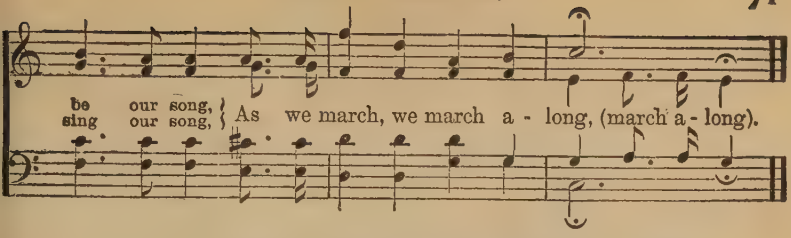
B. A. R.

B. A. Robinson,
Arr. by P. P. Bilhorn.

1. We are sol-diers en-list - ed for a no - ble fight, Will you go?.....
2. With the cross as our banner, lift - ed high to-day, Will you go?.....
3. We'll go forward to vict'ry shouting hymns of praise, Will you go?.....
* Will you go?
Will you go? We are marching to bat - tle 'gainst the
Will you go? And with Je - sus our Cap - tain as our
Will you go? Will you join in the cho - rus as we
Will you go?
hosts of night, Will you go?.....Will you go?
Guide and Stay, Will you go?.....Will you go?
shout our lays, Will you go?.....Will you go?
Will you go? Will you go?
Chorus.
Raising high our ban-ner, march we a-long, For a val-iant fight of
right 'gainst the wrong, { And sal - va - tion thro' Je - sus e'er shall
{ The Sa - loon will be ban - ished as we

* "I will go," if desired, for the last verse.

Will You Go?



What a Friend We Have in Jesus.

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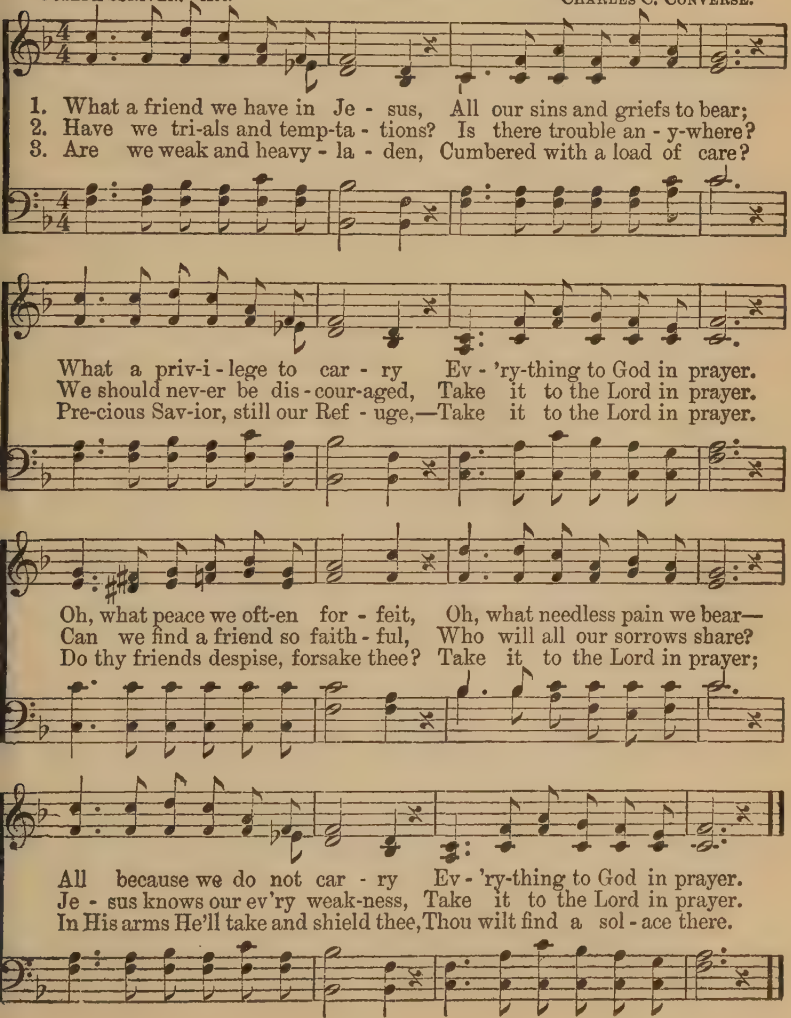
JOSEPH SCRIVEN. Alt. CHARLES C. CONVERSE.


1. What a friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear;
2. Have we tri-als and temp-ta - tions? Is there trouble an - y-where?
3. Are we weak and heavy - la - den, Cumbered with a load of care?
What a priv-i - lege to car - ry Ev - 'ry-thing to God in prayer.
We should nev-er be dis - cour-aged, Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Pre-cious Sav-ior, still our Ref - uge,—Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Oh, what peace we oft-en for - feit, Oh, what needless pain we bear—
Can we find a friend so faith - ful, Who will all our sorrows share?
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee? Take it to the Lord in prayer;
All because we do not car - ry Ev - 'ry-thing to God in prayer.
Je - sus knows our ev'ry weak-ness, Take it to the Lord in prayer.
In His arms He'll take and shield thee, Thou wilt find a sol - ace there.

You Mean to Be Saved—But When?

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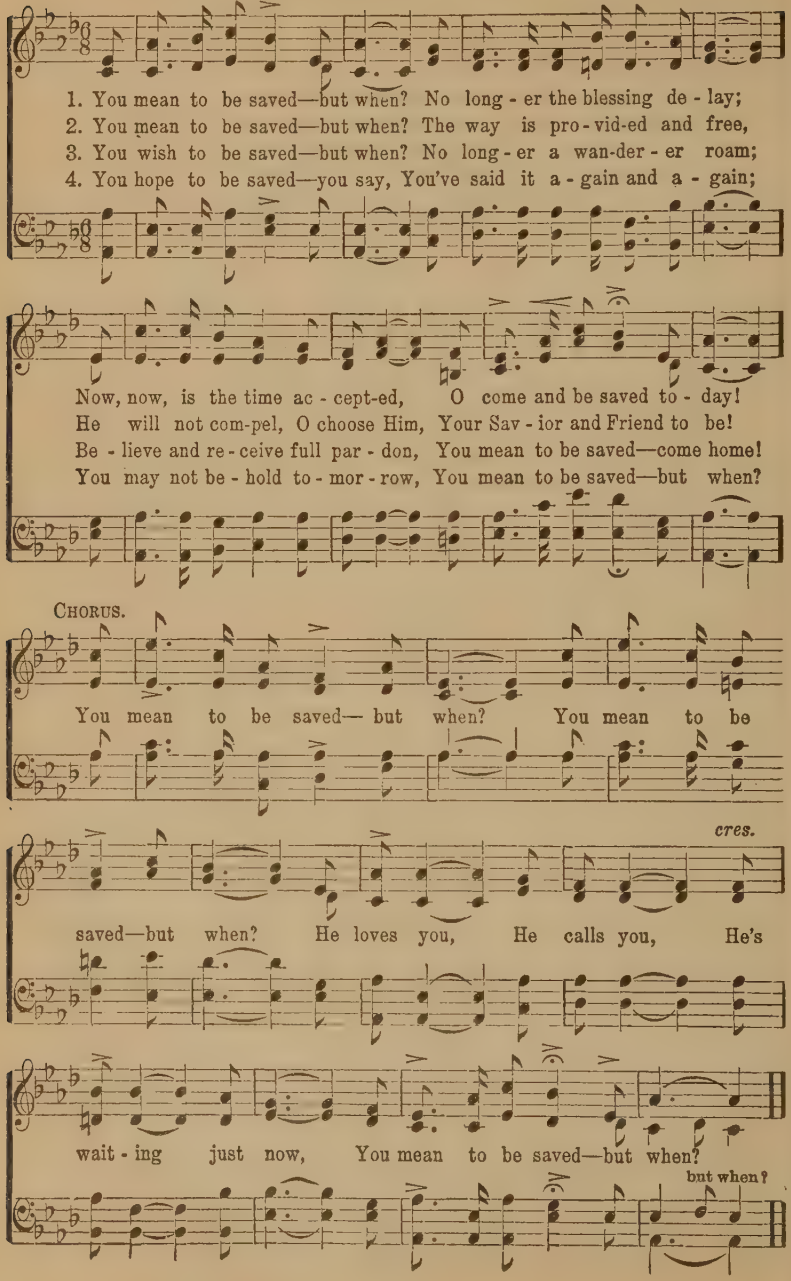
Mrs. FRANK A. BRECK. P. P. BILHORN.


1. You mean to be saved—but when? No long - er the blessing de - lay;
2. You mean to be saved—but when? The way is pro - vid-ed and free,
3. You wish to be saved—but when? No long - er a wan-der - er roam;
4. You hope to be saved—you say, You've said it a - gain and a - gain;
Now, now, is the time ac - cept-ed, O come and be saved to - day!
He will not com-pel, O choose Him, Your Sav - ior and Friend to be!
Be - lieve and re - ceive full par - don, You mean to be saved—come home!
You may not be - hold to - mor - row, You mean to be saved—but when?
CHORUS.
You mean to be saved— but when? You mean to be
cres.
saved—but when? He loves you, He calls you, He's
wait - ing just now, You mean to be saved—but when?
but when?

Since the Comforter is Mine.

P. P. B.

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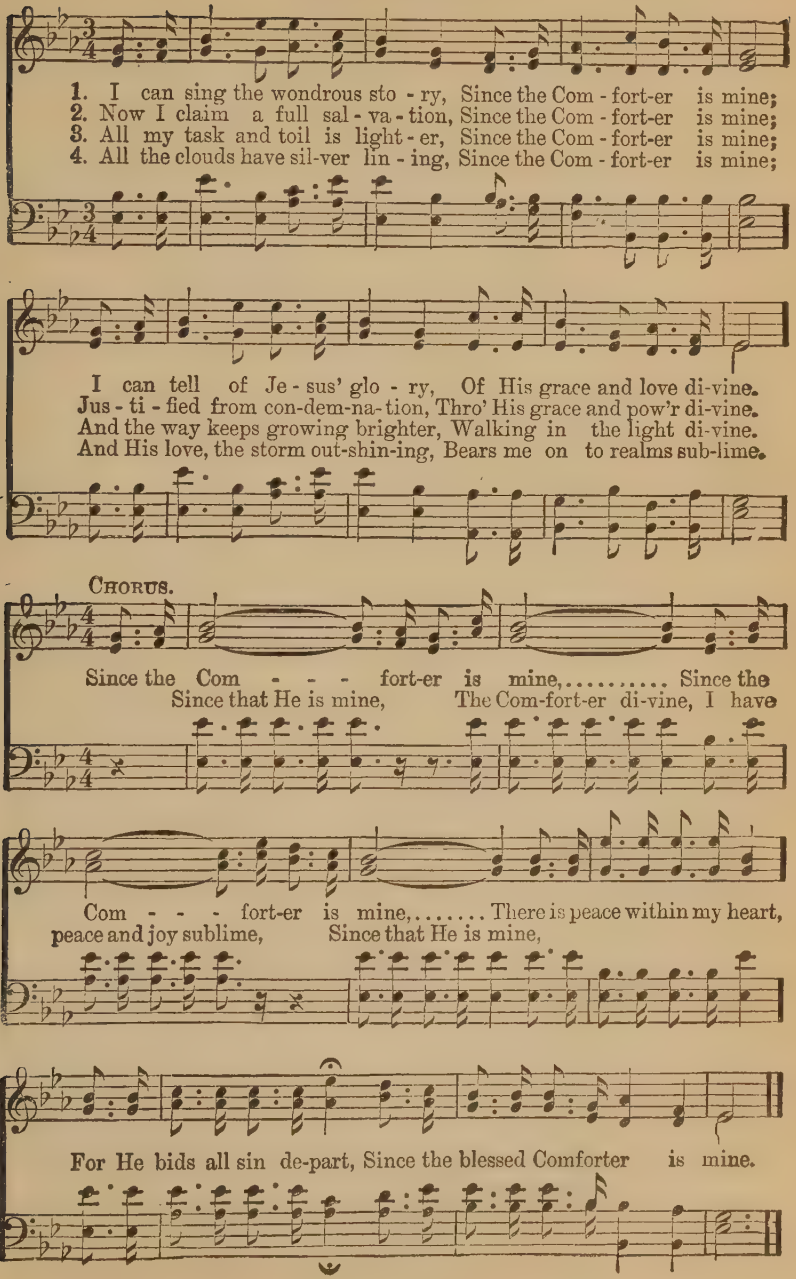
P. P. BILHORN.

1. I can sing the wondrous sto - ry, Since the Com - fort-er is mine;
2. Now I claim a full sal - va - tion, Since the Com - fort-er is mine;
3. All my task and toil is light - er, Since the Com - fort-er is mine;
4. All the clouds have sil-ver lin - ing, Since the Com - fort-er is mine;
I can tell of Je - sus' glo - ry, Of His grace and love di-vine.
Jus - ti - fied from con-dem-na-tion, Thro' His grace and pow'r di-vine.
And the way keeps growing brighter, Walking in the light di-vine.
And His love, the storm out-shin-ing, Bears me on to realms sub-lime.
CHORUS.
Since the Com - - - fort-er is mine,..... Since the
Since that He is mine, The Com-fort-er di-vine, I have
Com - - - fort-er is mine,..... There is peace within my heart,
peace and joy sublime, Since that He is mine,
For He bids all sin de-part, Since the blessed Comforter is mine.

The Upper Room.

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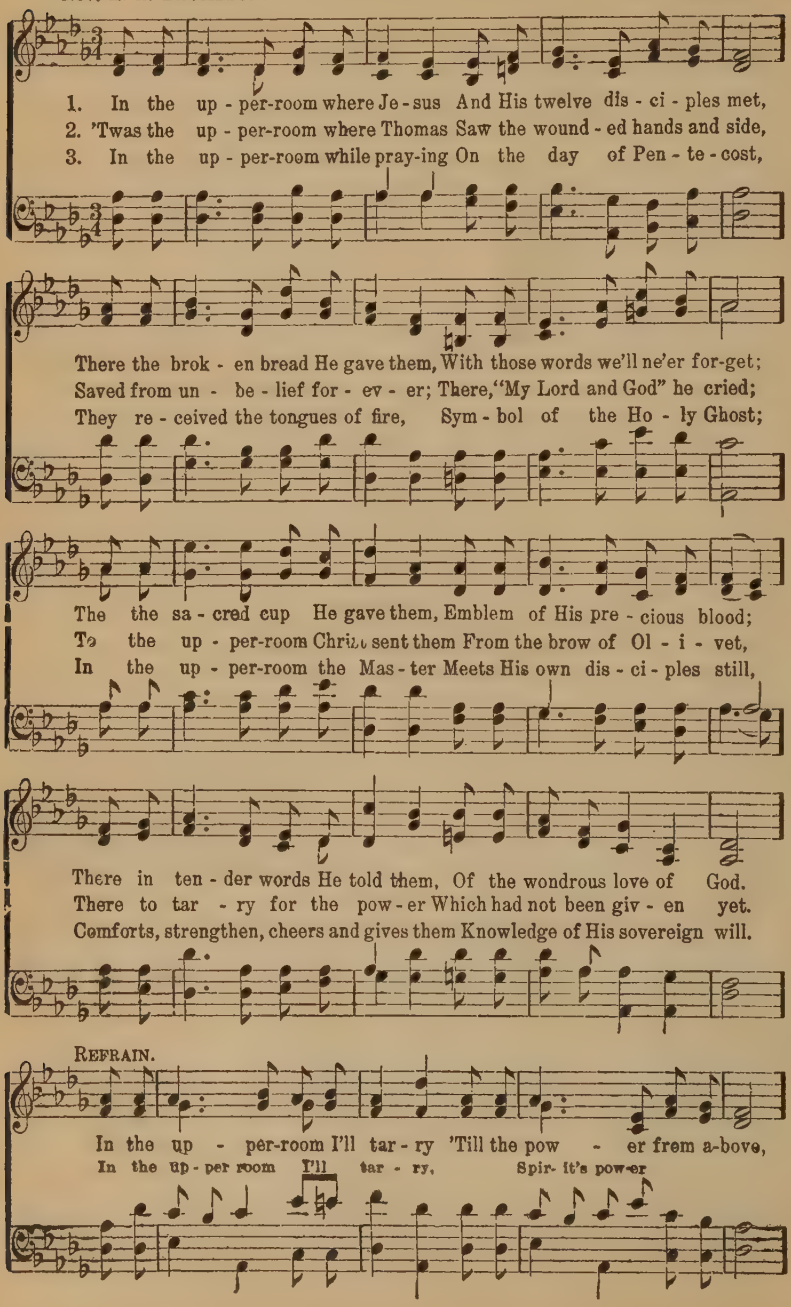
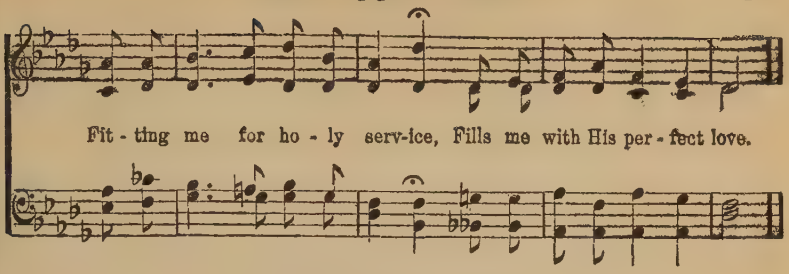
Rev. E. L. THOMPSON. THORO HARRIS.


1. In the up - per-room where Je - sus And His twelve dis - ci - ples met,
2. 'Twas the up - per-room where Thomas Saw the wound - ed hands and side,
3. In the up - per-room while pray-ing On the day of Pen - te - cost,
There the brok - en bread He gave them, With those words we'll ne'er for-get;
Saved from un - be - lief for - ev - er; There, "My Lord and God" he cried;
They re - ceived the tongues of fire, Sym - bol of the Ho - ly Ghost;
The the sa - cred cup He gave them, Emblem of His pre - cious blood;
To the up - per-room Christ sent them From the brow of Ol - i - vet,
In the up - per-room the Mas - ter Meets His own dis - ci - ples still,
There in ten - der words He told them, Of the wondrous love of God.
There to tar - ry for the pow - er Which had not been giv - en yet.
Comforts, strengthen, cheers and gives them Knowledge of His sovereign will.
REFRAIN.
In the up - per-room I'll tar - ry 'Till the pow - er from a-bove,
In the up - per room I'll tar - ry, Spir- it's pow-er



The Four Calls.

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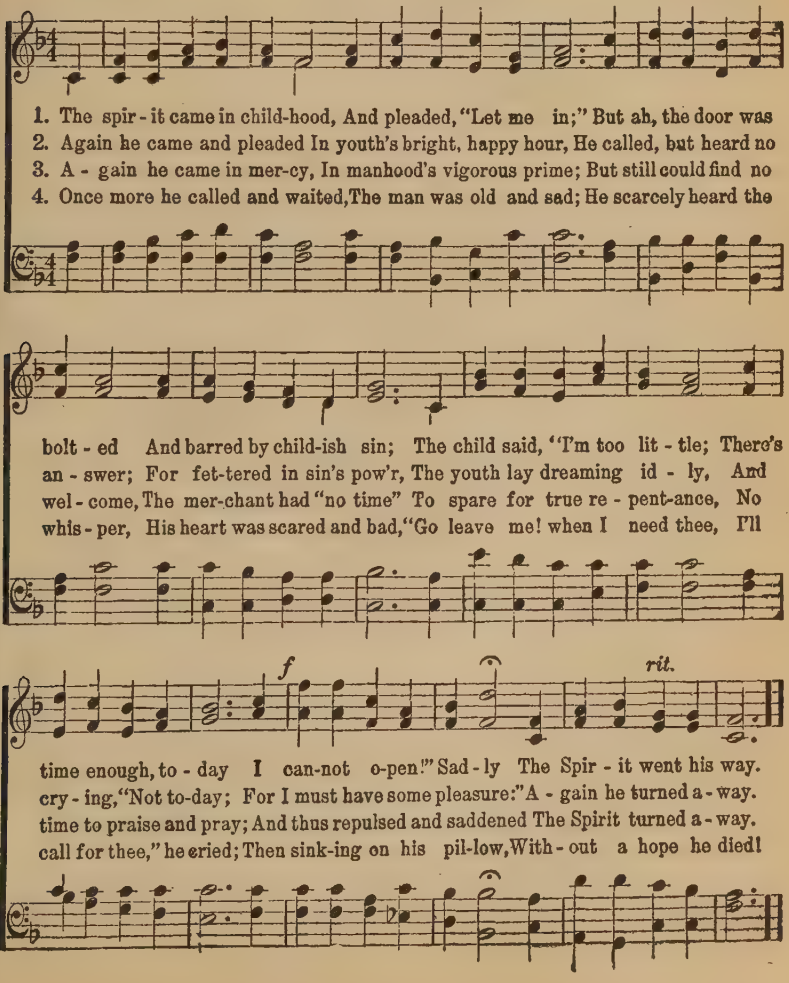
J. V. EATON. P. P. BILHORN.


1. The spir - it came in child-hood, And pleaded, "Let me in;" But ah, the door was
2. Again he came and pleaded In youth's bright, happy hour, He called, but heard no
3. A - gain he came in mer-cy, In manhood's vigorous prime; But still could find no
4. Once more he called and waited, The man was old and sad; He scarcely heard the
bolt - ed And barred by child-ish sin; The child said, "I'm too lit - tle; There's
an - swer; For fet-tered in sin's pow'r, The youth lay dreaming id - ly, And
wel - come, The mer-chant had "no time" To spare for true re - pent-ance, No
whis - per, His heart was scared and bad, "Go leave me! when I need thee, I'll
f
rit.
time enough, to - day I can-not o-pen!" Sad - ly The Spir - it went his way.
cry - ing, "Not to-day; For I must have some pleasure:" A - gain he turned a - way.
time to praise and pray; And thus repulsed and saddened The Spirit turned a - way.
call for thee," he cried; Then sink-ing on his pil-low, With - out a hope he died!

The Spirit is Pleading.

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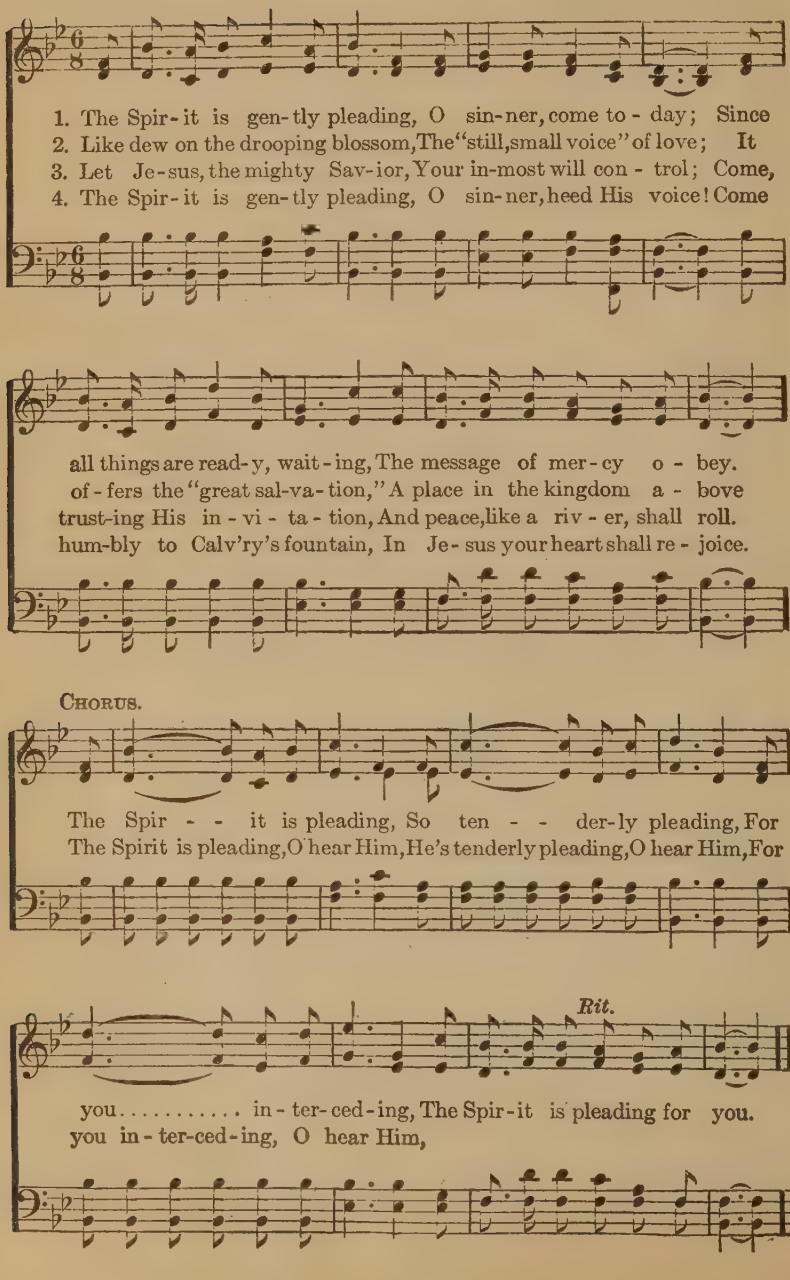
E. E. Hewitt. F. Degen. Arr. by P. P. B.


1. The Spir-it is gen-tly pleading, O sin-ner, come to-day; Since
2. Like dew on the drooping blossom, The "still, small voice" of love; It
3. Let Je-sus, the mighty Sav-ior, Your in-most will con-trol; Come,
4. The Spir-it is gen-tly pleading, O sin-ner, heed His voice! Come
all things are read-y, wait-ing, The message of mer-cy o-bey.
of-fers the "great sal-va-tion," A place in the kingdom a-bove
trust-ing His in-vi-ta-tion, And peace, like a riv-er, shall roll.
hum-bly to Calv'ry's fountain, In Je-sus your heart shall re-joice.
Chorus.
The Spir - - it is pleading, So ten - - der-ly pleading, For
The Spirit is pleading, O hear Him, He's tenderly pleading, O hear Him, For
Rit.
you..... in-ter-ced-ing, The Spir-it is pleading for you.
you in-ter-ced-ing, O hear Him,

The Lamb of God.

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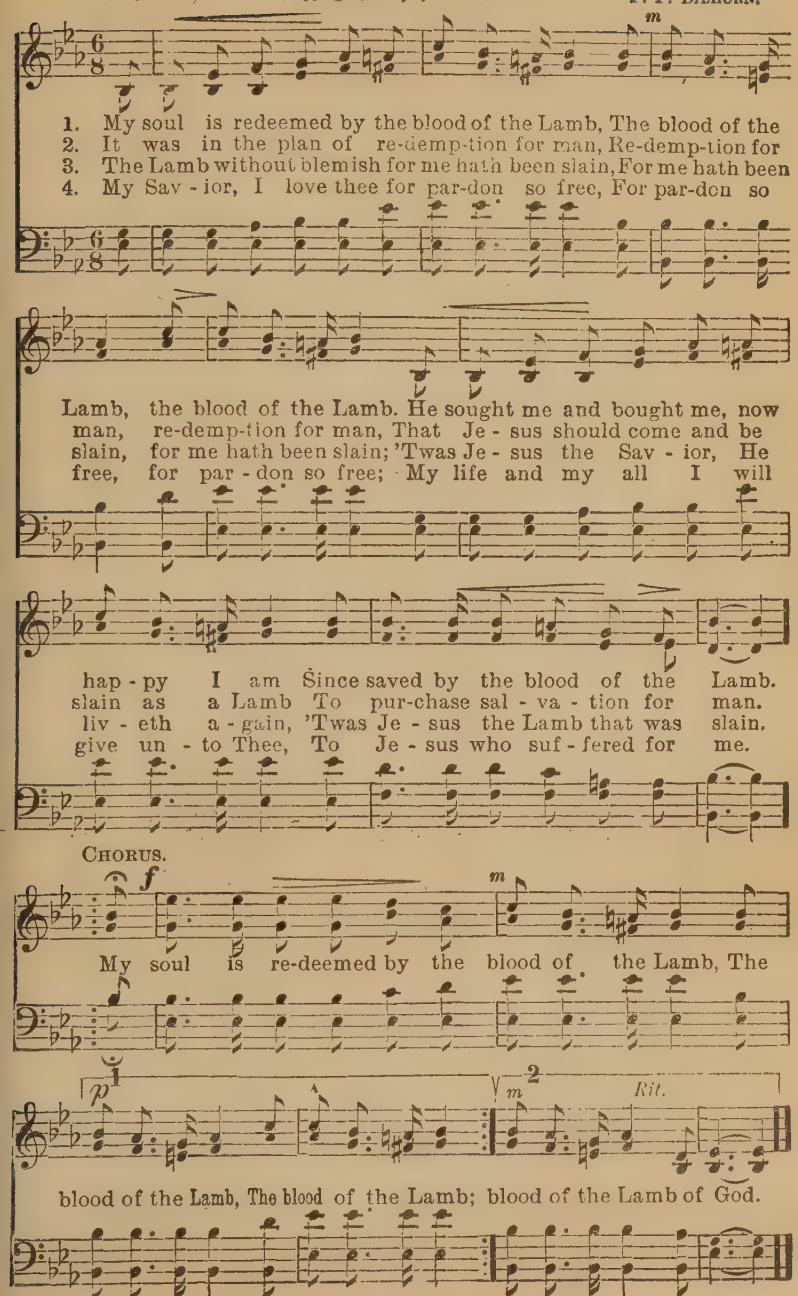
m
1. My soul is redeemed by the blood of the Lamb, The blood of the
2. It was in the plan of re-demp-tion for man, Re-demp-tion for
3. The Lamb without blemish for me hath been slain, For me hath been
4. My Sav - ior, I love thee for par-don so free, For par-don so
Lamb, the blood of the Lamb. He sought me and bought me, now
man, re-demp-tion for man, That Je - sus should come and be
slain, for me hath been slain; 'Twas Je - sus the Sav - ior, He
free, for par - don so free; My life and my all I will
hap - py I am Since saved by the blood of the Lamb.
slain as a Lamb To pur-chase sal - va - tion for man.
liv - eth a - gain, 'Twas Je - sus the Lamb that was slain.
give un - to Thee, To Je - sus who suf - fered for me.
CHORUS.
f
m
My soul is re-deemed by the blood of the Lamb, The
p
1
m
2
Rit.
blood of the Lamb, The blood of the Lamb; blood of the Lamb of God.

The Precious Blood.

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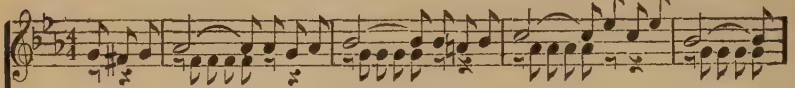
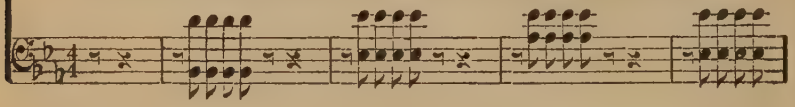
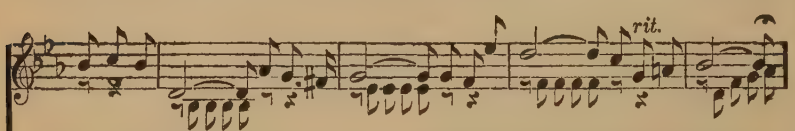
JNO. R. CLEMENTS. P. P. BILHORN.

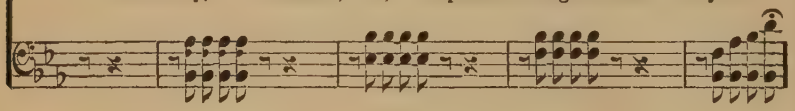


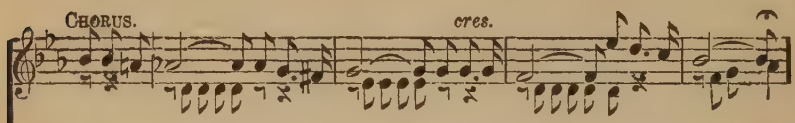
1. The Savior's blood For sin was spilt, To wash a-way Man's aw-ful guilt;
2. 'Twas midnight dark, Tho' scarce but noon; The sun its face Had hid full soon;
3. I see Him there With spear pierced side, With bowing head, Arms open wide;



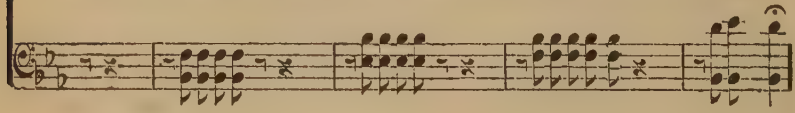


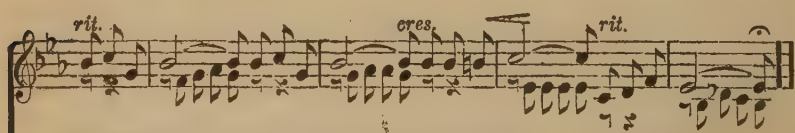
No oth - er flow Can pu - ri - fy; No other stream Brings pardon nigh.
That aw-ful hour When Je-sus died, And laws de-mands Were sat-is-fied.
I hear the cry, "'Tis finished," too; And pardon's bought For me—for you.

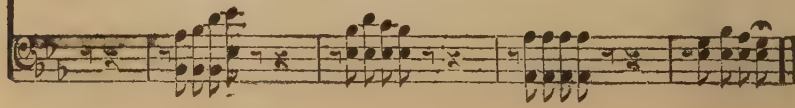




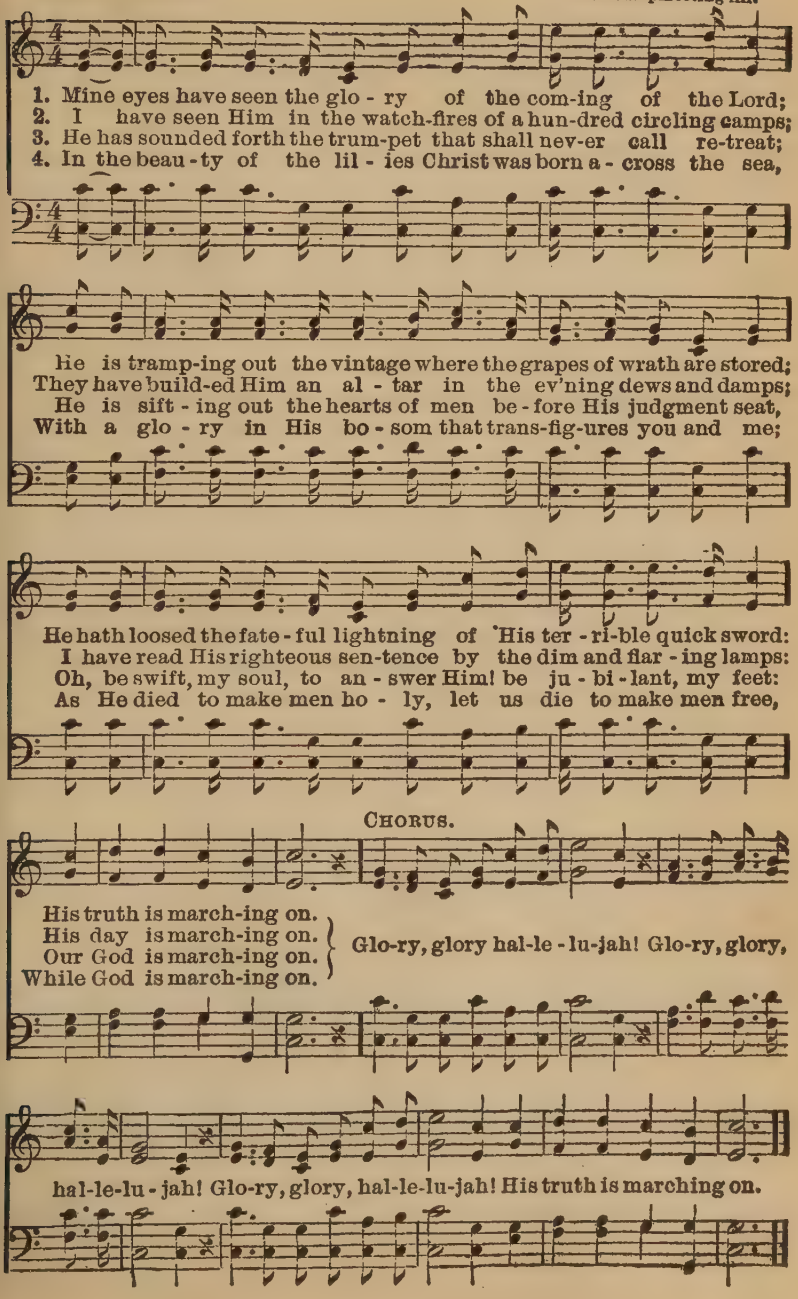
The precious blood On Calvary shed, When Jesus suf - fered In my stead;





The precious blood, Be this my plea, For time and for e-ter-ni - ty.

Battle Hymn of the Republic.

JULIA WARD HOWE. Old Campmeeting Air.


1. Mine eyes have seen the glo - ry of the com-ing of the Lord;
2. I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hun-dred circling camps;
3. He has sounded forth the trum-pet that shall nev-er call re-treat;
4. In the beau - ty of the lil - ies Christ was born a - cross the sea,
He is tramp-ing out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
They have build-ed Him an al - tar in the ev'ning dews and damps;
He is sift - ing out the hearts of men be - fore His judgment seat,
With a glo - ry in His bo - som that trans-fig-ures you and me;
He hath loosed the fate - ful lightning of His ter - ri-ble quick sword:
I have read His righteous sen-tence by the dim and flar - ing lamps:
Oh, be swift, my soul, to an - swer Him! be ju - bi - lant, my feet:
As He died to make men ho - ly, let us die to make men free,
CHORUS.
His truth is march-ing on.
His day is march-ing on.
Our God is march-ing on.
While God is march-ing on.
Glo-ry, glory hal-le - lu-jah! Glo-ry, glory,
hal-le-lu - jah! Glo-ry, glory, hal-le-lu-jah! His truth is marching on.

The Savior Draweth Nigh.

Words and Music Copyright, 1904, by P. P. Bilhorn.

JOHN R. CLEMENTS. P. P. BILHORN.

Not too fast.

1. Out up - on the sea of sin A soul is tem - pest tossed;
2. Down a - mid the haunts of vice, A soul in deep dis - tress;
3. There up - on the bed of pain A son in strang - er land,

Dark the night, the winds sweep in, No help, all hope is lost;
Tast - ed sin at aw - ful price, He wears its hid - eous dress;
Life made sad by sins dark stain, It's end not what he planned;

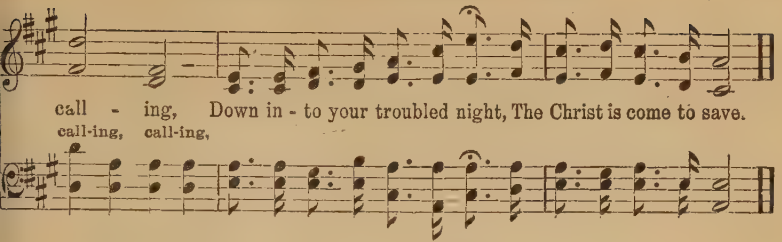
Gloom is writ - ten o - ver all, No star shows in the sky,
Woe is writ - ten in his face, No hope - light in his eye,
Christ shut out in health's fair morn, He pleas - ure tried to buy,

CHORUS.

Hark! there sounds a ten - der call, A Sav - ior draw-eth nigh. Lost one, Christ is
Hark! a voice, O matchless grace! A Sav - ior draw-eth nigh.
Vain the ef-fort! Sad, for-lorn, This is no time to die.

Lost one, Christ is

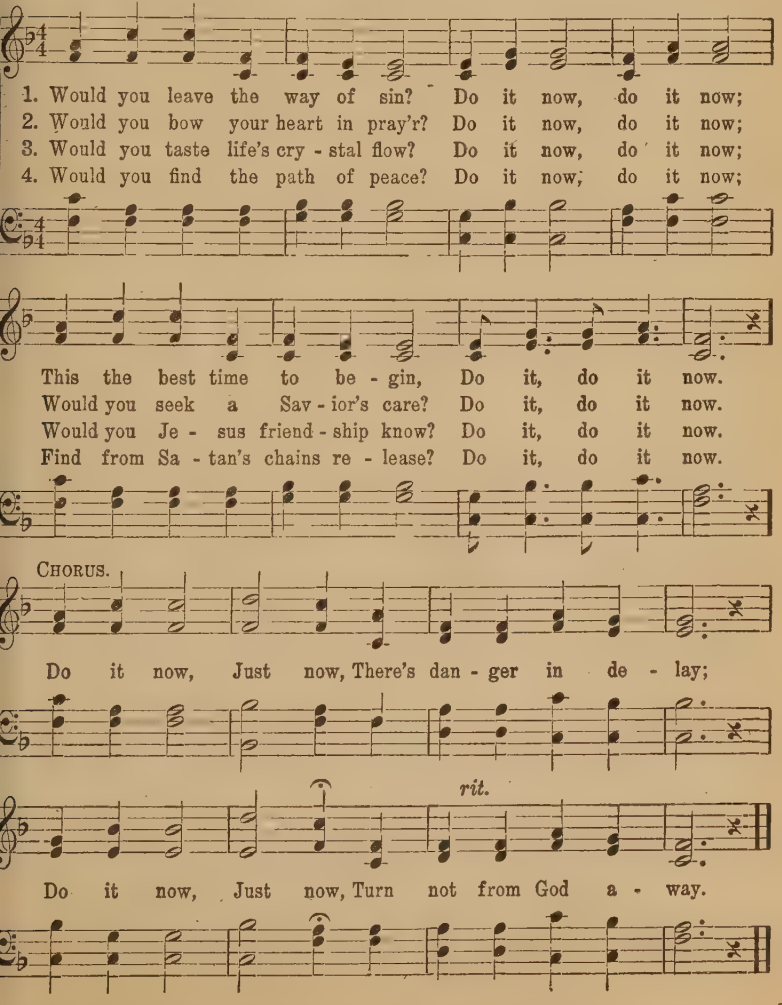
call - ing, Tossed one, Christ is call - ing, Faint one, Christ is
call - ing, call-ing, Tossed one, Christ is call-ing, call - ing, Faint one, Christ is



Do It Now.

Words and Music Copyright, 1904, by P. P. Bilhorn.

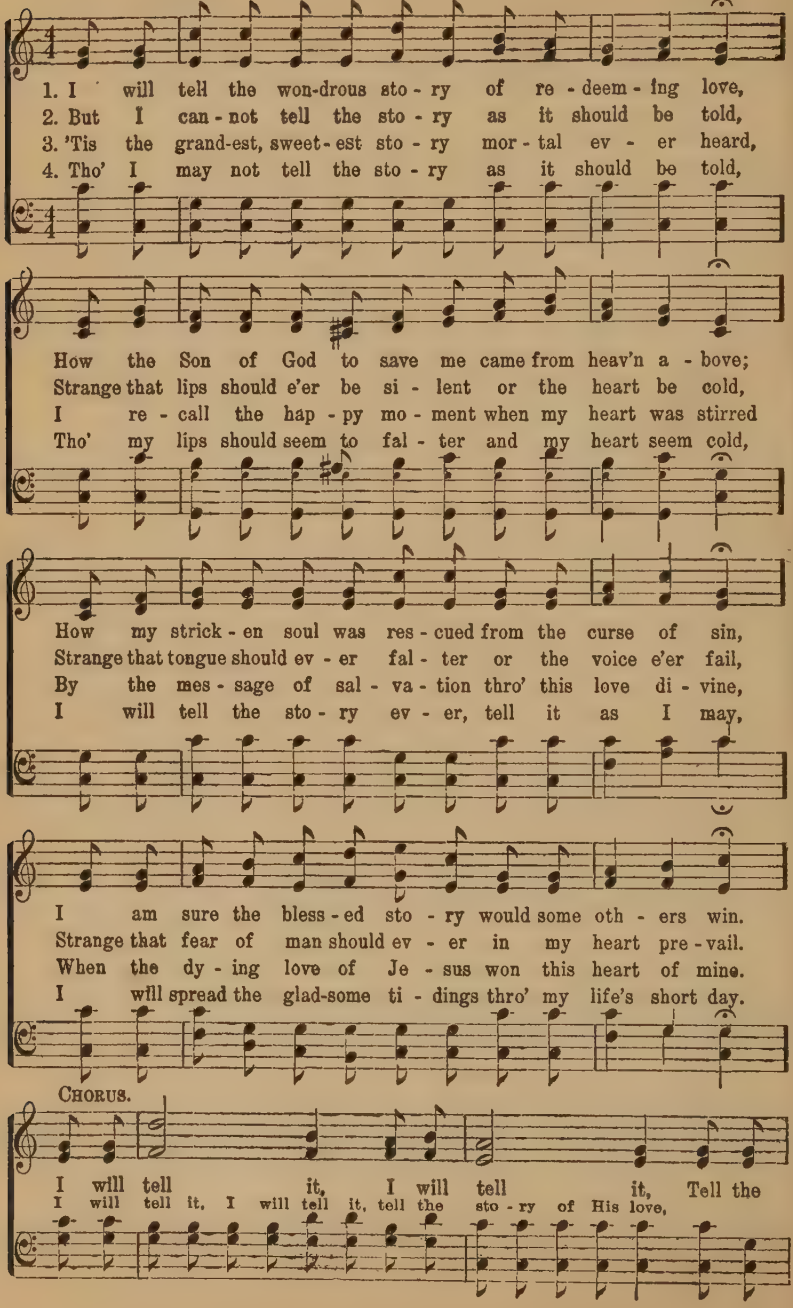
JOHN R. CLEMENTS. P. P. BILHORN.


1. Would you leave the way of sin? Do it now, do it now;
2. Would you bow your heart in pray'r? Do it now, do it now;
3. Would you taste life's cry - stal flow? Do it now, do it now;
4. Would you find the path of peace? Do it now, do it now;
This the best time to be - gin, Do it, do it now.
Would you seek a Sav - ior's care? Do it, do it now.
Would you Je - sus friend - ship know? Do it, do it now.
Find from Sa - tan's chains re - lease? Do it, do it now.
CHORUS.
Do it now, Just now, There's dan - ger in de - lay;
rit.
Do it now, Just now, Turn not from God a - way.

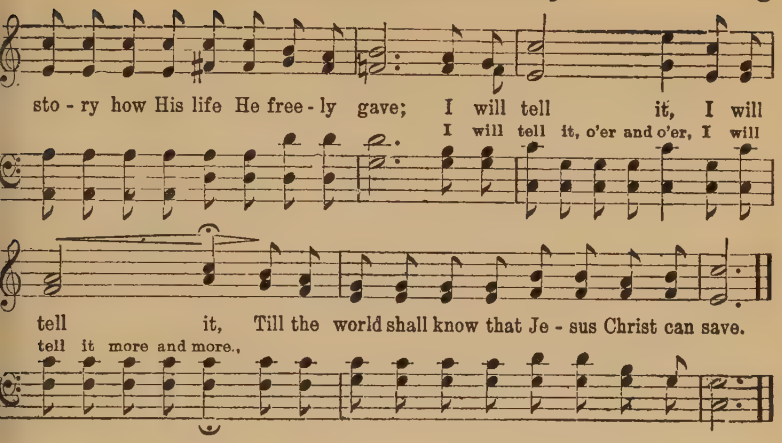
I Will Tell the Story.

Words and Music Copyright, 1904, by P. P. Bilhorn.

GEO. O. WEBSTER. P. P. BILHORN.


1. I will tell the won-drous sto - ry of re - deem - ing love,
2. But I can - not tell the sto - ry as it should be told,
3. 'Tis the grand-est, sweet - est sto - ry mor - tal ev - er heard,
4. Tho' I may not tell the sto - ry as it should be told,
How the Son of God to save me came from heav'n a - bove;
Strange that lips should e'er be si - lent or the heart be cold,
I re - call the hap - py mo - ment when my heart was stirred
Tho' my lips should seem to fal - ter and my heart seem cold,
How my strick - en soul was res - cued from the curse of sin,
Strange that tongue should ev - er fal - ter or the voice e'er fail,
By the mes - sage of sal - va - tion thro' this love di - vine,
I will tell the sto - ry ev - er, tell it as I may,
I am sure the bless - ed sto - ry would some oth - ers win.
Strange that fear of man should ev - er in my heart pre - vail.
When the dy - ing love of Je - sus won this heart of mine.
I will spread the glad-some ti - dings thro' my life's short day.
CHORUS.
I will tell it, I will tell it, Tell the
I will tell it, I will tell it, tell the sto - ry of His love,

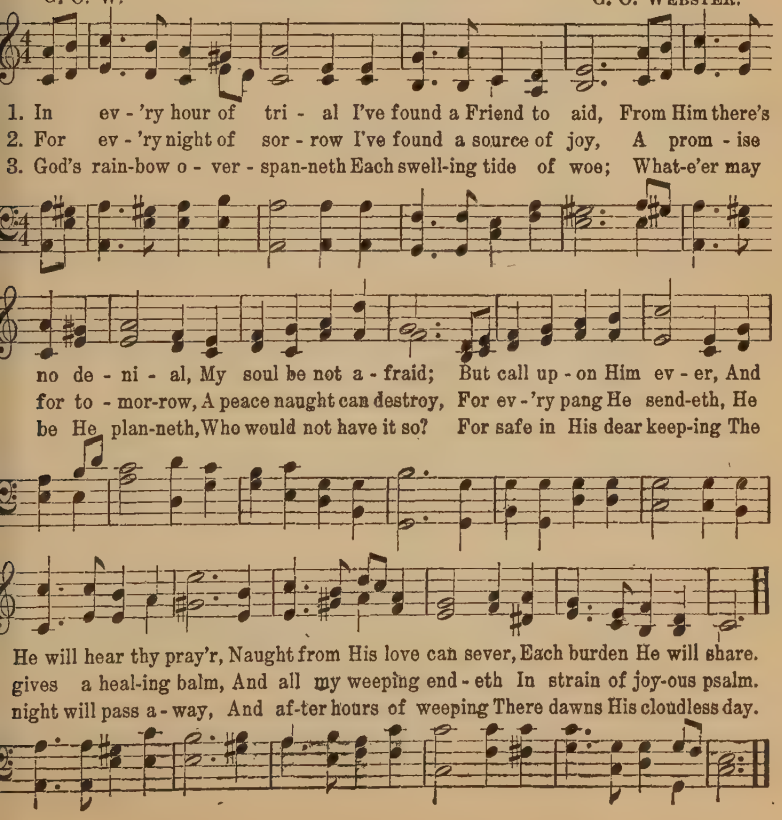
I Will Tell the Story.


sto - ry how His life He free - ly gave; I will tell it, I will
I will tell it, o'er and o'er, I will
tell it, Till the world shall know that Je - sus Christ can save.
tell it more and more.,

Joy in Sorrow.

Words and Music Copyright, 1904, by P. P. Bilhorn.

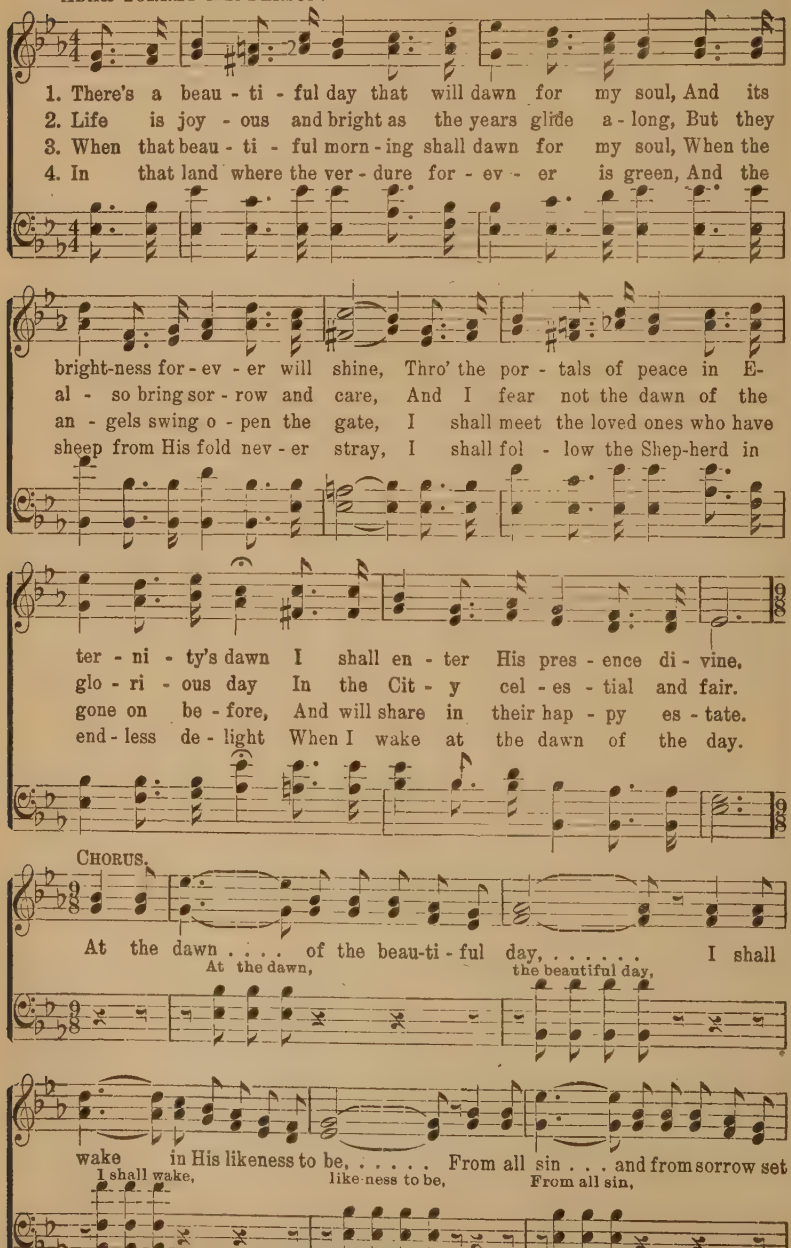
G. O. W. G. O. WEBSTER.

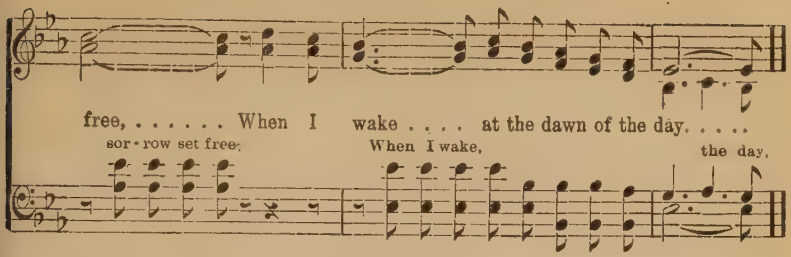

1. In ev - 'ry hour of tri - al I've found a Friend to aid, From Him there's
2. For ev - 'ry night of sor - row I've found a source of joy, A prom - ise
3. God's rain-bow o - ver - span-neth Each swell-ing tide of woe; What-e'er may
no de - ni - al, My soul be not a - fraid; But call up - on Him ev - er, And
for to - mor-row, A peace naught can destroy, For ev - 'ry pang He send-eth, He
be He plan-neth, Who would not have it so? For safe in His dear keep-ing The
He will hear thy pray'r, Naught from His love can sever, Each burden He will share.
gives a heal-ing balm, And all my weeping end - eth In strain of joy-ous psalm.
night will pass a - way, And af-ter hours of weeping There dawns His cloudless day.

At the Dawn of the Day.

Words and Music Copyright, 1904, by P. P. Bilhorn.

ADAH TORREY HENDERSON. W. CARROLL RADEBAUGH.


1. There's a beau - ti - ful day that will dawn for my soul, And its bright-ness for - ev - er will shine, Thro' the por - tals of peace in E-ter - ni - ty's dawn I shall en - ter His pres - ence di - vine.
2. Life is joy - ous and bright as the years glide a - long, But they al - so bring sor - row and care, And I fear not the dawn of the glo - ri - ous day In the Cit - y cel - es - tial and fair.
3. When that beau - ti - ful morn - ing shall dawn for my soul, When the an - gels swing o - pen the gate, I shall meet the loved ones who have gone on be - fore, And will share in their hap - py es - tate.
4. In that land where the ver - dure for - ev - er is green, And the sheep from His fold nev - er stray, I shall fol - low the Shep-herd in end - less de - light When I wake at the dawn of the day.
CHORUS.
At the dawn . . . . of the beau-ti - ful day, ... I shall wake in His likeness to be, ... From all sin . . . and from sorrow set
At the dawn, the beautiful day, I shall like-ness to be, From all sin,



Somebody.

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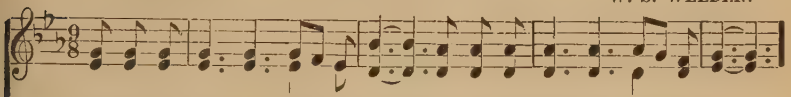
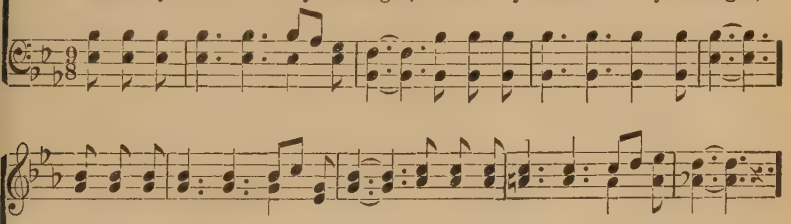
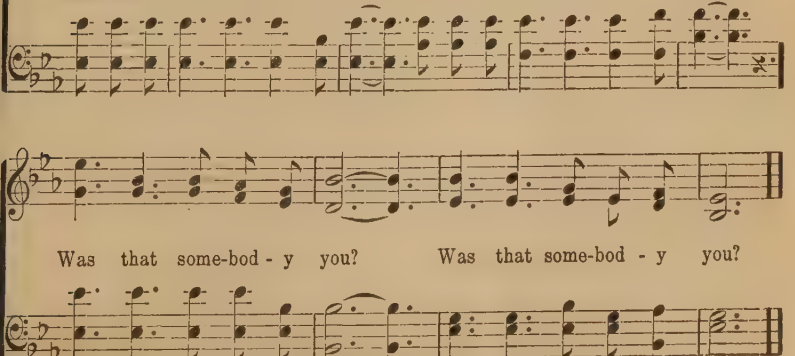
JNO. R. CLEMENTS. W. S. WEEDEN.

1. Some-bod-y did a gold - en deed, Prov-ing him-self a friend in need;
2. Some-bod-y tho't 'tis sweet to live, Will - ing-ly said, "I'm glad to give;"
3. Some-bod-y made a lov - ing gift, Cheer-ful - ly tried a load to lift;
4. Some-bod-y i - dled all the hours, Care-less-ly crushed life's fairest flow'rs;
5. Some-bod-y filled the day with light, Con-stant-ly chased a - way the night;



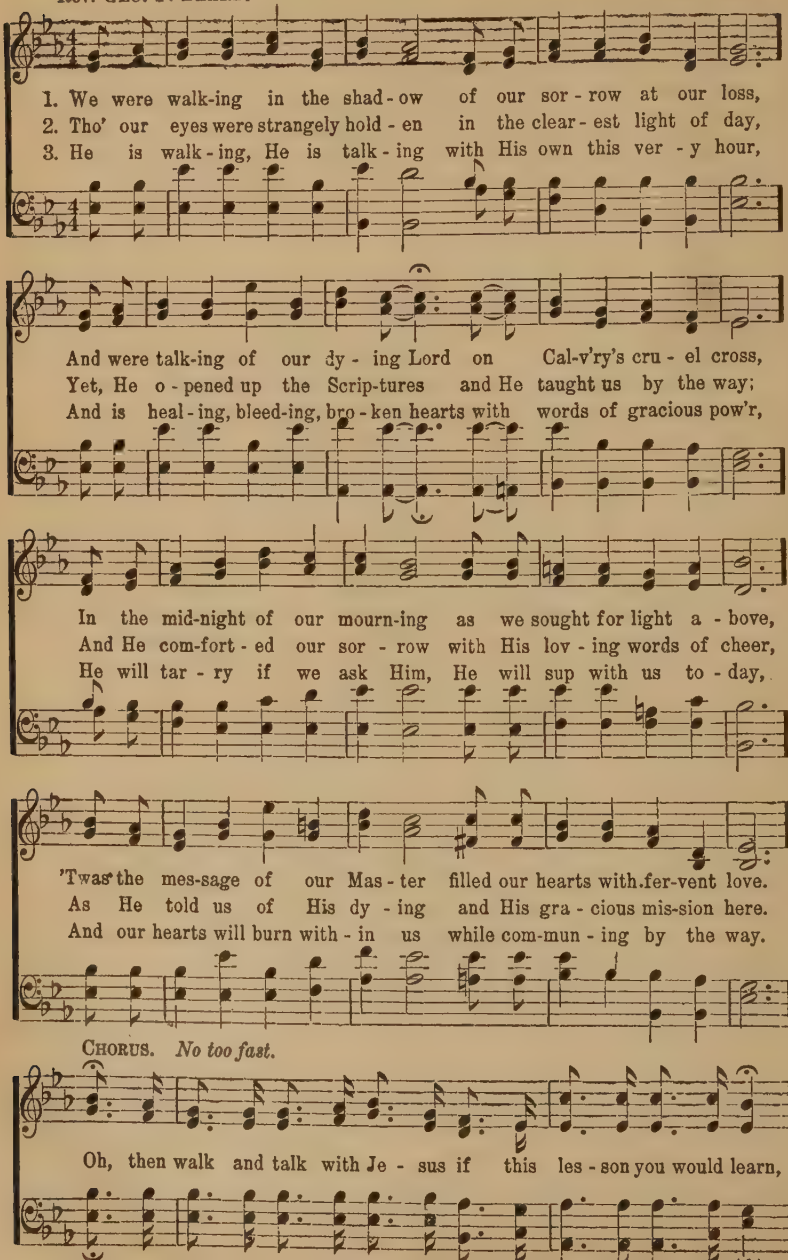
Some-bod - y sang a cheer-ful song, Bright'ning the skies the whole day long,
Some-bod - y fought a val - iant fight, Brave-ly he lived to shield the right,
Some-bod - y told the love of Christ, Told how His will was sac - ri - ficed,
Some-bod - y made life loss, not gain, Tho't-less-ly seemed to live in vain,
Some-bod - y's work bore joy and peace, Sure - ly his life shall nev - er cease,

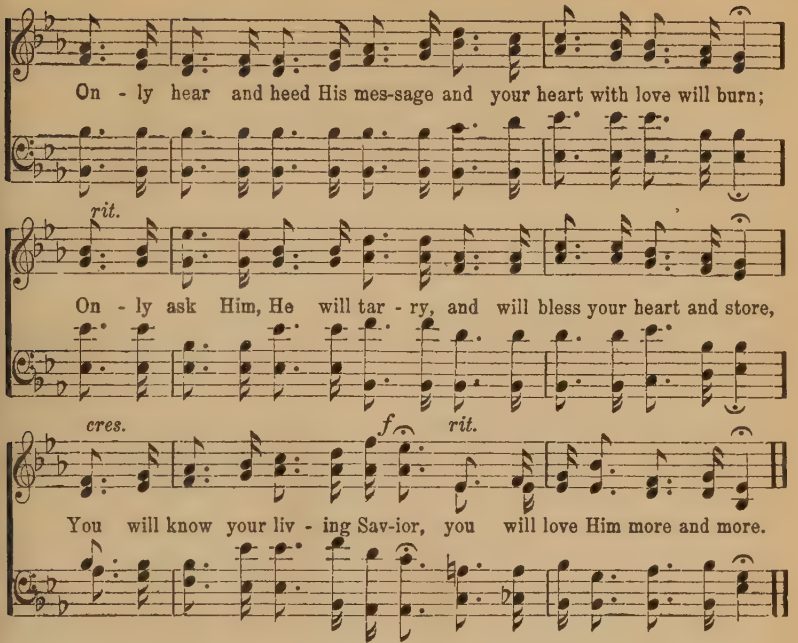


86 Walk and Talk With Jesus.

Words and Music Copyright, 1904, by P. P. Bilhorn.

Rev. Geo. P. Beard. P. P. Bilhorn.


1. We were walk-ing in the shad-ow of our sor-row at our loss,
2. Tho' our eyes were strangely hold-en in the clear-est light of day,
3. He is walk-ing, He is talk-ing with His own this ver-y hour,
And were talk-ing of our dy-ing Lord on Cal-v'ry's cru-el cross,
Yet, He o-pened up the Scrip-tures and He taught us by the way;
And is heal-ing, bleed-ing, bro-ken hearts with words of gracious pow'r,
In the mid-night of our mourn-ing as we sought for light a-bove,
And He com-fort-ed our sor-row with His lov-ing words of cheer,
He will tar-ry if we ask Him, He will sup with us to-day,
'Twas the mes-sage of our Mas-ter filled our hearts with fer-vent love.
As He told us of His dy-ing and His gra-cious mis-sion here.
And our hearts will burn with-in us while com-mun-ing by the way.
Chorus. *No too fast.*
Oh, then walk and talk with Je-sus if this les-son you would learn,


On - ly hear and heed His mes-sage and your heart with love will burn;
rit.
On - ly ask Him, He will tar - ry, and will bless your heart and store,
cres.
f
rit.
You will know your liv - ing Sav-ior, you will love Him more and more.

I'll Live for Him.

C. R. DUNBAR.

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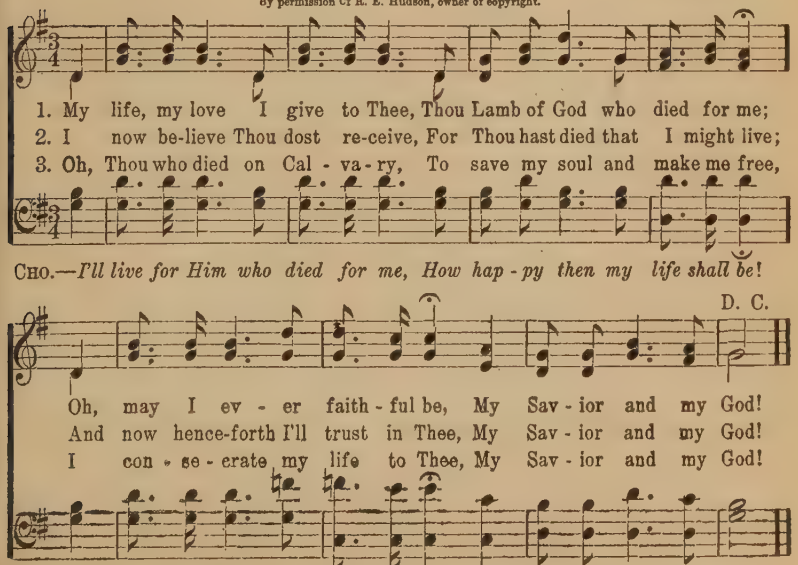
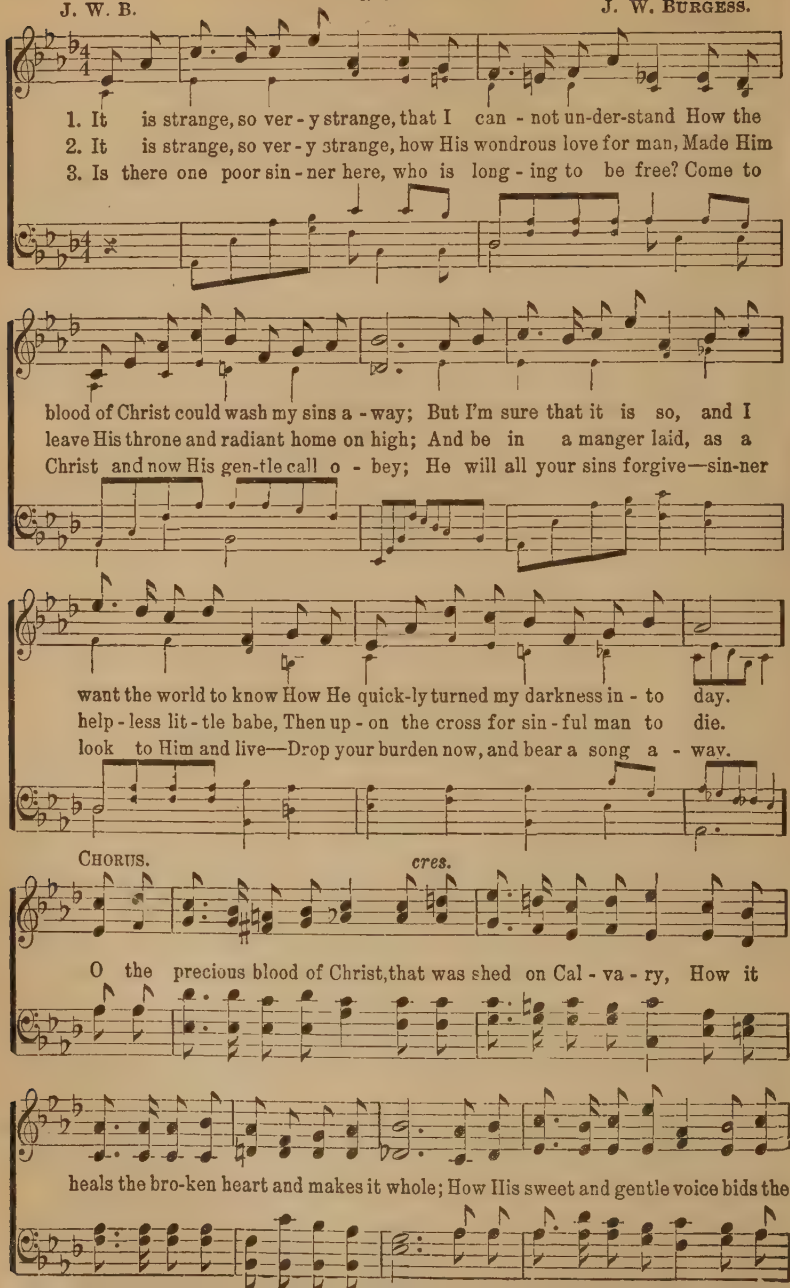

1. My life, my love I give to Thee, Thou Lamb of God who died for me;
2. I now be-lieve Thou dost re-ceive, For Thou hast died that I might live;
3. Oh, Thou who died on Cal - va - ry, To save my soul and make me free,
CHO.—I'll live for Him who died for me, How hap - py then my life shall be!
D. C.
Oh, may I ev - er faith - ful be, My Sav - ior and my God!
And now hence-forth I'll trust in Thee, My Sav - ior and my God!
I con - se - crate my life to Thee, My Sav - ior and my God!

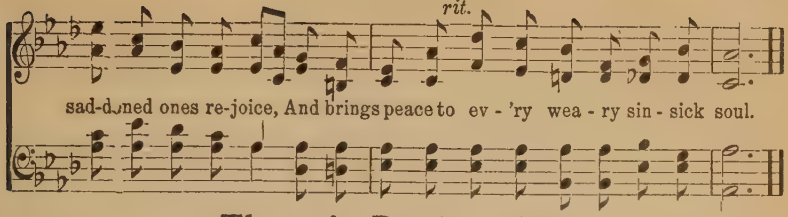
It is Strange.

Words and Music Copyright, 1904, by P. P. Bilhorn.

J. W. B. J. W. BURGESS.


1. It is strange, so ver - y strange, that I can - not un-der-stand How the
2. It is strange, so ver - y strange, how His wondrous love for man, Made Him
3. Is there one poor sin - ner here, who is long - ing to be free? Come to
blood of Christ could wash my sins a - way; But I'm sure that it is so, and I
leave His throne and radiant home on high; And be in a manger laid, as a
Christ and now His gen-tle call o - bey; He will all your sins forgive—sin-ner
want the world to know How He quick-ly turned my darkness in - to day.
help - less lit - tle babe, Then up - on the cross for sin - ful man to die.
look to Him and live—Drop your burden now, and bear a song a - way.
CHORUS.
cres.
O the precious blood of Christ, that was shed on Cal - va - ry, How it
heals the bro-ken heart and makes it whole; How His sweet and gentle voice bids the

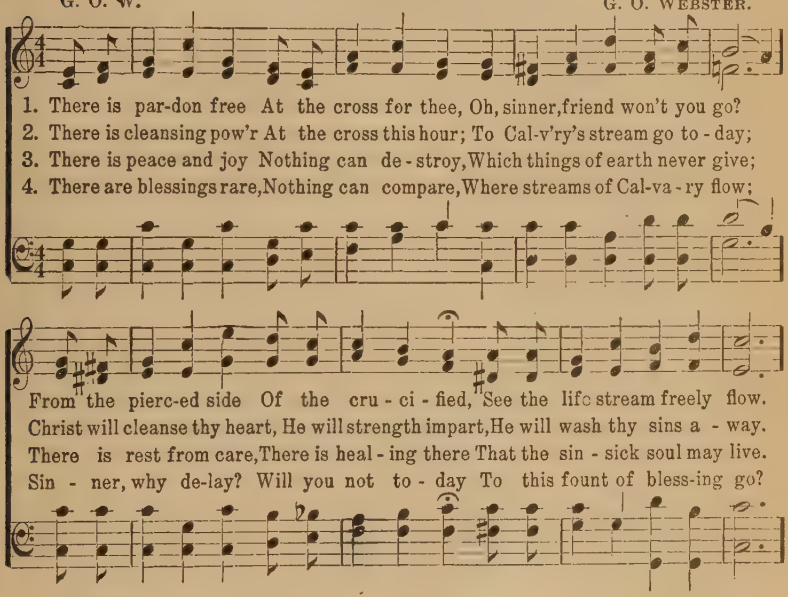
It is Strange.



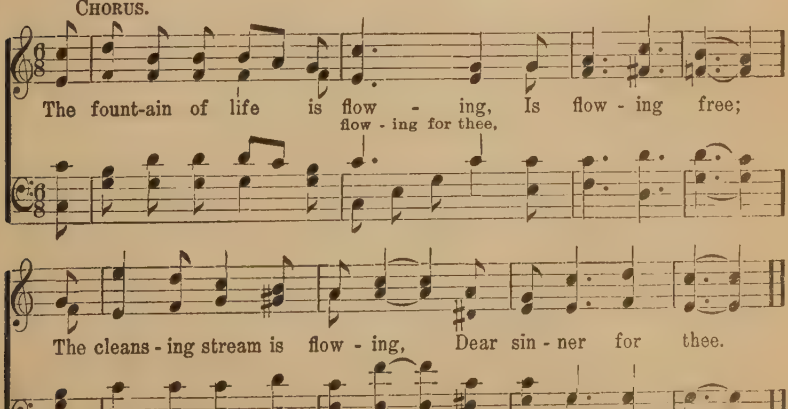
There is Pardon Free.

Words and Music Copyright, 1904, by G. O. Webster.

G. O. W. G. O. WEBSTER.


1. There is par-don free At the cross for thee, Oh, sinner, friend won't you go?
2. There is cleansing pow'r At the cross this hour; To Cal-v'ry's stream go to - day;
3. There is peace and joy Nothing can de - stroy, Which things of earth never give;
4. There are blessings rare, Nothing can compare, Where streams of Cal-va - ry flow;
From the pierc-ed side Of the cru - ci - fied, See the life stream freely flow.
Christ will cleanse thy heart, He will strength impart, He will wash thy sins a - way.
There is rest from care, There is heal - ing there That the sin - sick soul may live.
Sin - ner, why de-lay? Will you not to - day To this fount of bless-ing go?

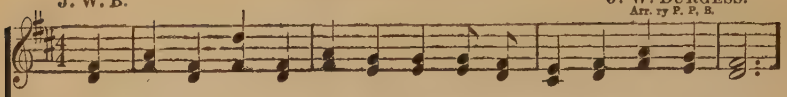
CHORUS.

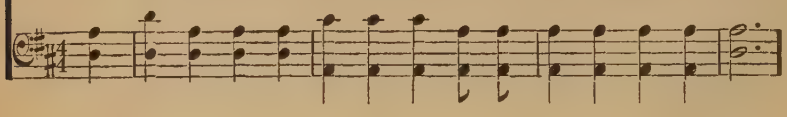


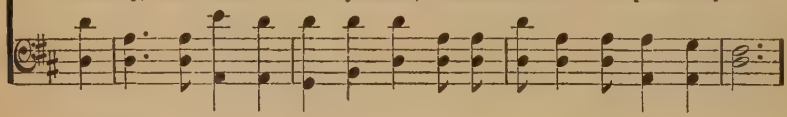
Wake Up!

Words and Music Copyright, 1905, by P. P. Bilhorn.

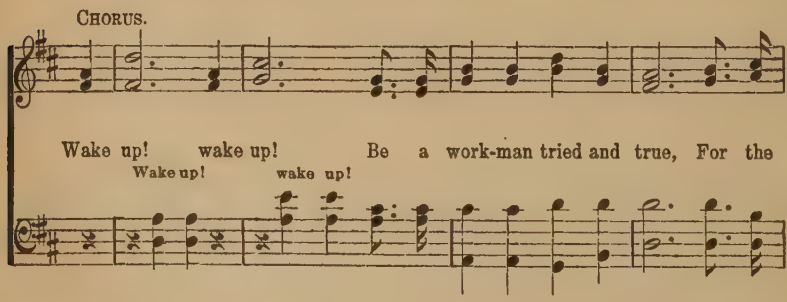
J. W. B. J. W. BURGESS.
Arr. by P. P. B.



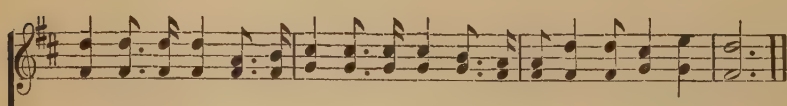
1. Why stand ye i - dle all the day When there's so much work to do?
2. The fight is on for truth and right, With the vic - to - ry in view,
3. The Gos - pel ship is sail - ing on, But she needs a lar - ger crew,
4. If you in i - dle-ness now wait For a great-er work to do,

Wake up, and thrust your sick - le in, Let the Mas-ter de - pend on you.
Wake up, and gird your ar - mor on, Let the Captain de - pend on you.
Wake up, and help to man the sails, Let the Captain de - pend on you.
Wake up, and start in a - ny-where, Let the Mas - ter de - pend on you.



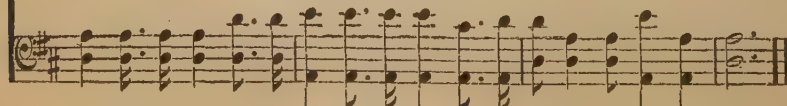
CHORUS.



Wake up! wake up! Be a work-man tried and true, For the
Wake up! wake up!



har-vest is great, And the la-b'rers are few, Let the Master depend on you.



I Am On the Right Side.

INA DULEY OGDON.

Words and Music
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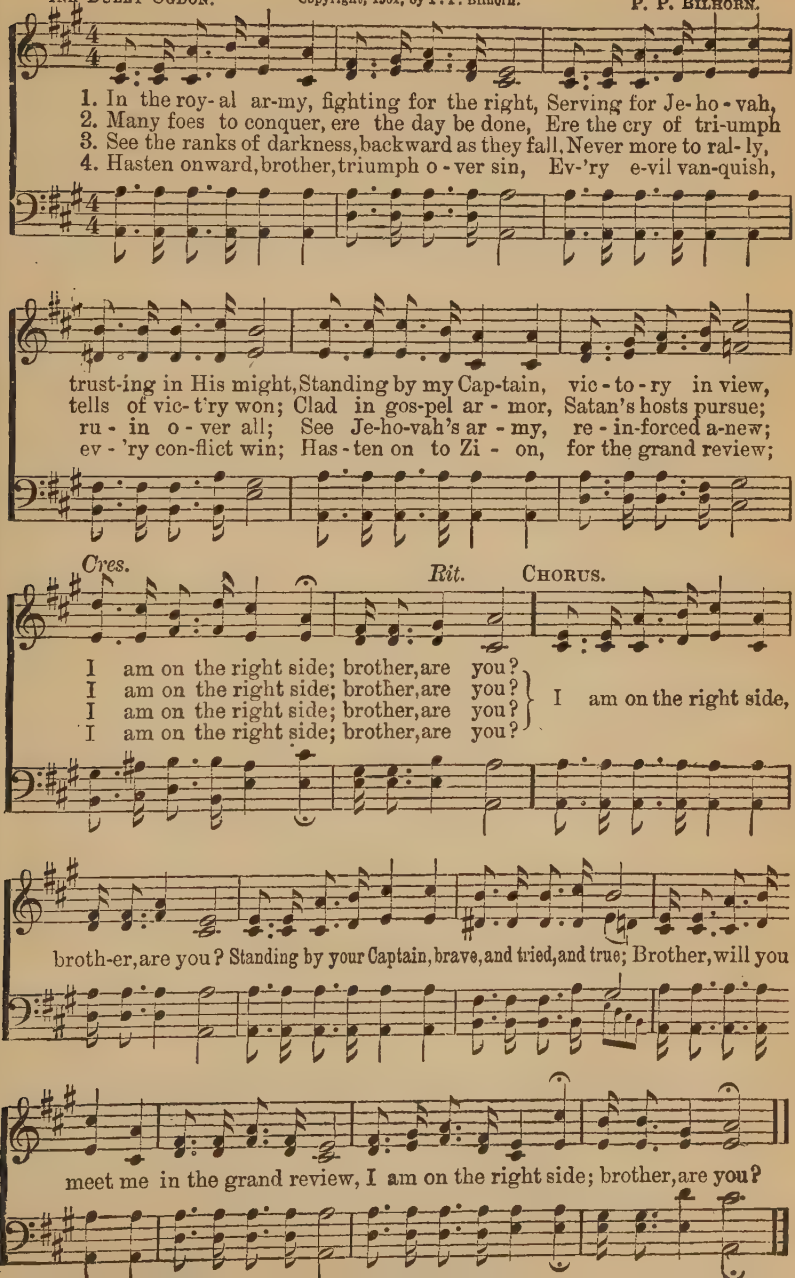
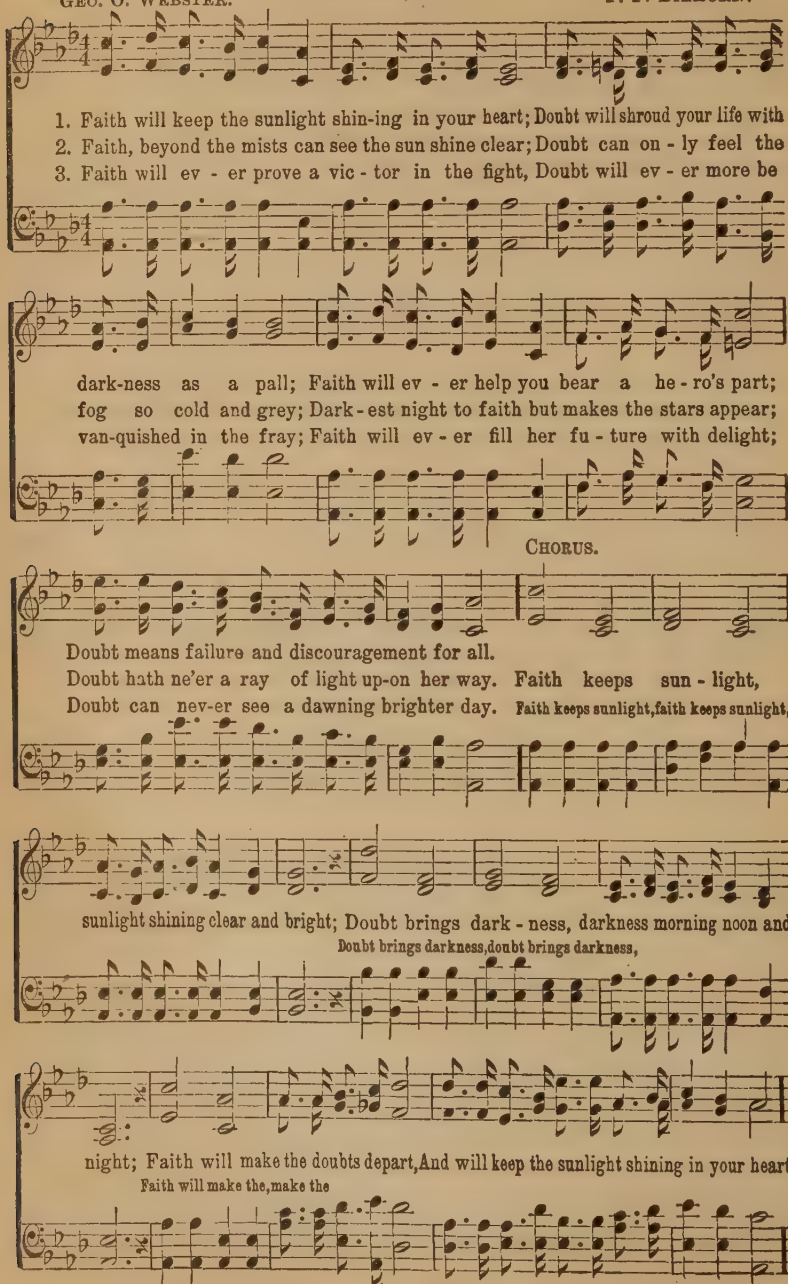
P. P. BILHORN.


1. In the roy-al ar-my, fighting for the right, Serving for Je-ho-vah,
2. Many foes to conquer, ere the day be done, Ere the cry of tri-umph
3. See the ranks of darkness, backward as they fall, Never more to ral-ly,
4. Hasten onward, brother, triumph o-ver sin, Ev-'ry e-vil van-quish,
trust-ing in His might, Standing by my Cap-tain, vic-to-ry in view,
tells of vic-t'ry won; Clad in gos-pel ar-mor, Satan's hosts pursue;
ru-in o-ver all; See Je-ho-vah's ar-my, re-in-forced a-new;
ev-'ry con-flict win; Has-ten on to Zi-on, for the grand review;
Cres.
Rit.
CHORUS.
I am on the right side; brother, are you?
I am on the right side; brother, are you?
I am on the right side; brother, are you?
I am on the right side; brother, are you?
I am on the right side,
broth-er, are you? Standing by your Captain, brave, and tried, and true; Brother, will you
meet me in the grand review, I am on the right side; brother, are you?

92 Faith Will Keep the Sunlight Shining.

Words and Music Copyright, 1904, by P. P. Bilhorn.

GEO. O. WEBSTER. P. P. BILHORN.


1. Faith will keep the sunlight shin-ing in your heart; Doubt will shroud your life with
2. Faith, beyond the mists can see the sun shine clear; Doubt can on - ly feel the
3. Faith will ev - er prove a vic - tor in the fight, Doubt will ev - er more be
dark-ness as a pall; Faith will ev - er help you bear a he - ro's part;
fog so cold and grey; Dark - est night to faith but makes the stars appear;
van-quished in the fray; Faith will ev - er fill her fu - ture with delight;
CHORUS.
Doubt means failure and discouragement for all.
Doubt hath ne'er a ray of light up-on her way. Faith keeps sun - light,
Doubt can nev-er see a dawning brighter day. Faith keeps sunlight, faith keeps sunlight,
sunlight shining clear and bright; Doubt brings dark - ness, darkness morning noon and
Doubt brings darkness, doubt brings darkness,
night; Faith will make the doubts depart, And will keep the sunlight shining in your heart.
Faith will make the, make the

Hear the Sweet Voice.

Words and Music Copyright, 1904, by G. O. Webster.

G. O. W. G. O. WEBSTER.

1. Hear the sweet voice that is call - ing to thee, Call - ing to thee,
2. Hear Him in - vit - ing the wea - ry to rest; Wea - ry to rest,
3. Long has He called, yet He's call - ing to - day; Call - ing to - day,
4. How can you grieve Him by furth - er de - lay? Furth - er de - lay,

call - ing to thee; Lov - ing - ly say - ing, oh, come un - to Me,
wea - ry to rest; Hark to His plead - ing and thou shalt be blest,
call - ing to - day; He will not turn a - ny sin - ner a - way,
furth - er de - lay? Now is God's time, oh, ac - cept Him to - day;

CHORUS.

f

Say - ing, oh, come un - to me.
Sure - ly thy soul shalt be blest. Come un - to Me, oh,
He will not turn thee a - way.
There is sal - va - tion to - day.

cres. *rall.*

come un - to Me, Bur-dened one, wea - ry one, come un - to Me;

cres. *rit.*

Par-don and cleansing and pow - er are free, If thou wilt come un - to Me.

Tell Me the Story of Jesus.

Words and Music
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ADAM CRAIG. P. P. BILHORN.

1. O tell me the sto - ry of Je - sus, The sweetest that ev-er was told,
2. O tell me the sto - ry of Je - sus, The dear, loving Sav-ior of men,
3. O tell me the sto - ry of Je - sus, That sto - ry of love so sub - lime,

How He took in His arms little children, And led them as lambs to His fold,
How He healed all the sick and the dying, And soothed those in sorrow and pain;
How He died on the cross to save sinners, And rescue this poor soul of mine.

That sto - ry of Je-sus my Sav - ior, So lov-ing, so gen-tle, so mild,
He lived and He talked with the lowly, And lessons of love did un - fold;
O won-der-ful, won-der-ful sto - ry, Redemption for young and for old;

FINE.

When He said, "Those who enter the kingdom Must come like a dear little child."
I want to tell oth-ers that sto - ry—The sweetest that ever was told.
O tell all the world the sweet story—The sweetest that ever was told.

D.S.–How He took in His arms little children, And led them as lambs to His fold.
D.S.–Go tell all the world the sweet sto - ry, The sto - ry that nev-er grows old.

CHORUS. D. S.

O tell me the sto - ry of Je - sus, The sweetest that ev - er was told,

The Inner Circle.

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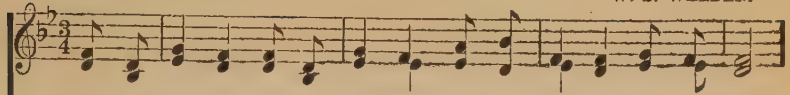
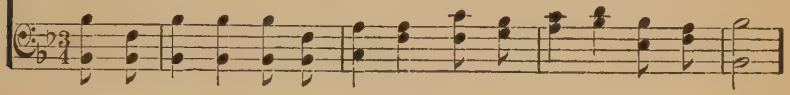
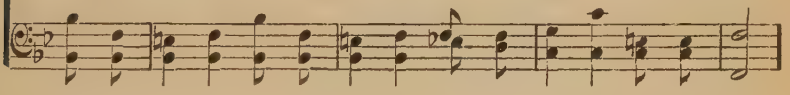
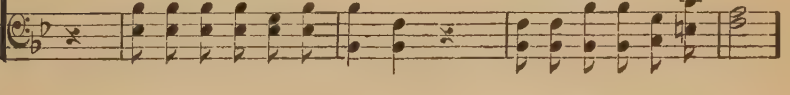
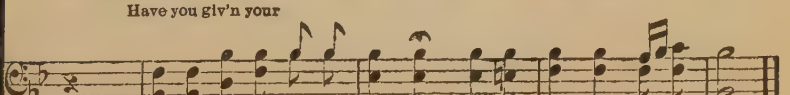
FLORA KIRKLAND. W. S. WEEDEN.

1. Have you heard the voice of Je - sus Whis-per, "I have chos - en you?"
2. As the first dis - ci - ples fol-lowed, As they went wher - e'er He sent;
3. Or, if He shall choose to send us On some er - rand in His name,
4. Mas - ter, at Thy foot - stool kneel-ing, We, Thy chil - dren, hum - bly wait;

Does He tell you in com - mun - ion What He wish - es you to do?
So to - day, we, too, may fol - low, On His lead - ing still in - tent.
We can serve Him as dis - ci - ples, For our place is just the same.
Lead us, send us, bless us, use us, Till we en - ter heav-en's gate.



CHORUS.

Are you in the in - ner cir - cle? Have you heard the Mas-ter's call?
Are you in the in - ner cir - cle? Have you heard the Master's call?

rit.

Have you giv'n your life to Je - sus? Is He now your all in all?
Have you giv'n your

Dedicated to Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman, D. D., and first sung in the Union Meetings at Mount Vernon, in November, 1898.

There by the River.

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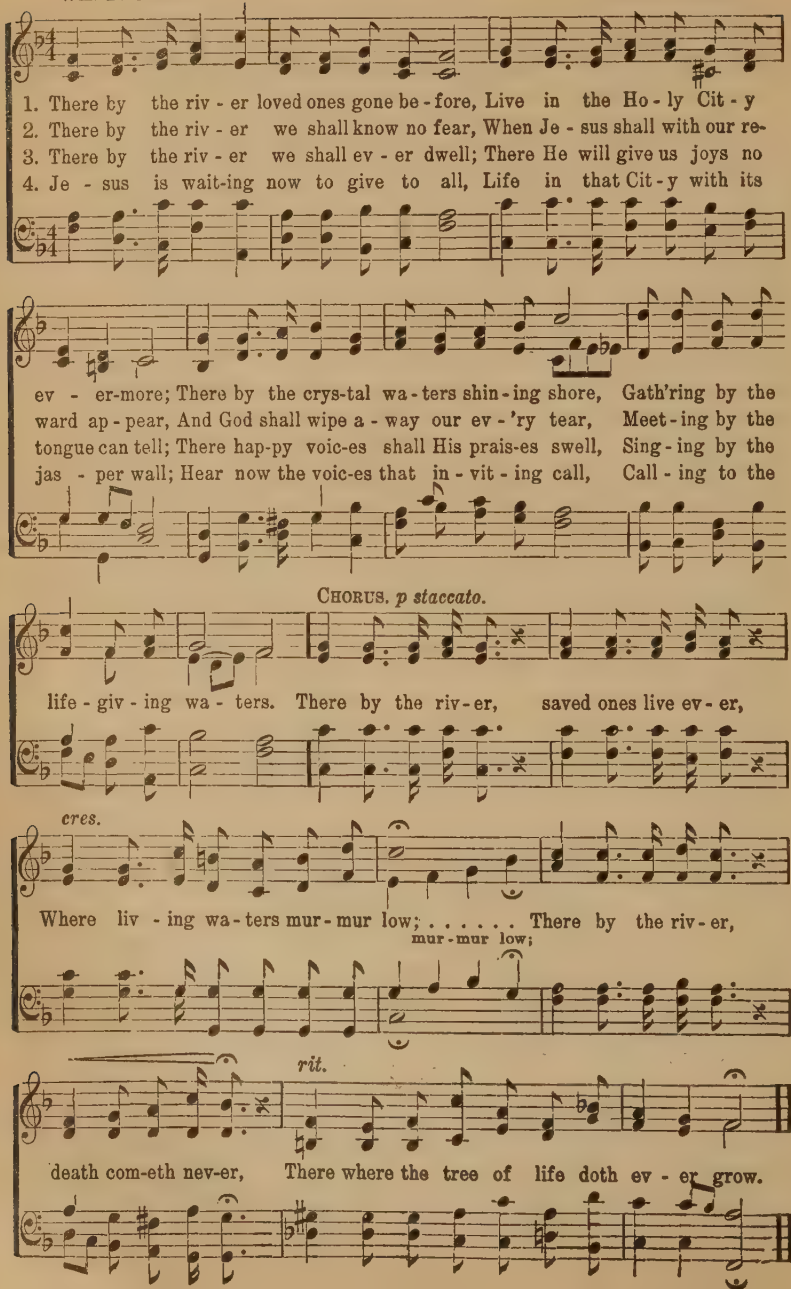
WM. F. COBURN. THORO HARRIS.


1. There by the riv - er loved ones gone be - fore, Live in the Ho - ly Cit - y
2. There by the riv - er we shall know no fear, When Je - sus shall with our re-
3. There by the riv - er we shall ev - er dwell; There He will give us joys no
4. Je - sus is wait-ing now to give to all, Life in that Cit - y with its
ev - er-more; There by the crys-tal wa - ters shin - ing shore, Gath'ring by the
ward ap - pear, And God shall wipe a - way our ev - 'ry tear, Meet - ing by the
tongue can tell; There hap-py voic-es shall His prais-es swell, Sing - ing by the
jas - per wall; Hear now the voic-es that in - vit - ing call, Call - ing to the
CHORUS. p staccato.
life - giv - ing wa - ters. There by the riv-er, saved ones live ev - er,
cres.
Where liv - ing wa-ters mur - mur low; . . . . . There by the riv-er,
mur-mur low;
rit.
death com-eth nev-er, There where the tree of life doth ev - er grow.

Steadily Marching Onward. 97

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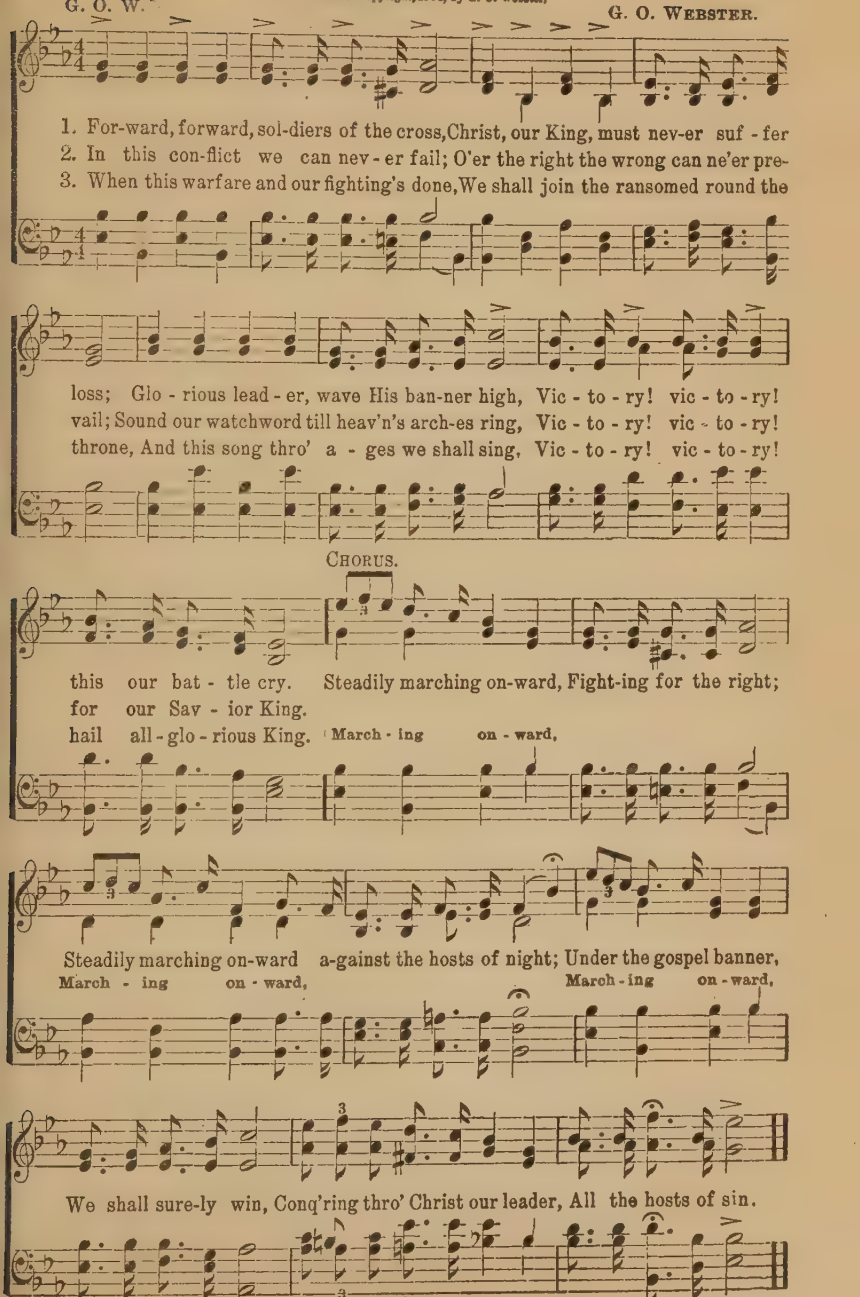
G. O. W. G. O. WEBSTER.


1. For-ward, forward, sol-diers of the cross, Christ, our King, must nev-er suf - fer
2. In this con-flict we can nev - er fail; O'er the right the wrong can ne'er pre-
3. When this warfare and our fighting's done, We shall join the ransomed round the
loss; Glo - rious lead - er, wave His ban-ner high, Vic - to - ry! vic - to - ry!
vail; Sound our watchword till heav'n's arch-es ring, Vic - to - ry! vic - to - ry!
throne, And this song thro' a - ges we shall sing, Vic - to - ry! vic - to - ry!
CHORUS.
this our bat - tle cry. Steadily marching on-ward, Fight-ing for the right;
for our Sav - ior King.
hail all-glo - rious King. March - ing on - ward,
Steadily marching on-ward a-gainst the hosts of night; Under the gospel banner,
March - ing on - ward, March - ing on - ward,
We shall sure-ly win, Conq'ring thro' Christ our leader, All the hosts of sin.

More Like My Savior.

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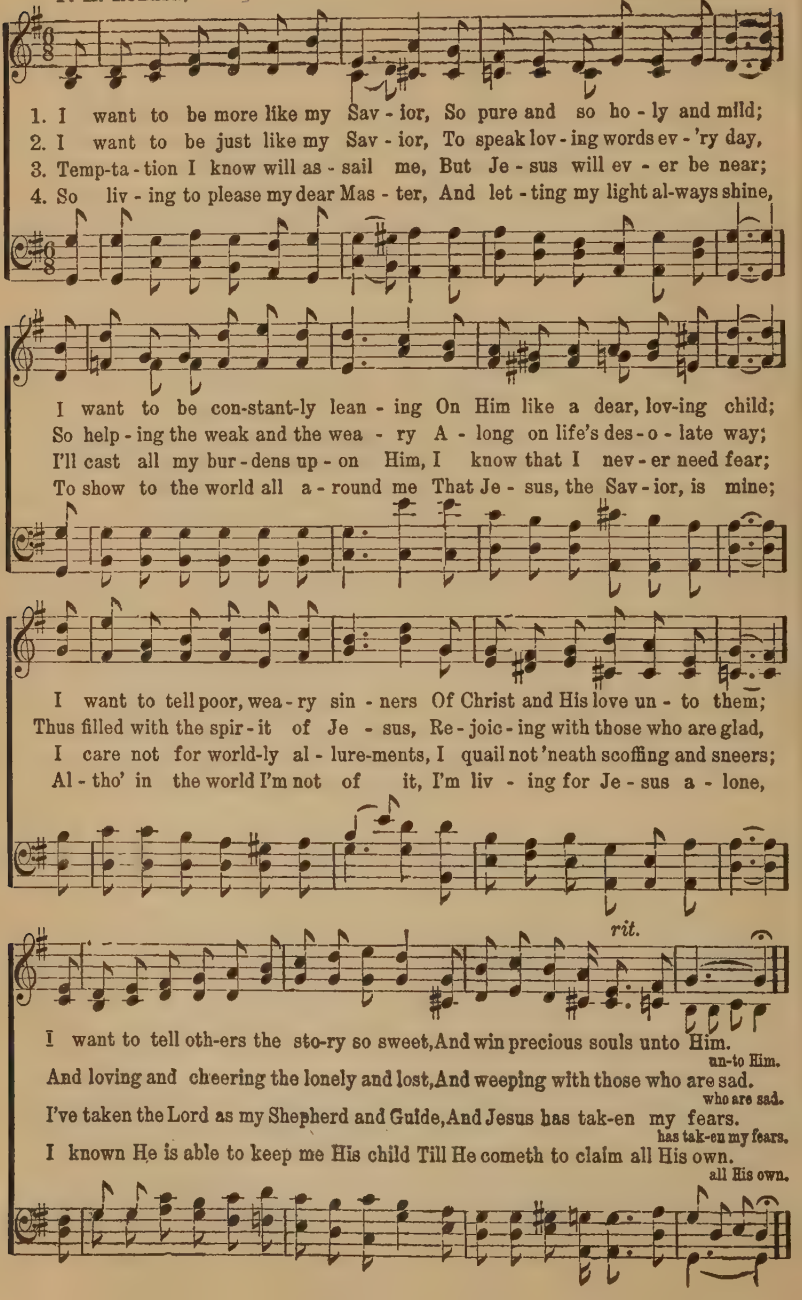
P. H. ROBLIN. THORO HARRIS.


1. I want to be more like my Sav - ior, So pure and so ho - ly and mild;
2. I want to be just like my Sav - ior, To speak lov - ing words ev - 'ry day,
3. Temp-ta - tion I know will as - sail me, But Je - sus will ev - er be near;
4. So liv - ing to please my dear Mas - ter, And let - ting my light al-ways shine,
I want to be con-stant-ly lean - ing On Him like a dear, lov-ing child;
So help - ing the weak and the wea - ry A - long on life's des - o - late way;
I'll cast all my bur - dens up - on Him, I know that I nev - er need fear;
To show to the world all a - round me That Je - sus, the Sav - ior, is mine;
I want to tell poor, wea - ry sin - ners Of Christ and His love un - to them;
Thus filled with the spir - it of Je - sus, Re - joic - ing with those who are glad,
I care not for world-ly al - lure-ments, I quail not 'neath scoffing and sneers;
Al - tho' in the world I'm not of it, I'm liv - ing for Je - sus a - lone,
rit.
I want to tell oth-ers the sto-ry so sweet, And win precious souls unto Him.
un-to Him.
And loving and cheering the lonely and lost, And weeping with those who are sad.
who are sad.
I've taken the Lord as my Shepherd and Guide, And Jesus has tak-en my fears.
has tak-en my fears.
I known He is able to keep me His child Till He cometh to claim all His own.
all His own.

A Vision of Home.

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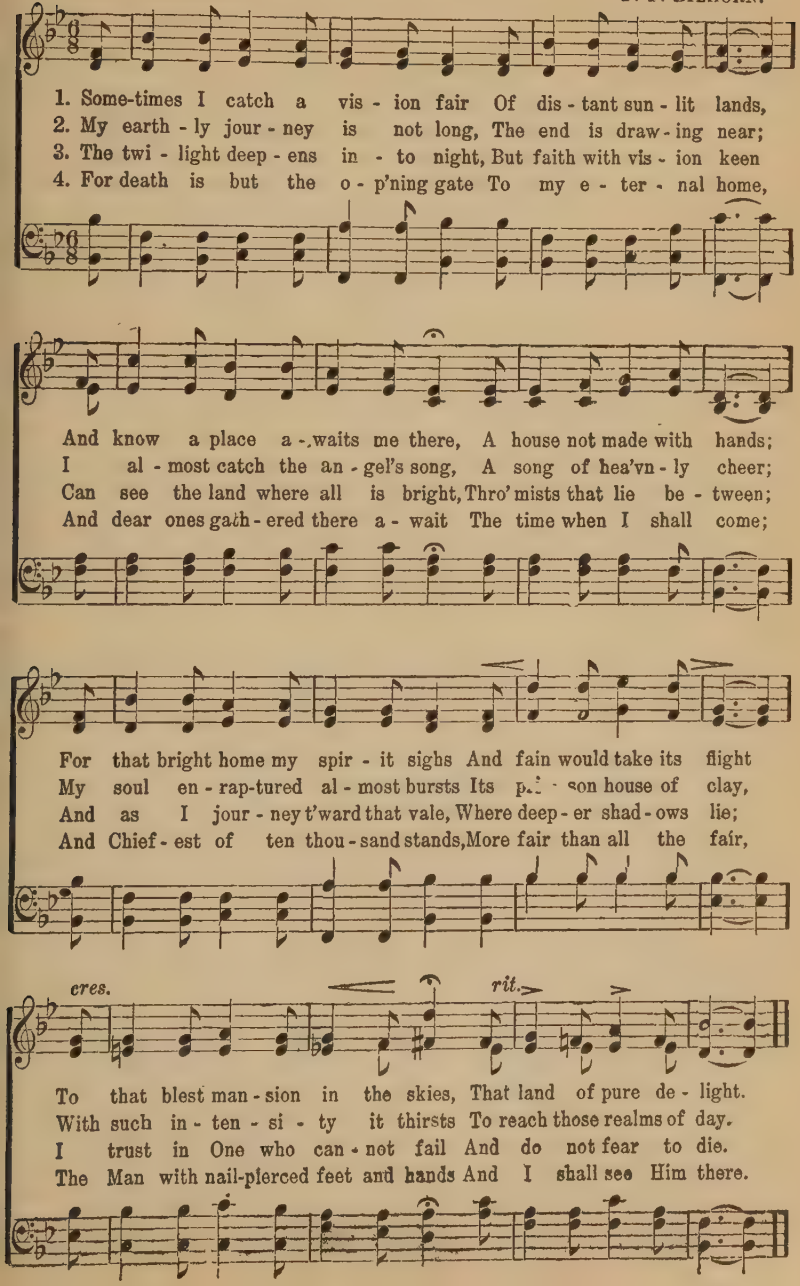
GEO. O. WEBSTER. P. P. BILHORN.


1. Some-times I catch a vis - ion fair Of dis - tant sun - lit lands,
2. My earth - ly jour - ney is not long, The end is draw - ing near;
3. The twi - light deep - ens in - to night, But faith with vis - ion keen
4. For death is but the o - p'ning gate To my e - ter - nal home,
And know a place a - waits me there, A house not made with hands;
I al - most catch the an - gel's song, A song of hea'vn - ly cheer;
Can see the land where all is bright, Thro' mists that lie be - tween;
And dear ones gath - ered there a - wait The time when I shall come;
For that bright home my spir - it sighs And fain would take its flight
My soul en - rap-tured al - most bursts Its p.. - son house of clay,
And as I jour - ney t'ward that vale, Where deep - er shad - ows lie;
And Chief - est of ten thou - sand stands, More fair than all the fair,
cres.
rit.
To that blest man - sion in the skies, That land of pure de - light.
With such in - ten - si - ty it thirsts To reach those realms of day.
I trust in One who can - not fail And do not fear to die.
The Man with nail-pierced feet and hands And I shall see Him there.

Thorns and Roses.

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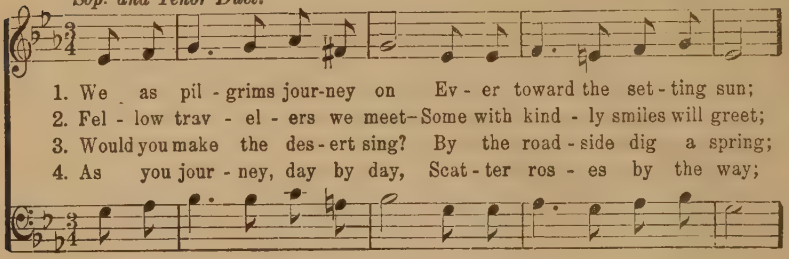
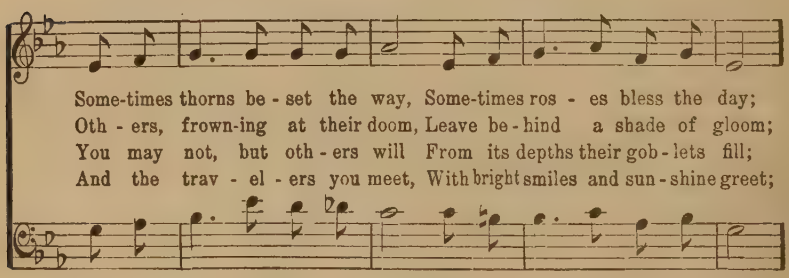
J. W. B.

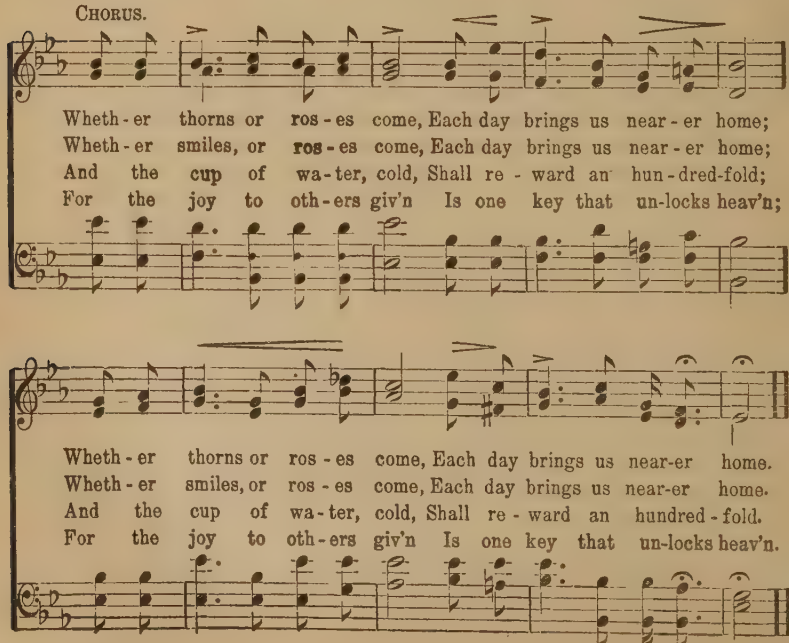
Sop. and Tenor Duet.

JOSEPH W. BURGESS.
Arr. by P. P. B.


1. We as pil - grims jour-ney on Ev - er toward the set - ting sun;
2. Fel - low trav - el - ers we meet– Some with kind - ly smiles will greet;
3. Would you make the des - ert sing? By the road - side dig a spring;
4. As you jour - ney, day by day, Scat - ter ros - es by the way;


Some-times thorns be - set the way, Some-times ros - es bless the day;
Oth - ers, frown-ing at their doom, Leave be - hind a shade of gloom;
You may not, but oth - ers will From its depths their gob - lets fill;
And the trav - el - ers you meet, With bright smiles and sun - shine greet;

CHORUS.


Wheth - er thorns or ros - es come, Each day brings us near - er home;
Wheth - er smiles, or ros - es come, Each day brings us near - er home;
And the cup of wa - ter, cold, Shall re - ward an hun - dred-fold;
For the joy to oth - ers giv'n Is one key that un-locks heav'n;
Wheth - er thorns or ros - es come, Each day brings us near-er home.
Wheth - er smiles, or ros - es come, Each day brings us near-er home.
And the cup of wa - ter, cold, Shall re - ward an hundred - fold.
For the joy to oth - ers giv'n Is one key that un-locks heav'n.

Jesus, Thou my Only Refuge. 101

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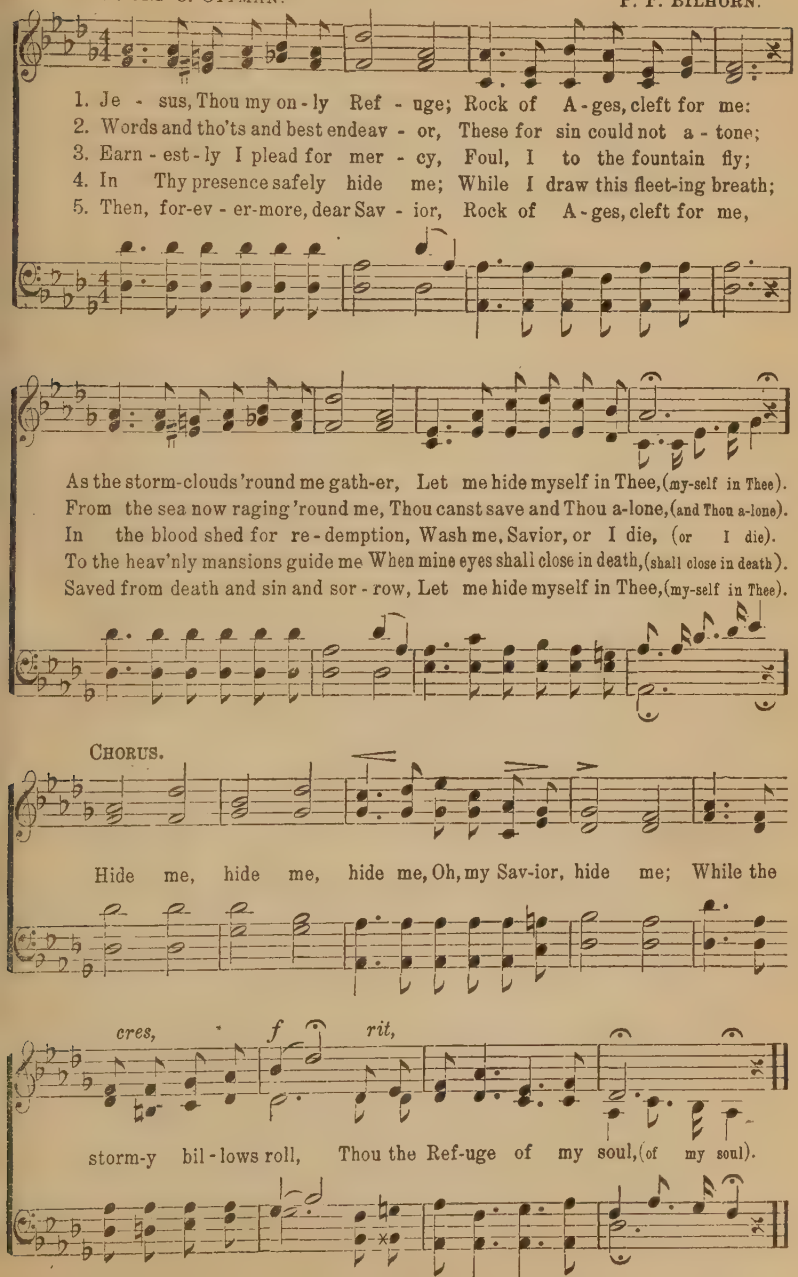
Rev. FORD C. OTTMAN. P. P. BILHORN.


1. Je - sus, Thou my on - ly Ref - uge; Rock of A - ges, cleft for me:
2. Words and tho'ts and best endeav - or, These for sin could not a - tone;
3. Earn - est - ly I plead for mer - cy, Foul, I to the fountain fly;
4. In Thy presence safely hide me; While I draw this fleet-ing breath;
5. Then, for-ev - er-more, dear Sav - ior, Rock of A - ges, cleft for me,
As the storm-clouds 'round me gath-er, Let me hide myself in Thee, (my-self in Thee).
From the sea now raging 'round me, Thou canst save and Thou a-lone, (and Thou a-lone).
In the blood shed for re - demption, Wash me, Savior, or I die, (or I die).
To the heav'nly mansions guide me When mine eyes shall close in death, (shall close in death).
Saved from death and sin and sor - row, Let me hide myself in Thee, (my-self in Thee).
CHORUS.
Hide me, hide me, hide me, Oh, my Sav-ior, hide me; While the
cres, f rit,
storm-y bil - lows roll, Thou the Ref-uge of my soul, (of my soul).

Revive Us.

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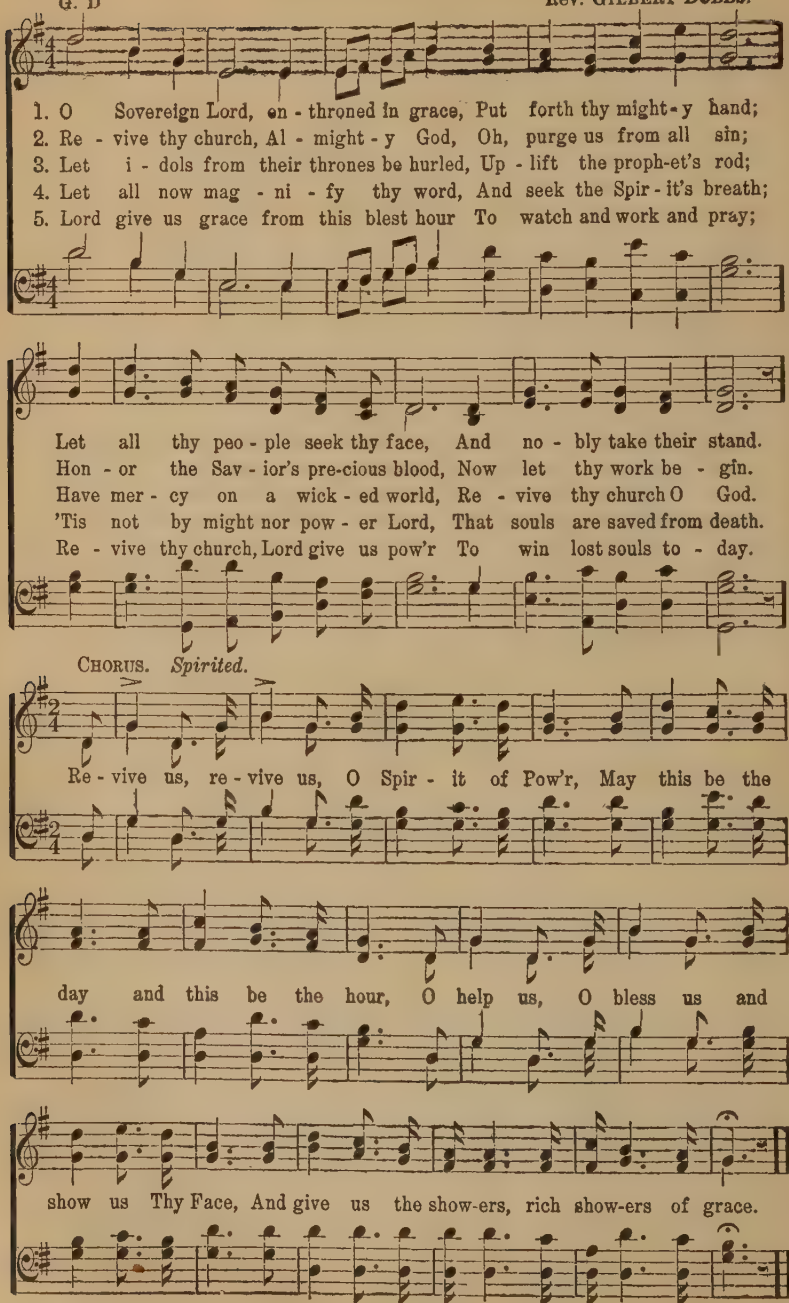
G. D

Rev. GILBERT DOBBS.


1. O Sovereign Lord, en - throned in grace, Put forth thy might - y hand;
2. Re - vive thy church, Al - might - y God, Oh, purge us from all sin;
3. Let i - dols from their thrones be hurled, Up - lift the proph-et's rod;
4. Let all now mag - ni - fy thy word, And seek the Spir - it's breath;
5. Lord give us grace from this blest hour To watch and work and pray;
Let all thy peo - ple seek thy face, And no - bly take their stand.
Hon - or the Sav - ior's pre-cious blood, Now let thy work be - gin.
Have mer - cy on a wick - ed world, Re - vive thy church O God.
'Tis not by might nor pow - er Lord, That souls are saved from death.
Re - vive thy church, Lord give us pow'r To win lost souls to - day.
CHORUS. Spirited.
Re - vive us, re - vive us, O Spir - it of Pow'r, May this be the
day and this be the hour, O help us, O bless us and
show us Thy Face, And give us the show-ers, rich show-ers of grace.

Oh, 'Tis Glory in My Soul.

P. P. B.

Words and Music Copyright, 1904, by P. P. Bilhorn.

P. P. BILHORN.

1. I am hap - py on my way, And I'm sing - ing all the day,
2. Now I'm walk - ing in the light, And He keeps the path - way bright,
3. Oh, what match-less love di - vine, Oh, what joy and peace is mine,
4. When His bless - ed face I see, When His will is done in me,

For the Lord hath saved and made me whole; Oh, I praise His bless - ed
And His bless - ed word now keeps me whole; He is lead - ing all the
Since I claim the pow'r to make me whole; I de - light to do His
When I stand com-plete in Him and whole; At His feet my crown I'll

name, That in love for me He came, Oh, 'tis glo - ry in my soul.
way, Nev - er lets me go a - stray, Oh, 'tis glo - ry in my soul.
will, And His pur - pos - es ful - fill, Oh, 'tis glo - ry in my soul.
cast, And I'll sing while a - ges last, Oh, 'tis glo - ry in my soul.

CHORUS. *f* *f*

Oh, 'tis glo - ry, Oh, 'tis glo - ry, Oh, 'tis glo-ry in my soul,
Oh, 'tis glo - ry in my soul, Since He washed and made me whole,

Since He washed and made me whole; I am sing-ing all the day, Oh, 'tis glo-ry.

Home-Land of the Soul.

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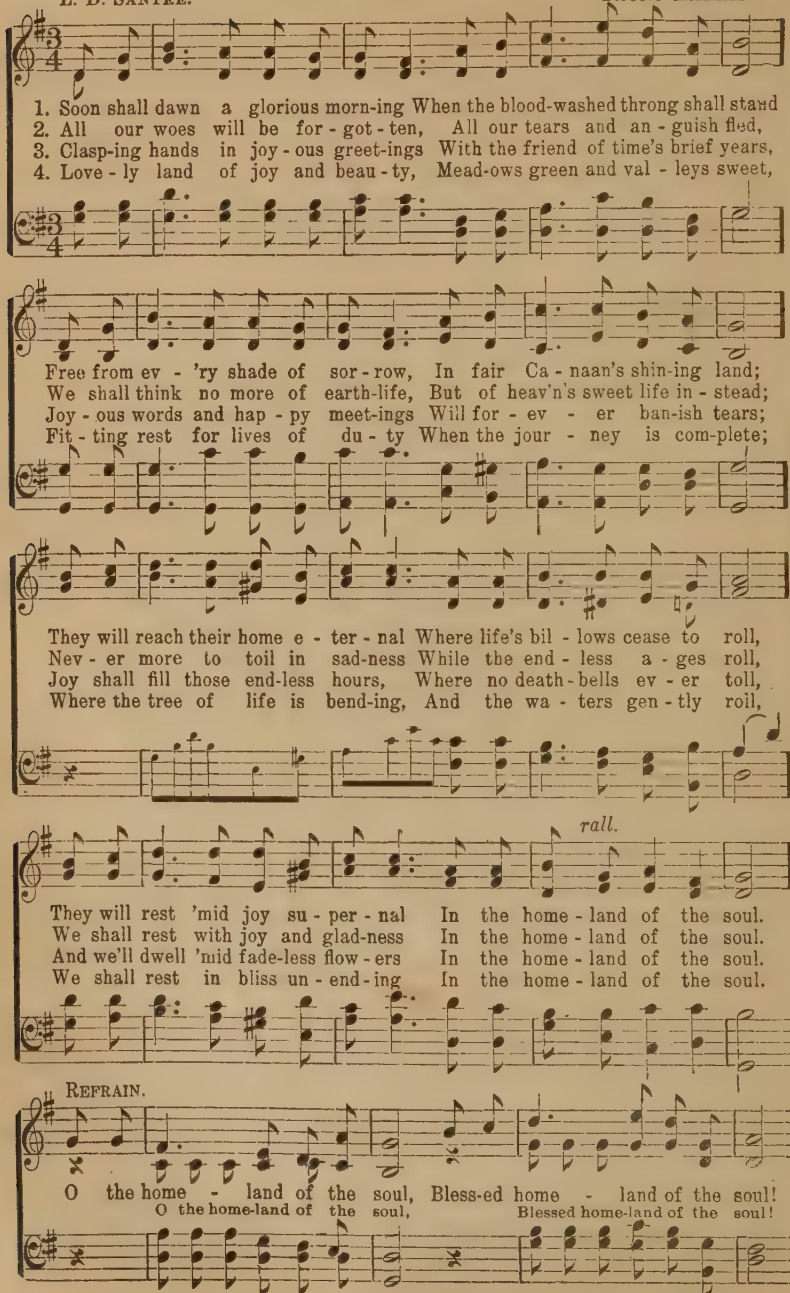
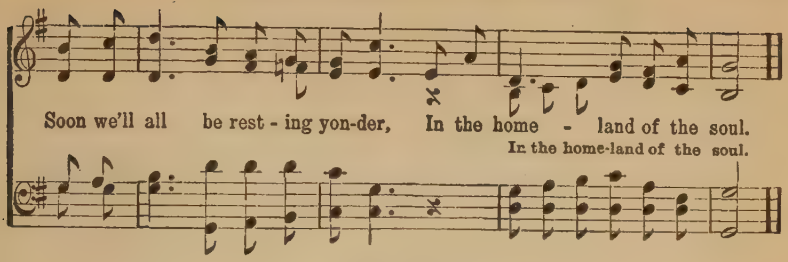
L. D. SANTEE. THORO HARRIS.

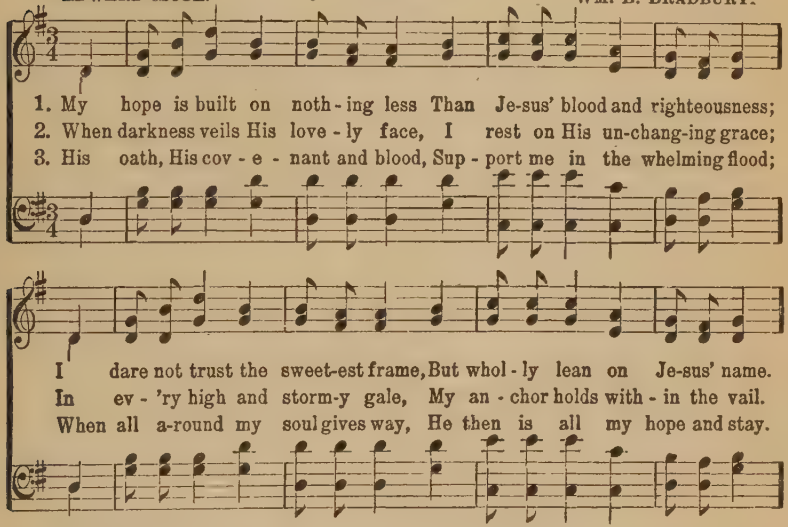

1. Soon shall dawn a glorious morn-ing When the blood-washed throng shall stand
2. All our woes will be for - got - ten, All our tears and an - guish fled,
3. Clasp-ing hands in joy - ous greet-ings With the friend of time's brief years,
4. Love - ly land of joy and beau - ty, Mead-ows green and val - leys sweet,
Free from ev - 'ry shade of sor - row, In fair Ca - naan's shin-ing land;
We shall think no more of earth-life, But of heav'n's sweet life in - stead;
Joy - ous words and hap - py meet-ings Will for - ev - er ban-ish tears;
Fit - ting rest for lives of du - ty When the jour - ney is com-plete;
They will reach their home e - ter - nal Where life's bil - lows cease to roll,
Nev - er more to toil in sad-ness While the end - less a - ges roll,
Joy shall fill those end-less hours, Where no death - bells ev - er toll,
Where the tree of life is bend-ing, And the wa - ters gen - tly roll,
rall.
They will rest 'mid joy su - per - nal In the home - land of the soul.
We shall rest with joy and glad-ness In the home - land of the soul.
And we'll dwell 'mid fade-less flow - ers In the home - land of the soul.
We shall rest in bliss un - end - ing In the home - land of the soul.
REFRAIN.
O the home - land of the soul, Bless-ed home - land of the soul!
O the home-land of the soul, Blessed home-land of the soul!



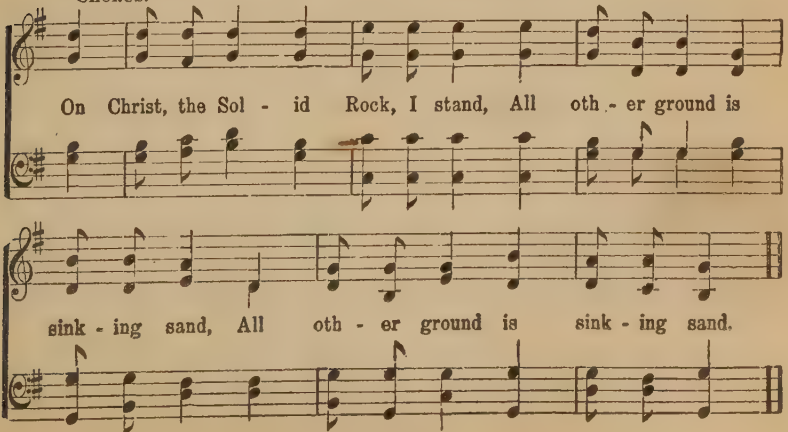
Solid Rock.

By permission.

EDWARD MOTE. WM. B. BRADBURY.


1. My hope is built on noth - ing less Than Je-sus' blood and righteousness;
2. When darkness veils His love - ly face, I rest on His un-chang-ing grace;
3. His oath, His cov - e - nant and blood, Sup - port me in the whelming flood;
I dare not trust the sweet-est frame, But whol - ly lean on Je-sus' name.
In ev - 'ry high and storm-y gale, My an - chor holds with - in the vail.
When all a-round my soul gives way, He then is all my hope and stay.

CHORUS.



JNO. R. CLEMENTS. Words and Music Copyright, 1901, by P. P. Bilhorn. FERD DEGEN. Arr. by P. P. B.

1. Are you with some sor-row burdened, On your way no ray of light?
2. Paul and Si - las, pris- on-fast-ened, Shook the jail with earthquake might;
3. It is oft in saddest mo-ments That our souls take highest flight;

Strain your ear, all heaven's watching; God can give you songs by night.
Bands were rent and doors were opened: God had giv - en songs by night.
And to strains of sweet-est mu - sic God doth set the songs by night.

CHORUS.

Wea - ry soul,..... cease thy re - pin - ing, Bur-dened one,.....God's ways are right; Ev'ry cloud ..... has sil - ver lin - ing; God can give..... you songs by night.....
O wea - ry soul, cease thy re-pin-ing, O burdened one, God's ways are right; Yes, ev-'ry cloud has sil-ver lin-ing; God can give you songs by night, songs by night.

Dare to Stand Like Joshua.

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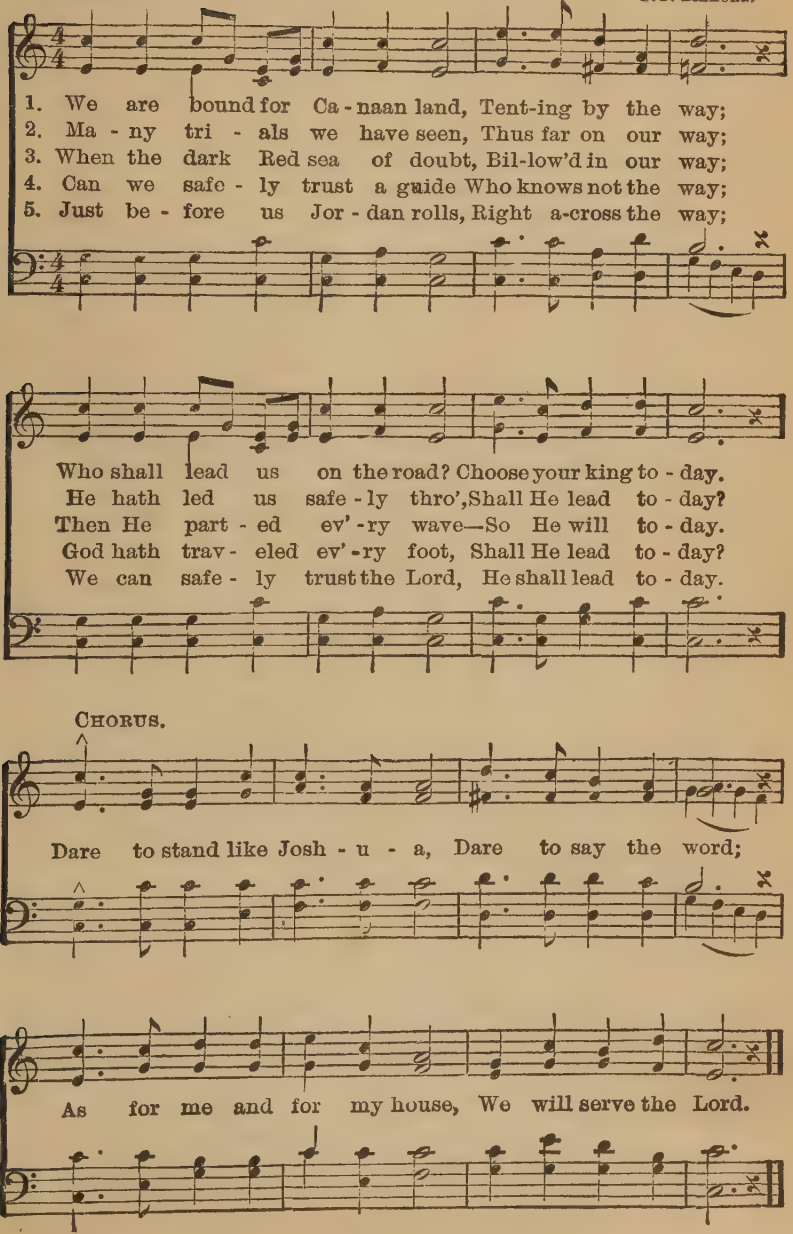
C. M. ROBINSON. P. P. BILHORN.


1. We are bound for Ca - naan land, Tent-ing by the way;
2. Ma - ny tri - als we have seen, Thus far on our way;
3. When the dark Red sea of doubt, Bil-low'd in our way;
4. Can we safe - ly trust a guide Who knows not the way;
5. Just be - fore us Jor - dan rolls, Right a-cross the way;
Who shall lead us on the road? Choose your king to - day.
He hath led us safe - ly thro', Shall He lead to - day?
Then He part - ed ev' - ry wave—So He will to - day.
God hath trav - eled ev' - ry foot, Shall He lead to - day?
We can safe - ly trust the Lord, He shall lead to - day.
CHORUS.
Dare to stand like Josh - u - a, Dare to say the word;
As for me and for my house, We will serve the Lord.

108 Where the Blessed Savior Leads.

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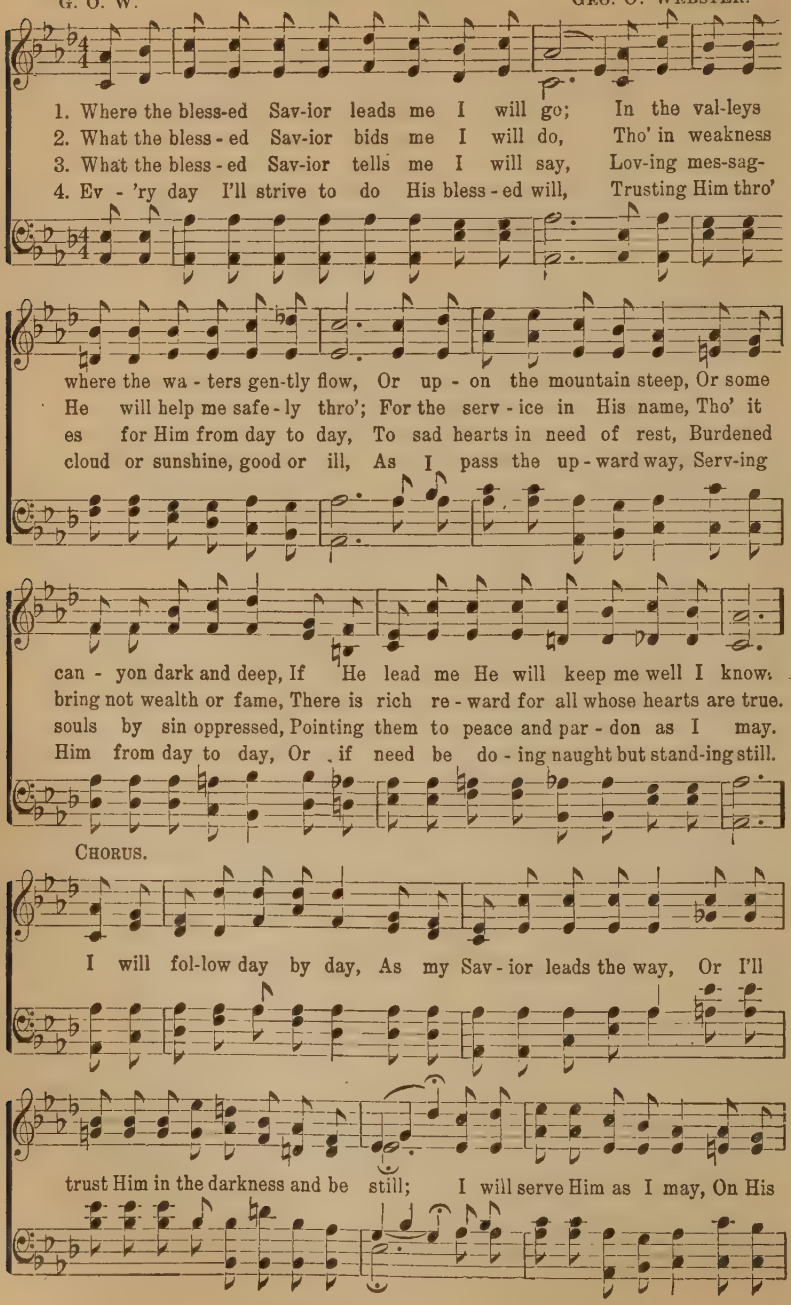
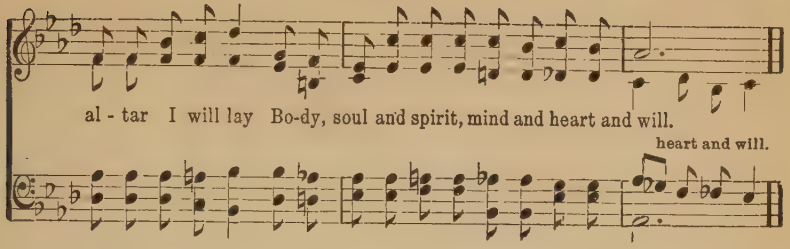
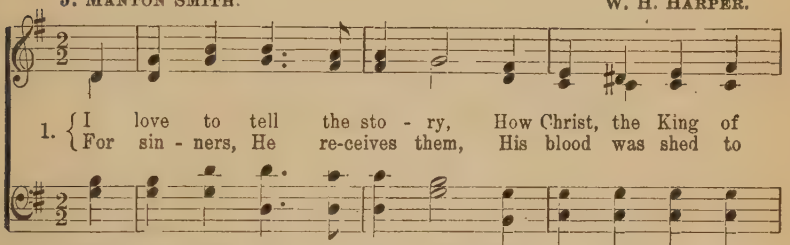
G. O. W. GEO. O. WEBSTER.


1. Where the bless-ed Sav-ior leads me I will go; In the val-leys
2. What the bless-ed Sav-ior bids me I will do, Tho' in weakness
3. What the bless-ed Sav-ior tells me I will say, Lov-ing mes-sag-
4. Ev-'ry day I'll strive to do His bless-ed will, Trusting Him thro'
where the wa-ters gen-tly flow, Or up-on the mountain steep, Or some
He will help me safe-ly thro'; For the serv-ice in His name, Tho' it
es for Him from day to day, To sad hearts in need of rest, Burdened
cloud or sunshine, good or ill, As I pass the up-ward way, Serv-ing
can-yon dark and deep, If He lead me He will keep me well I know.
bring not wealth or fame, There is rich re-ward for all whose hearts are true.
souls by sin oppressed, Pointing them to peace and par-don as I may.
Him from day to day, Or if need be do-ing naught but stand-ing still.
CHORUS.
I will fol-low day by day, As my Sav-ior leads the way, Or I'll
trust Him in the darkness and be still; I will serve Him as I may, On His

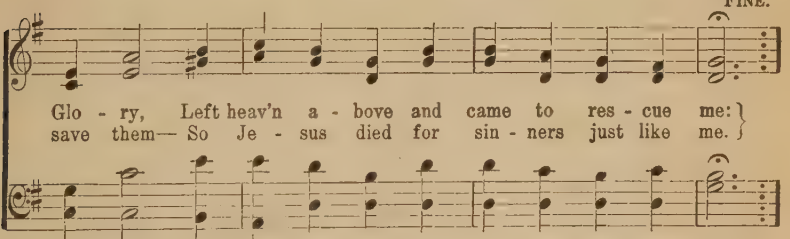


JOHN iii: 16.

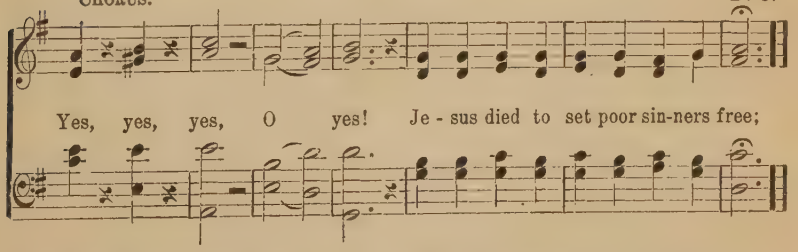
J. MANTON SMITH. W. H. HARPER.


1. I love to tell the sto - ry, How Christ, the King of
For sin - ners, He re-ceives them, His blood was shed to
D. C.—*You say, "How do I know it?"—John iii: six - teen will*

FINE.


Glo - ry, Left heav'n a - bove and came to res - cue me:
save them— So Je - sus died for sin - ners just like me.
show it; That big word "who - so - ev - er" just means me.

CHORUS. *D. C.*

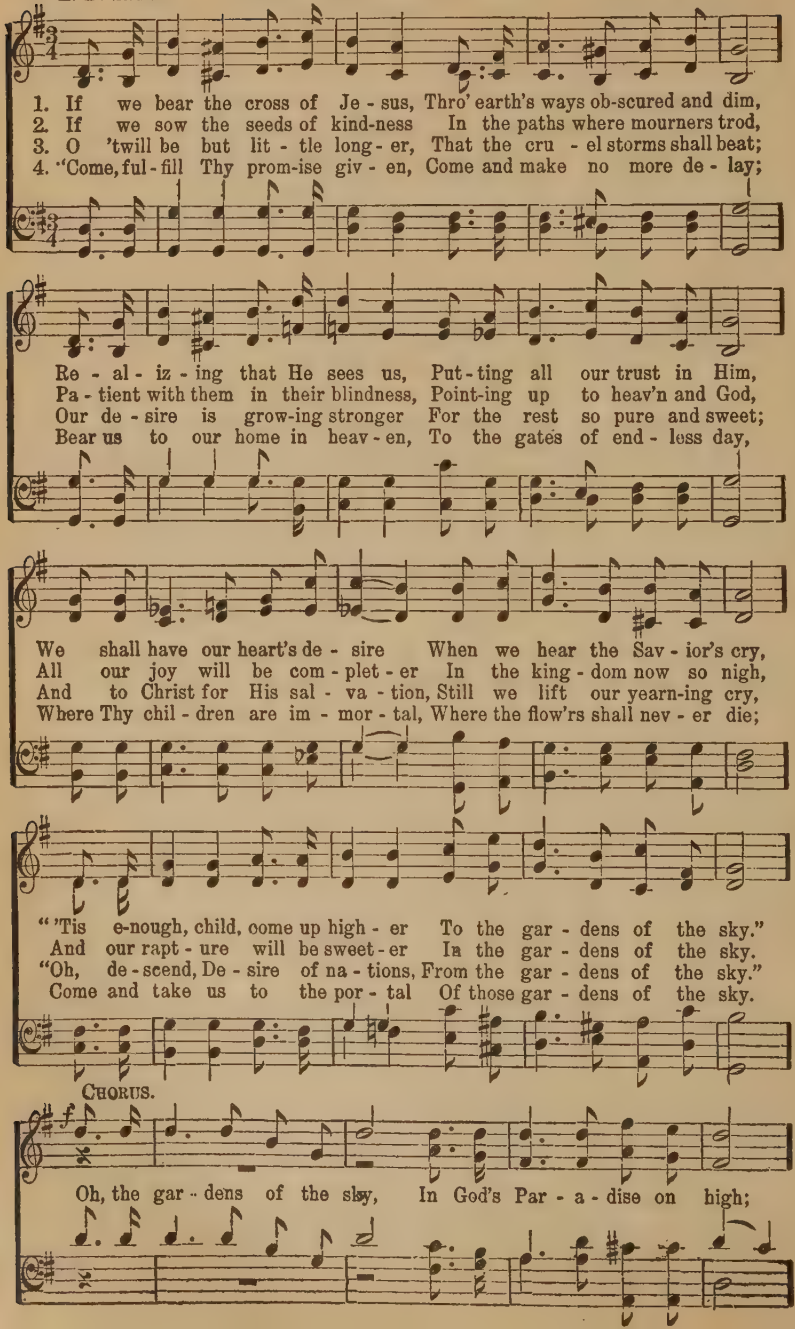


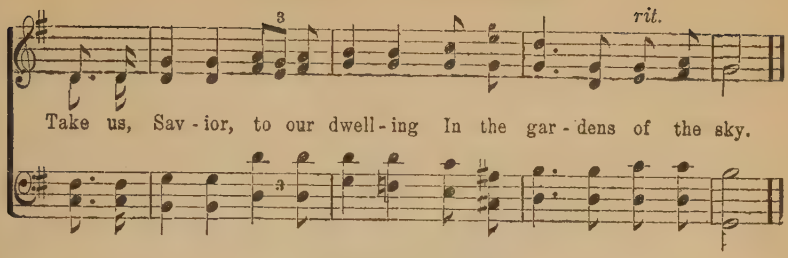
2 So now I'll try to please Him,
My life I give to serve Him;
His true and faithful servant I will be;
And when called home to glory,
I'll sing the good old story,
That Jesus died for sinners just like me.

3 Then brother, won't you love Him?
And, sister, won't you trust him?
I know He died for you as well as me:
We need our sins forgiven,
That we may go to heaven,
To live with Christ who died for you and me.

Gardens of the Sky.

L. D. SANTEE. Words and Music Copyright, 1904, by P. P. Bilhorn. THORO HARRIS.


1. If we bear the cross of Je - sus, Thro' earth's ways ob-scured and dim,
2. If we sow the seeds of kind-ness In the paths where mourners trod,
3. O 'twill be but lit - tle long - er, That the cru - el storms shall beat;
4. "Come, ful - fill Thy prom-ise giv - en, Come and make no more de - lay;
Re - al - iz - ing that He sees us, Put - ting all our trust in Him,
Pa - tient with them in their blindness, Point-ing up to heav'n and God,
Our de - sire is grow-ing stronger For the rest so pure and sweet;
Bear us to our home in heav - en, To the gates of end - less day,
We shall have our heart's de - sire When we hear the Sav - ior's cry,
All our joy will be com - plet - er In the king - dom now so nigh,
And to Christ for His sal - va - tion, Still we lift our yearn-ing cry,
Where Thy chil - dren are im - mor - tal, Where the flow'rs shall nev - er die;
" 'Tis e-nough, child, come up high - er To the gar - dens of the sky."
And our rapt - ure will be sweet - er In the gar - dens of the sky.
"Oh, de - scend, De - sire of na - tions, From the gar - dens of the sky."
Come and take us to the por - tal Of those gar - dens of the sky.
CHORUS.
Oh, the gar - dens of the sky, In God's Par - a - dise on high;



O, Holy Spirit.

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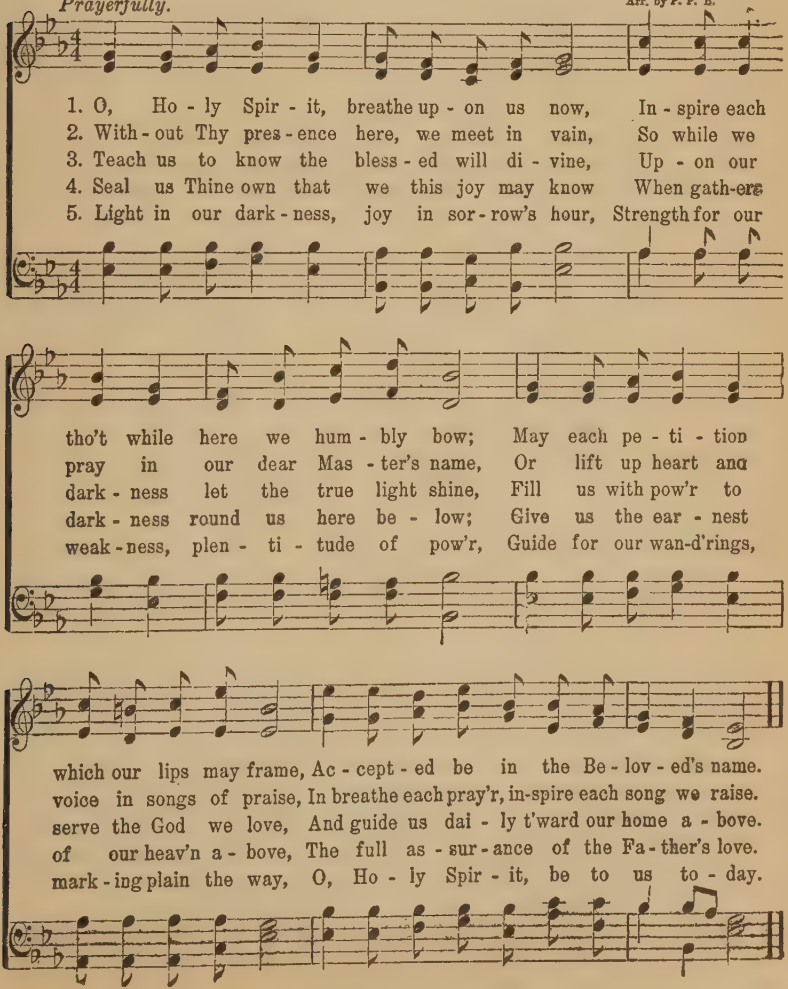
G. O. W.
Prayerfully.

GEO. O. WEBSTER.
Arr. by P. P. B.


1. O, Ho - ly Spir - it, breathe up - on us now, In - spire each
2. With - out Thy pres - ence here, we meet in vain, So while we
3. Teach us to know the bless - ed will di - vine, Up - on our
4. Seal us Thine own that we this joy may know When gath-ers
5. Light in our dark - ness, joy in sor - row's hour, Strength for our
tho't while here we hum - bly bow; May each pe - ti - tion
pray in our dear Mas - ter's name, Or lift up heart and
dark - ness let the true light shine, Fill us with pow'r to
dark - ness round us here be - low; Give us the ear - nest
weak - ness, plen - ti - tude of pow'r, Guide for our wan-d'rings,
which our lips may frame, Ac - cept - ed be in the Be - lov - ed's name.
voice in songs of praise, In breathe each pray'r, in-spire each song we raise.
serve the God we love, And guide us dai - ly t'ward our home a - bove.
of our heav'n a - bove, The full as - sur - ance of the Fa - ther's love.
mark - ing plain the way, O, Ho - ly Spir - it, be to us to - day.

The Sunlight is Flooding My Soul.

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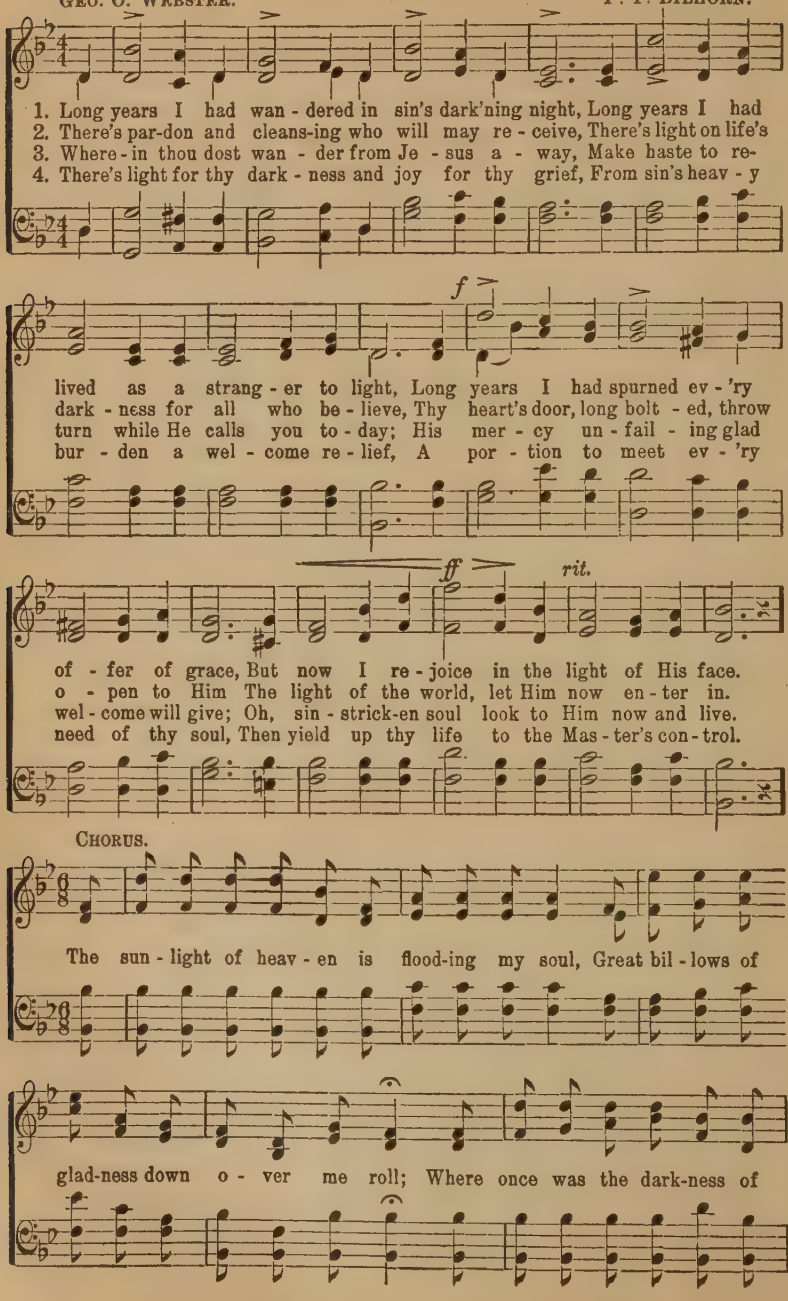
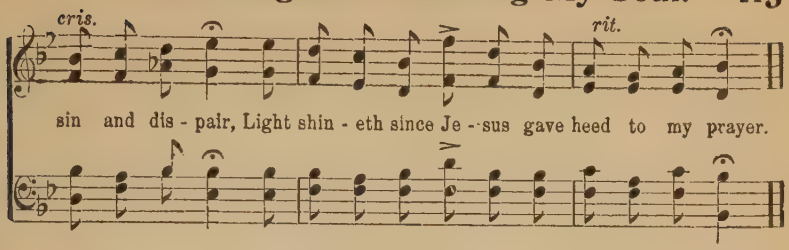
GEO. O. WEBSTER. P. P. BILHORN.

1. Long years I had wan - dered in sin's dark'ning night, Long years I had
2. There's par-don and cleans-ing who will may re - ceive, There's light on life's
3. Where - in thou dost wan - der from Je - sus a - way, Make haste to re-
4. There's light for thy dark - ness and joy for thy grief, From sin's heav - y
f
lived as a strang - er to light, Long years I had spurned ev - 'ry
dark - ness for all who be - lieve, Thy heart's door, long bolt - ed, throw
turn while He calls you to - day; His mer - cy un - fail - ing glad
bur - den a wel - come re - lief, A por - tion to meet ev - 'ry
ff
rit.
of - fer of grace, But now I re - joice in the light of His face.
o - pen to Him The light of the world, let Him now en - ter in.
wel - come will give; Oh, sin - strick-en soul look to Him now and live.
need of thy soul, Then yield up thy life to the Mas - ter's con - trol.
CHORUS.
The sun - light of heav - en is flood-ing my soul, Great bil - lows of
glad-ness down o - ver me roll; Where once was the dark-ness of

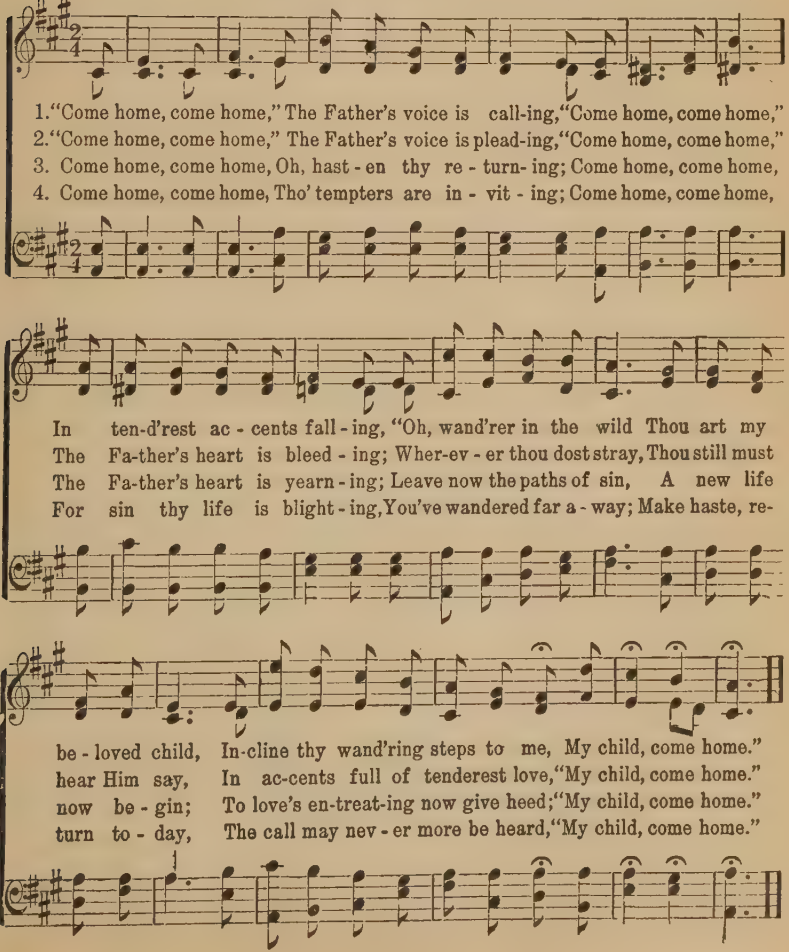


Come Home.

Dedicated to Prof. and Mrs. LEWIS W. ARMSTRONG.

Words and Music Copyright, 1904, by Geo. O. Webster.

G. O. W. Rev. GEO. O. WEBSTER


1."Come home, come home," The Father's voice is call-ing,"Come home, come home,"
2."Come home, come home," The Father's voice is plead-ing,"Come home, come home,"
3. Come home, come home, Oh, hast - en thy re - turn- ing; Come home, come home,
4. Come home, come home, Tho' tempters are in - vit - ing; Come home, come home,
In ten-d'rest ac - cents fall - ing, "Oh, wand'rer in the wild Thou art my
The Fa-ther's heart is bleed - ing; Wher-ev - er thou dost stray, Thou still must
The Fa-ther's heart is yearn - ing; Leave now the paths of sin, A new life
For sin thy life is blight - ing, You've wandered far a - way; Make haste, re-
be - loved child, In-cline thy wand'ring steps to me, My child, come home."
hear Him say, In ac-cents full of tenderest love, "My child, come home."
now be - gin; To love's en-treat-ing now give heed; "My child, come home."
turn to - day, The call may nev - er more be heard, "My child, come home."

So Many I Love.

Words and Music Copyright, 1904, by P. P. Bilhorn.

L. D. SANTEE. THORO HARRIS.

SOLO.

1. There is joy in those man-sions of splen - dor Where the blood-washed in
2. My words are of Christ and His plead - ing, But they fall on in-
3. They are lost, tho' the Lord is in - vit - ing, And call - ing the
4. There's sal - va - tion in Christ, and no oth - er, For - give - ness is

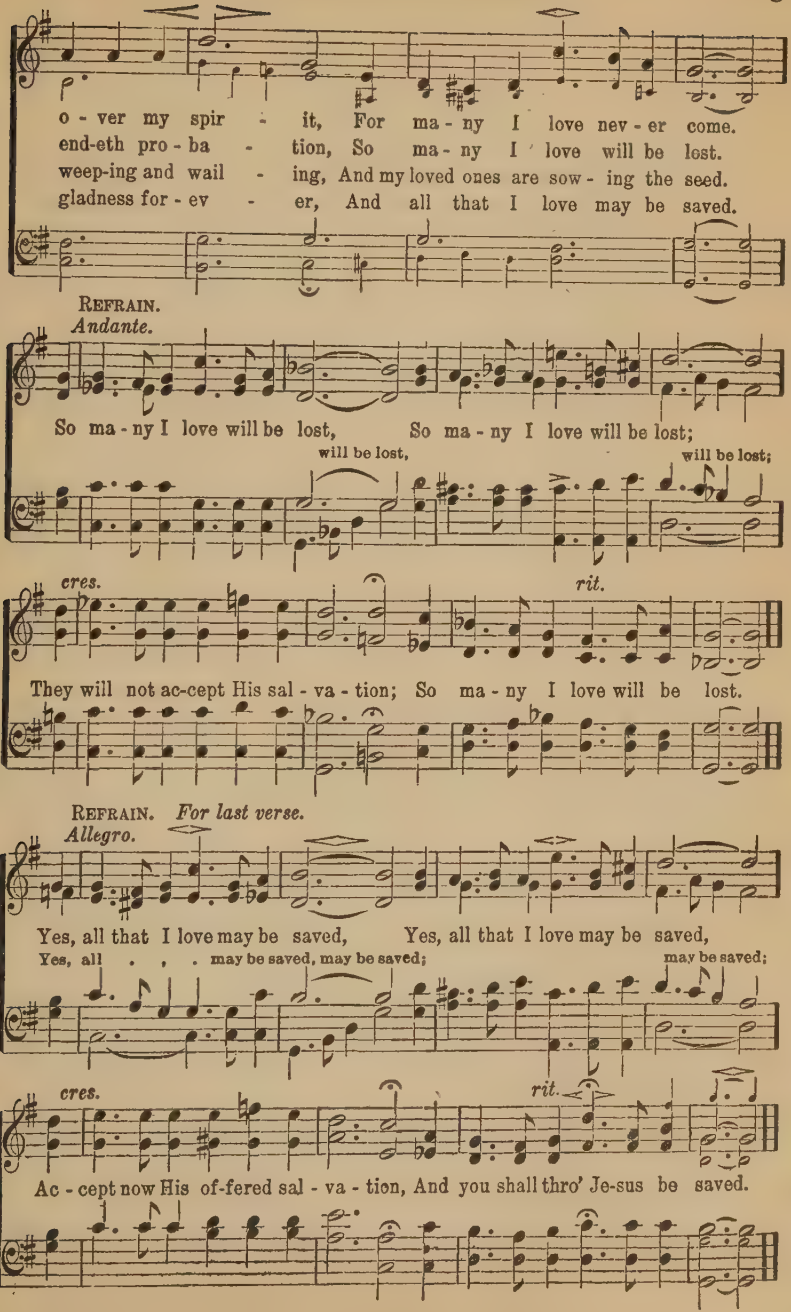
glo - ry shall meet, With a love that is ra - diant and ten - der,
dif - fer - ent ears, All the of - fers of mer - cy un - heed - ing,
sin - ner to - day, For the of - fer of mer - cy they're slighting,
of - fered to thee, He in - vites you, my sis - ter, my broth - er,

dim. *Faster.* *cres.*

A com - mun - ion most perfect and sweet, That home of the soul they in-
Tho' I wa - ter the seed with my tears; I re - joice in the Sav - ior's sal-
Till Je - sus turns sad-ly a - way; With them is the truth un - a-
To come, for sal - va-tion is free; He of - fers you peace like a

rit. *p*

her - it, And joy - ful they en - ter their home, But a sad-ness comes
va - tion, But my joy with a sad - ness is crossed, For I know that when
vail - ing, No help in the hour of their need, But a har - vest of
riv - er, A home where the world is not craved, In His pres-ence is

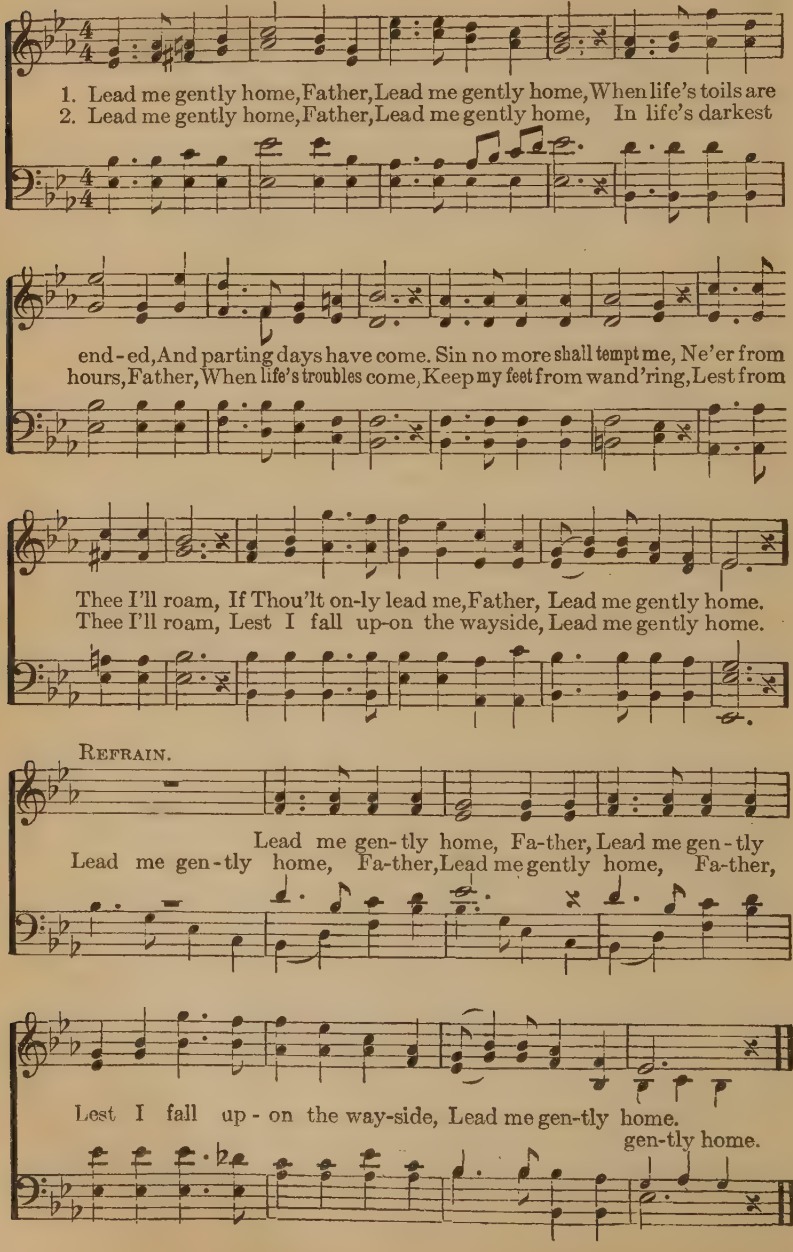

o - ver my spir - it, For ma - ny I love nev - er come.
end-eth pro - ba - tion, So ma - ny I love will be lost.
weep-ing and wail - ing, And my loved ones are sow - ing the seed.
gladness for - ev - er, And all that I love may be saved.
REFRAIN.
Andante.
So ma - ny I love will be lost, So ma - ny I love will be lost;
will be lost,
will be lost;
cres.
rit.
They will not ac-cept His sal - va - tion; So ma - ny I love will be lost.
REFRAIN. For last verse.
Allegro.
Yes, all that I love may be saved, Yes, all that I love may be saved,
Yes, all . . . may be saved, may be saved;
may be saved;
cres.
rit.
Ac - cept now His of-fered sal - va - tion, And you shall thro' Je-sus be saved.

Lead Me Gently Home, Father.

By per. of W. L. Thompson & Co., East Liverpool, O., and Chicago, Ill.

W. L. T. W. L. THOMPSON.

SOLO or DUET, *ad lib.*


1. Lead me gently home, Father, Lead me gently home, When life's toils are
2. Lead me gently home, Father, Lead me gently home, In life's darkest
end-ed, And parting days have come. Sin no more shall tempt me, Ne'er from
hours, Father, When life's troubles come, Keep my feet from wand'ring, Lest from
Thee I'll roam, If Thou'lt on-ly lead me, Father, Lead me gently home.
Thee I'll roam, Lest I fall up-on the wayside, Lead me gently home.
REFRAIN.
Lead me gen-tly home, Fa-ther, Lead me gen-tly
Lead me gen-tly home, Fa-ther, Lead me gently home, Fa-ther,
Lest I fall up-on the way-side, Lead me gen-tly home.
gen-tly home.

Blessed Jesus, Keep Me White.

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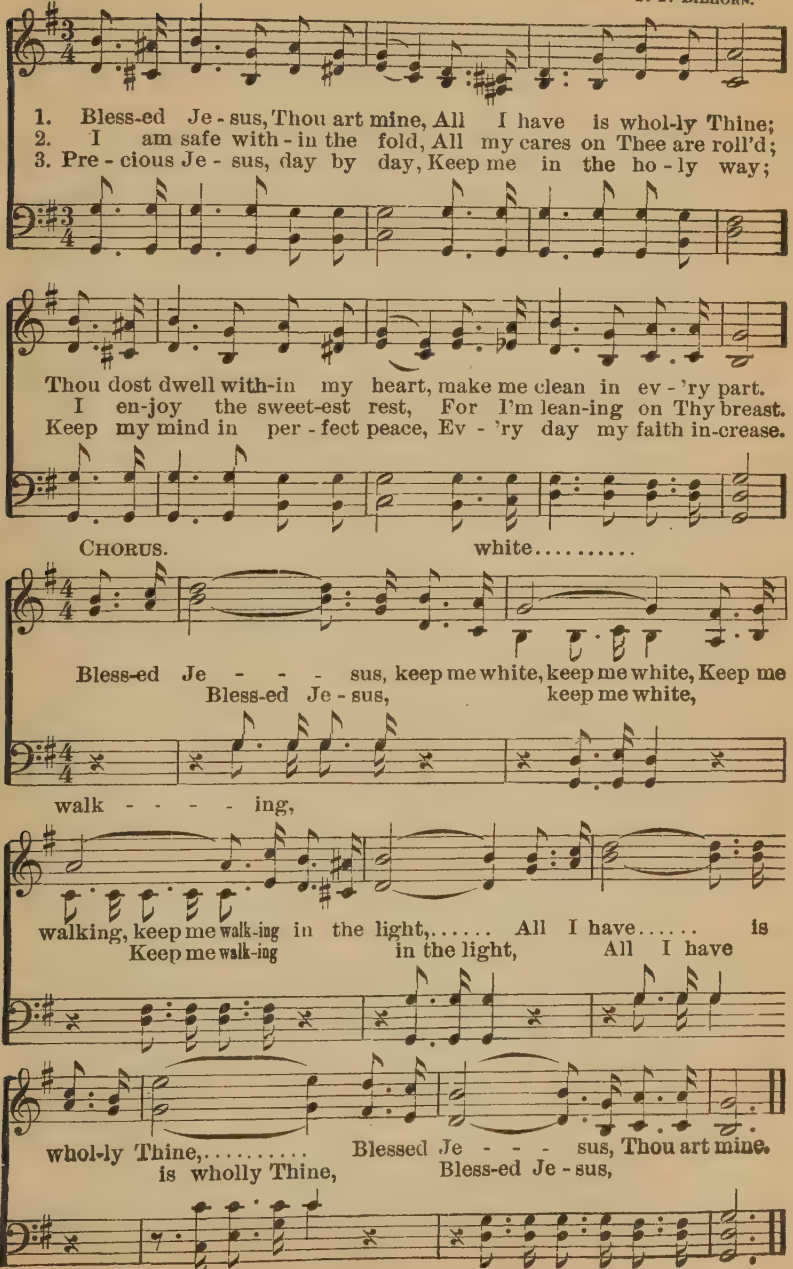
P. P. B.

P. P. Bilhorn.


1. Bless-ed Je - sus, Thou art mine, All I have is whol-ly Thine;
2. I am safe with - in the fold, All my cares on Thee are roll'd;
3. Pre - cious Je - sus, day by day, Keep me in the ho - ly way;
Thou dost dwell with-in my heart, make me clean in ev - 'ry part.
I en-joy the sweet-est rest, For I'm lean-ing on Thy breast.
Keep my mind in per - fect peace, Ev - 'ry day my faith in-crease.
Chorus.
white.....
Bless-ed Je - - - - sus, keep me white, keep me white, Keep me
Bless-ed Je - sus, keep me white,
walk - - - - - ing,
walking, keep me walk-ing in the light,..... All I have..... is
Keep me walk-ing in the light, All I have
whol-ly Thine,..... Blessed Je - - - - sus, Thou art mine.
is wholly Thine, Bless-ed Je - sus,

Blessed is He that Endureth.

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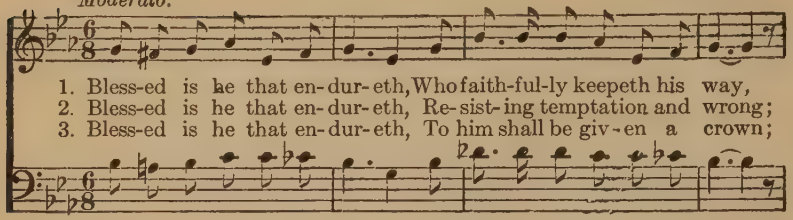
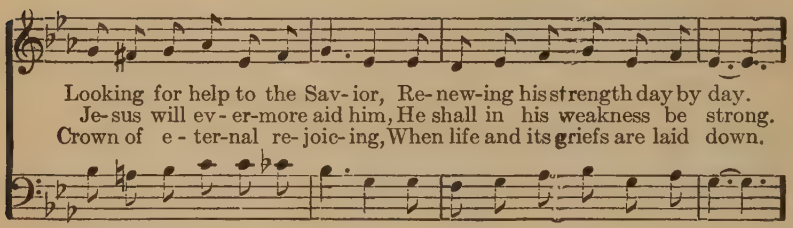
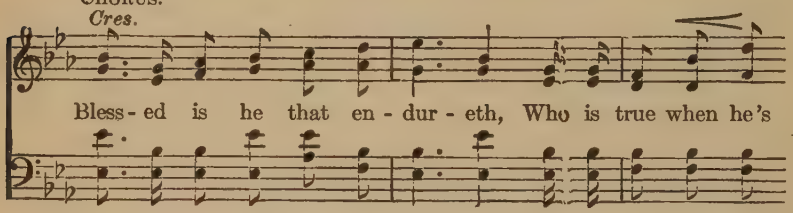
IDA L. REED. I. H. MEREDITH.

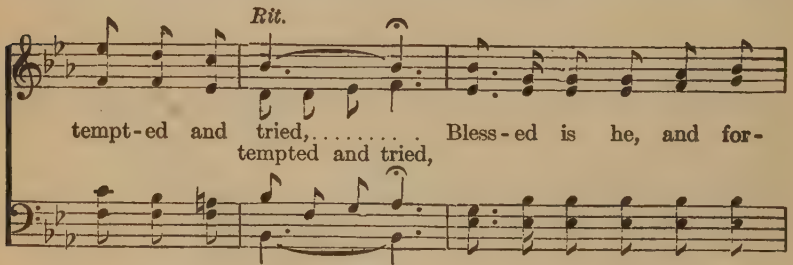
Moderato.

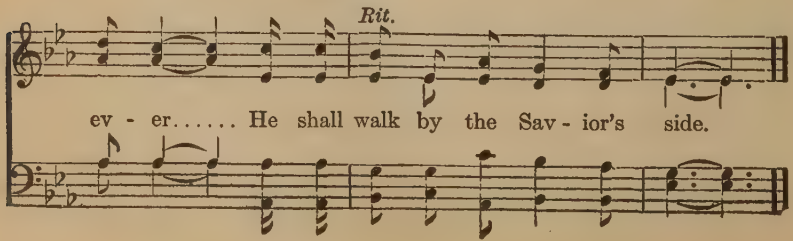

1. Bless-ed is he that en-dur-eth, Who faith-ful-ly keepeth his way,
2. Bless-ed is he that en-dur-eth, Re-sist-ing temptation and wrong;
3. Bless-ed is he that en-dur-eth, To him shall be giv-en a crown;


Looking for help to the Sav-ior, Re-new-ing his strength day by day.
Je-sus will ev-er-more aid him, He shall in his weakness be strong.
Crown of e-ter-nal re-joic-ing, When life and its griefs are laid down.

CHORUS.







Soldiers in the Army.

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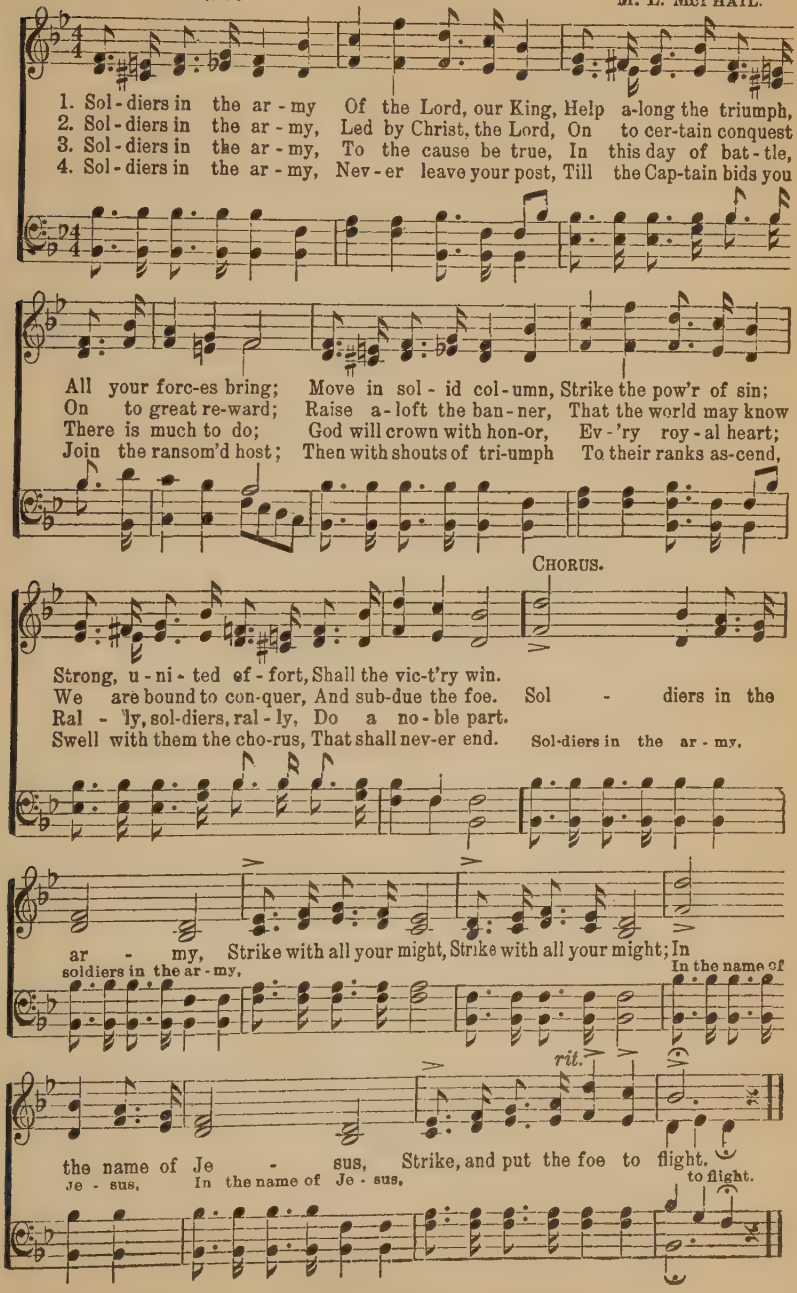
Rev. J. McPHAIL. M. L. McPHAIL.

1. Sol - diers in the ar - my Of the Lord, our King, Help a-long the triumph,
2. Sol - diers in the ar - my, Led by Christ, the Lord, On to cer-tain conquest
3. Sol - diers in the ar - my, To the cause be true, In this day of bat - tle,
4. Sol - diers in the ar - my, Nev - er leave your post, Till the Cap-tain bids you
All your forc-es bring; Move in sol - id col - umn, Strike the pow'r of sin;
On to great re-ward; Raise a - loft the ban - ner, That the world may know
There is much to do; God will crown with hon-or, Ev - 'ry roy - al heart;
Join the ransom'd host; Then with shouts of tri-umph To their ranks as-cend,
CHORUS.
Strong, u - ni - ted ef - fort, Shall the vic-t'ry win.
We are bound to con-quer, And sub-due the foe. Sol - diers in the
Ral - ly, sol-diers, ral - ly, Do a no - ble part.
Swell with them the cho-rus, That shall nev-er end. Sol-diers in the ar - my.
ar - my, Strike with all your might, Strike with all your might; In
soldiers in the ar - my.
In the name of
rit.
the name of Je - sus, Strike, and put the foe to flight.
Je - sus, In the name of Je - sus,
to flight.

Glory for You and Me.

P. P. B. Words and Music Copyright, 1905, by P. P. Bilhorn. P. P. BILHORN.

1. Some day when my toil - ing and tri - als are o'er, Some day when my
2. Some day in the fu - ture, it will not be long, Some day with the
3. Some day, Oh, what rap - ture I then shall be - hold, Some day when the
4. Some day in His pres-ence a crown I shall wear, Some day match-less

wea - ry feet rest on the shore, Some day when the King in His
loved ones, I'll sing the new song; Some day when the face of my
sto - ry a - new shall be told; Some day when my soul from its
beau - ty and grand-eur I'll share; Some day with the ransomed trans-

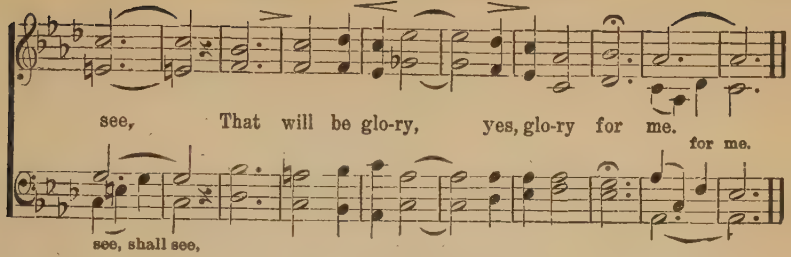
beau - ty I see, That will be glo - ry, yes, glo - ry for me.
Lord I shall see, That will be glo - ry, yes, glo - ry for me.
bond-age is free, That will be glo - ry, yes, glo - ry for me.
formed I shall be, That will be glo - ry, yes, glo - ry for me.

CHORUS.

Glo - ry for me, . . . glo - ry for me, . . .
Glo - ry for you and me, ... glo - ry for you and me, ...

glo - ry for me, glo - ry for me,

When I the King in His beau - ty shall
When I the King, the glo - ri - ous King, The King in His beau - ty shall



Be Strong.

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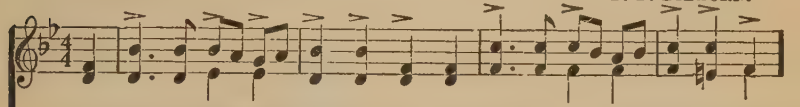
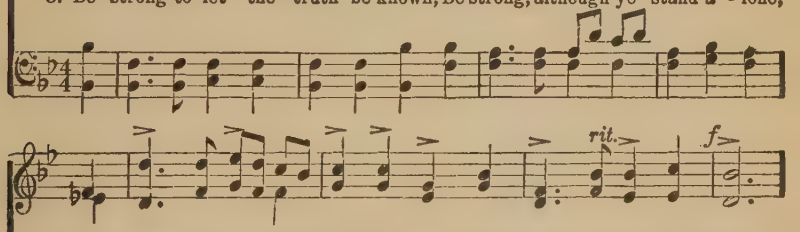
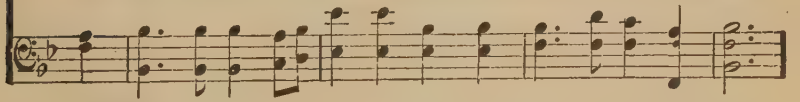
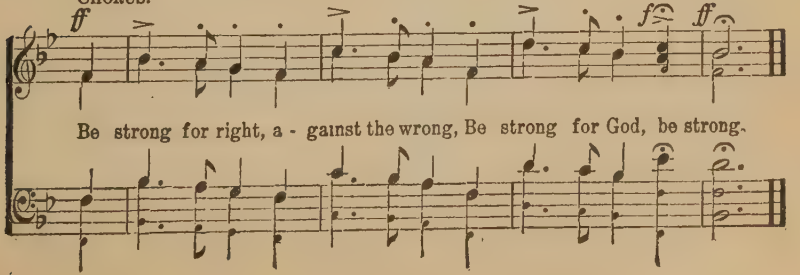
MRS. FRANK A. BRECK. P. P. BILHORN.

1. Be strong to choose the path-way good, Be strong to do the work you should,
2. Be strong, temp-ta-tion to for-sake, Be strong, the pow'r of sin to break,
3. Be strong to speak in Je - sus' name, Be strong His mer-cy to pro-claim,
4. Where others wreck, be strong to build, Where oth-ers hate, with love be filled;
5. Be strong to let the truth be known, Be strong, although ye stand a - lone,



Be strong for hu-man broth - er-hood, Be strong, for God, be strong!
The right-eous cause to un - der-take, Be strong, for God, be strong!
Be strong to keep thy heart from blame, Be strong, for God, be strong!
Be strong in all that God has willed, Be strong, for God, be strong!
Let cour - age ev - 'ry - where be shown, Be strong, for God, be strong!



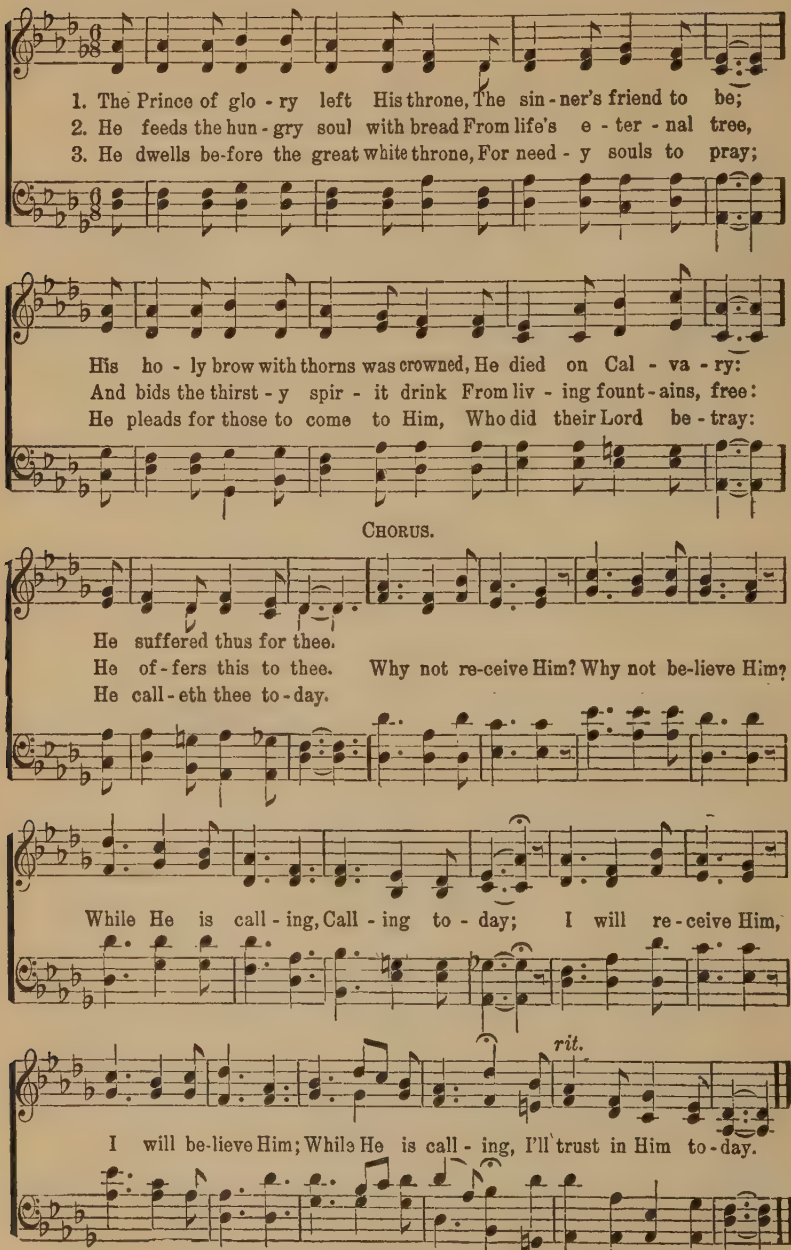
CHORUS.



Be strong for right, a - gainst the wrong, Be strong for God, be strong.

Why Not Receive Him?

Words and Music Copyright, 1905, by P. P. Bilhorn.

ADA BLENKHORN. P. P. BILHORN.

1. The Prince of glo - ry left His throne, The sin - ner's friend to be;
2. He feeds the hun - gry soul with bread From life's e - ter - nal tree,
3. He dwells be-fore the great white throne, For need - y souls to pray;
His ho - ly brow with thorns was crowned, He died on Cal - va - ry:
And bids the thirst - y spir - it drink From liv - ing fount - ains, free:
He pleads for those to come to Him, Who did their Lord be - tray:
CHORUS.
He suffered thus for thee.
He of - fers this to thee. Why not re-ceive Him? Why not be-lieve Him?
He call - eth thee to - day.
While He is call - ing, Call - ing to - day; I will re - ceive Him,
rit.
I will be-lieve Him; While He is call - ing, I'll trust in Him to - day.

Sunlight.

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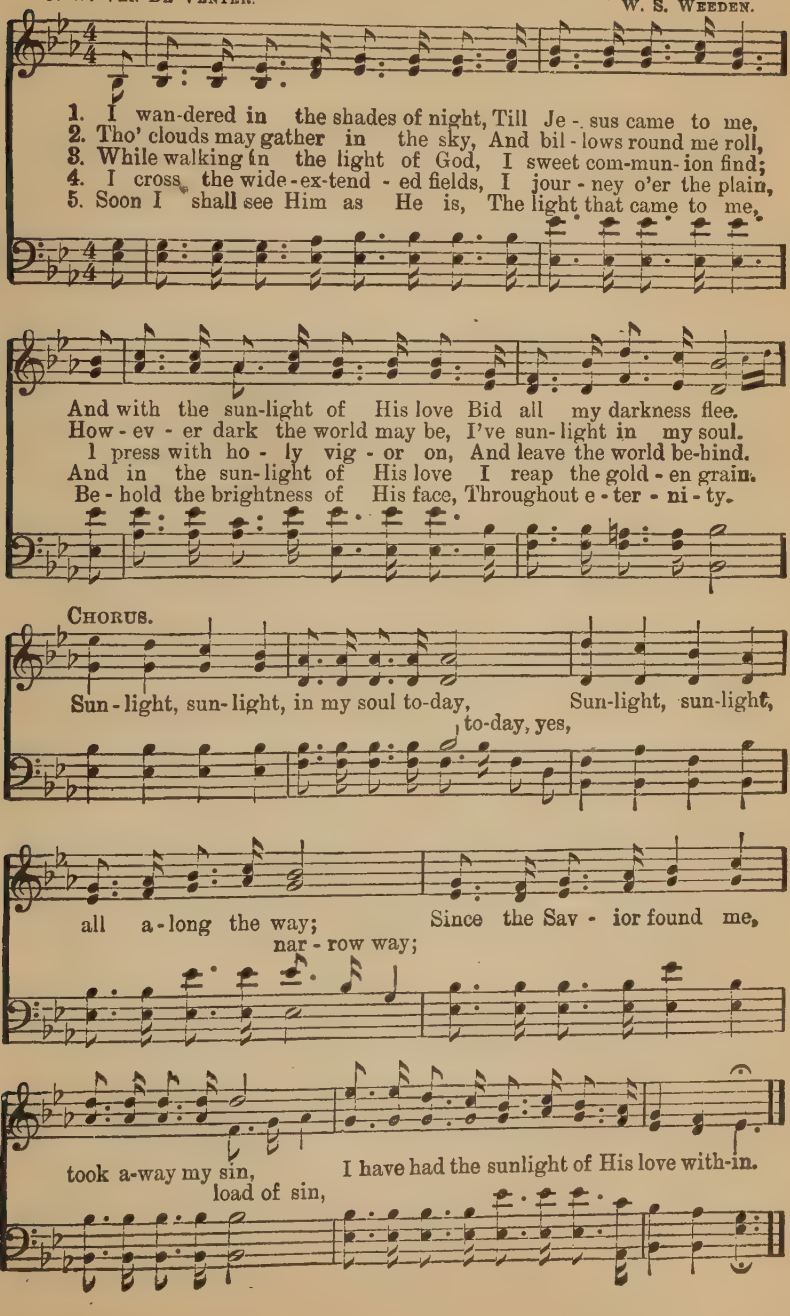
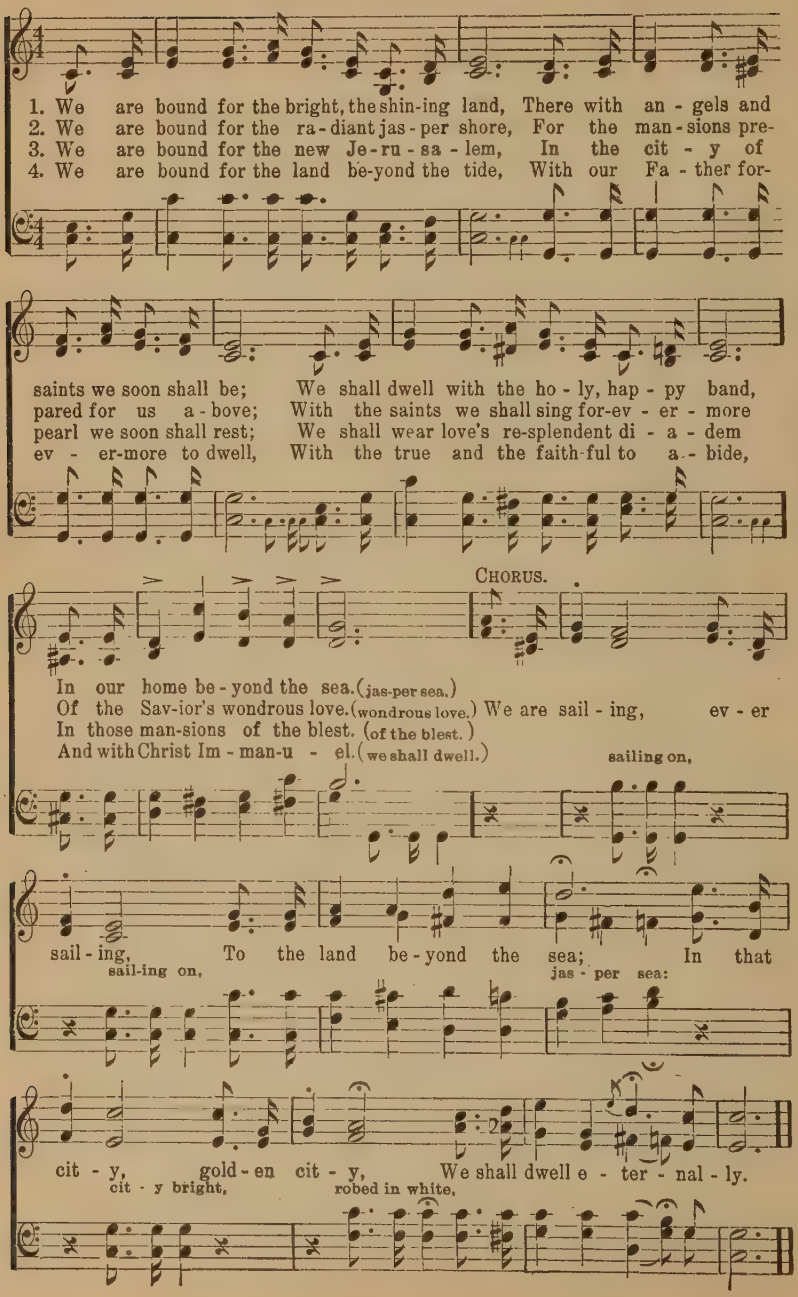
J. W. VAN DE VENTER. W. S. WEEDEN.


1. I wan-dered in the shades of night, Till Je - sus came to me,
2. Tho' clouds may gather in the sky, And bil - lows round me roll,
3. While walking in the light of God, I sweet com-mun-ion find;
4. I cross the wide-ex-tend - ed fields, I jour - ney o'er the plain,
5. Soon I shall see Him as He is, The light that came to me,
And with the sun-light of His love Bid all my darkness flee.
How - ev - er dark the world may be, I've sun-light in my soul.
I press with ho - ly vig - or on, And leave the world be-hind.
And in the sun-light of His love I reap the gold - en grain.
Be - hold the brightness of His face, Throughout e - ter - ni - ty.
CHORUS.
Sun - light, sun-light, in my soul to-day, Sun-light, sun-light,
to-day, yes,
all a-long the way; Since the Sav - ior found me,
nar - row way;
took a-way my sin, I have had the sunlight of His love with-in.
load of sin,

We are Sailing.

T. H. Words and Music Copyright, 1905, by P. P. Bilhorn, THORO HARRIS.

1. We are bound for the bright, the shin-ing land, There with an - gels and
2. We are bound for the ra-diant jas-per shore, For the man-sions pre-
3. We are bound for the new Je-ru-sa-lem, In the cit - y of
4. We are bound for the land be-yond the tide, With our Fa - ther for-
saints we soon shall be; We shall dwell with the ho - ly, hap - py band,
pared for us a - bove; With the saints we shall sing for-ev - er - more
pearl we soon shall rest; We shall wear love's re-splendent di - a - dem
ev - er-more to dwell, With the true and the faith-ful to a - bide,
CHORUS.
In our home be - yond the sea. (jas-per sea.)
Of the Sav-ior's wondrous love. (wondrous love.) We are sail - ing, ev - er
In those man-sions of the blest. (of the blest.)
And with Christ Im - man-u - el. (we shall dwell.)
sailing on,
sail - ing, To the land be - yond the sea; In that
sail-ing on, jas - per sea:
cit - y, gold - en cit - y, We shall dwell e - ter - nal - ly.
cit - y bright, robed in white,

What Will Ye Bind?

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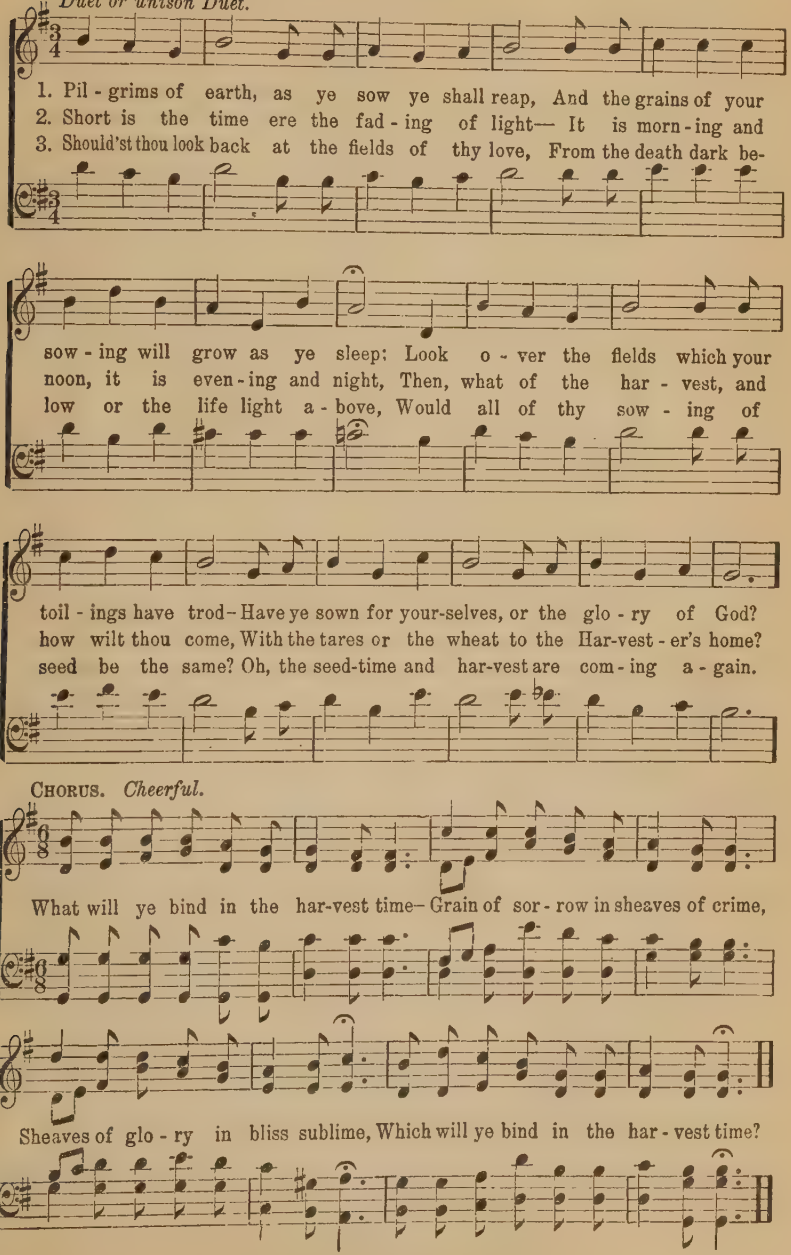
P. P. B.

Duet or unison Duet.

P. P. BILHORN.

1. Pil - grims of earth, as ye sow ye shall reap, And the grains of your
sow - ing will grow as ye sleep: Look o - ver the fields which your
toil - ings have trod- Have ye sown for your-selves, or the glo - ry of God?
2. Short is the time ere the fad - ing of light— It is morn - ing and
noon, it is even - ing and night, Then, what of the har - vest, and
how wilt thou come, With the tares or the wheat to the Har-vest - er's home?
3. Should'st thou look back at the fields of thy love, From the death dark be-
low or the life light a - bove, Would all of thy sow - ing of
seed be the same? Oh, the seed-time and har-vest are com - ing a - gain.
CHORUS. *Cheerful.*
What will ye bind in the har-vest time- Grain of sor - row in sheaves of crime,
Sheaves of glo - ry in bliss sublime, Which will ye bind in the har - vest time?

The Gospel Ship Is Sailing.

J. W. B.

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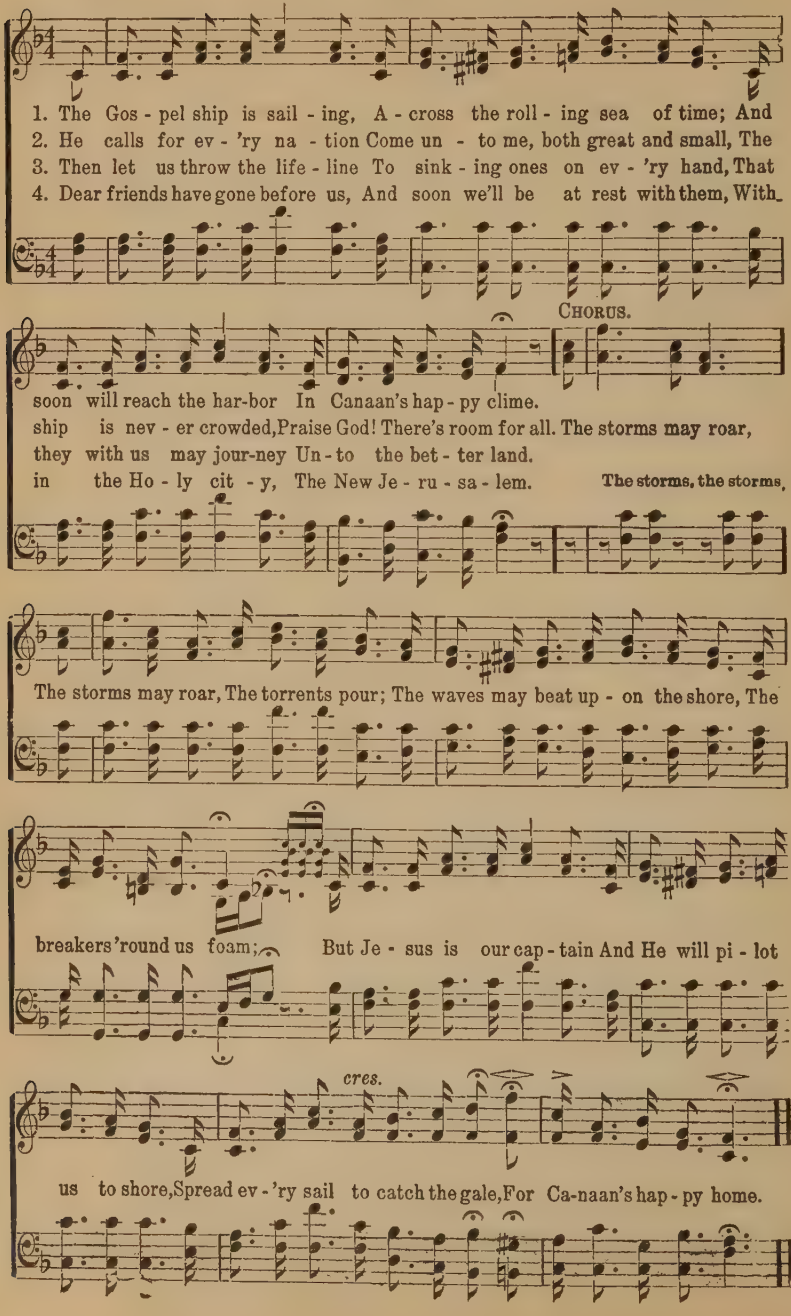
J. W. BURGESS.
Arr, by P. P. B.


1. The Gos - pel ship is sail - ing, A - cross the roll - ing sea of time; And
2. He calls for ev - 'ry na - tion Come un - to me, both great and small, The
3. Then let us throw the life - line To sink - ing ones on ev - 'ry hand, That
4. Dear friends have gone before us, And soon we'll be at rest with them, With
CHORUS.
soon will reach the har-bor In Canaan's hap - py clime.
ship is nev - er crowded, Praise God! There's room for all. The storms may roar,
they with us may jour-ney Un - to the bet - ter land.
in the Ho - ly cit - y, The New Je - ru - sa - lem.
The storms, the storms,
The storms may roar, The torrents pour; The waves may beat up - on the shore, The
breakers 'round us foam; But Je - sus is our cap - tain And He will pi - lot
cres.
us to shore, Spread ev - 'ry sail to catch the gale, For Ca-naan's hap - py home.

A Call for Volunteers. 127

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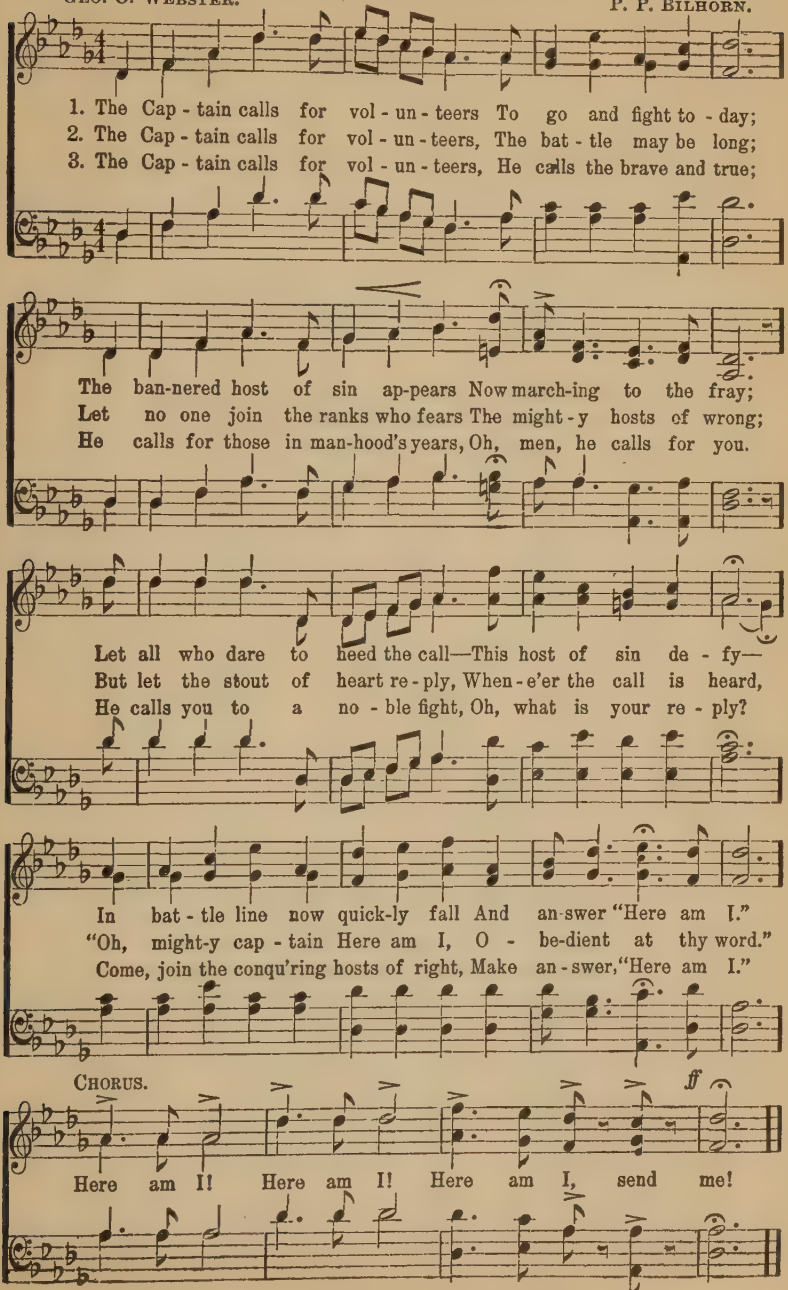
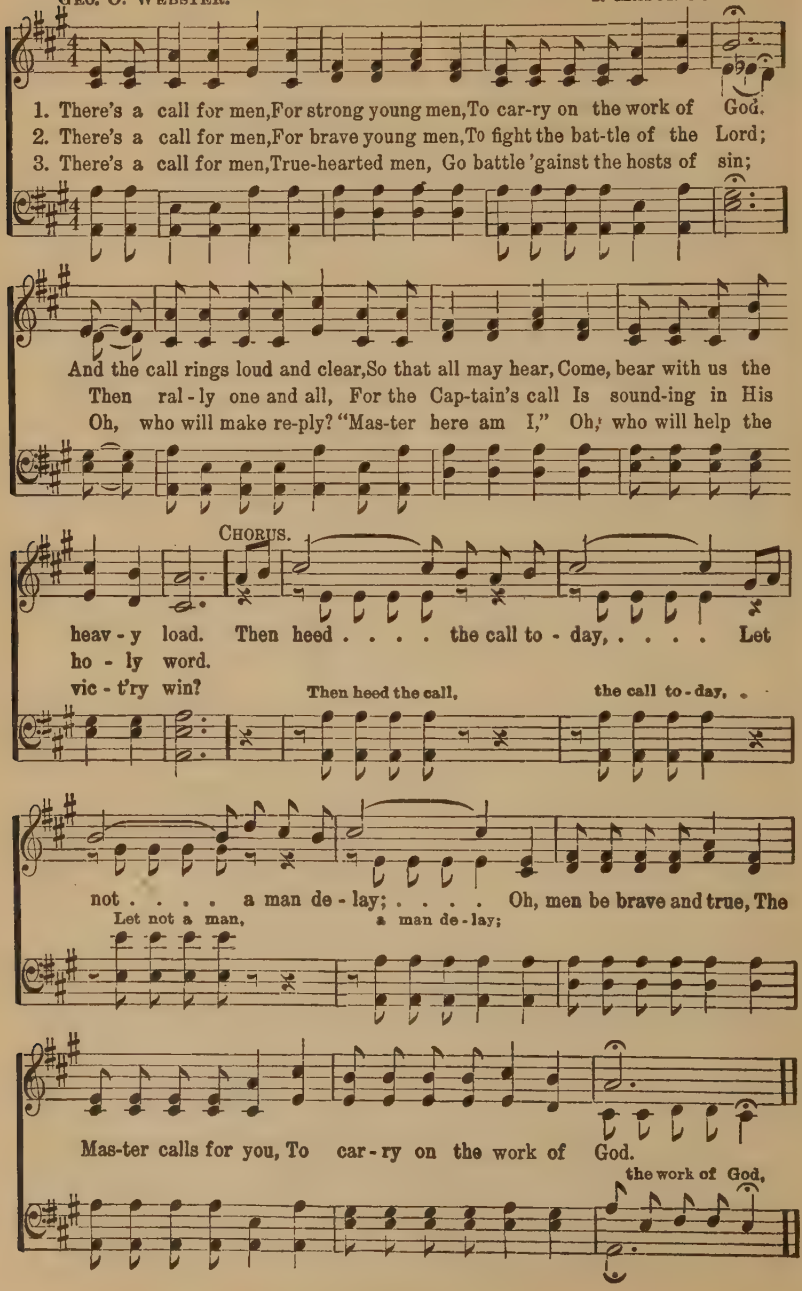
GEO. O. WEBSTER. P. P. BILHORN.

1. The Cap - tain calls for vol - un - teers To go and fight to - day;
2. The Cap - tain calls for vol - un - teers, The bat - tle may be long;
3. The Cap - tain calls for vol - un - teers, He calls the brave and true;
The ban-nered host of sin ap-pears Now march-ing to the fray;
Let no one join the ranks who fears The might - y hosts of wrong;
He calls for those in man-hood's years, Oh, men, he calls for you.
Let all who dare to heed the call—This host of sin de - fy—
But let the stout of heart re - ply, When - e'er the call is heard,
He calls you to a no - ble fight, Oh, what is your re - ply?
In bat - tle line now quick-ly fall And an-swer "Here am I."
"Oh, might-y cap - tain Here am I, O - be-dient at thy word."
Come, join the conqu'ring hosts of right, Make an - swer, "Here am I."
CHORUS.
ff
Here am I! Here am I! Here am I, send me!

There's a Call for Men.

Words and Music, Copyright, 1904, by C. Mason Jones.

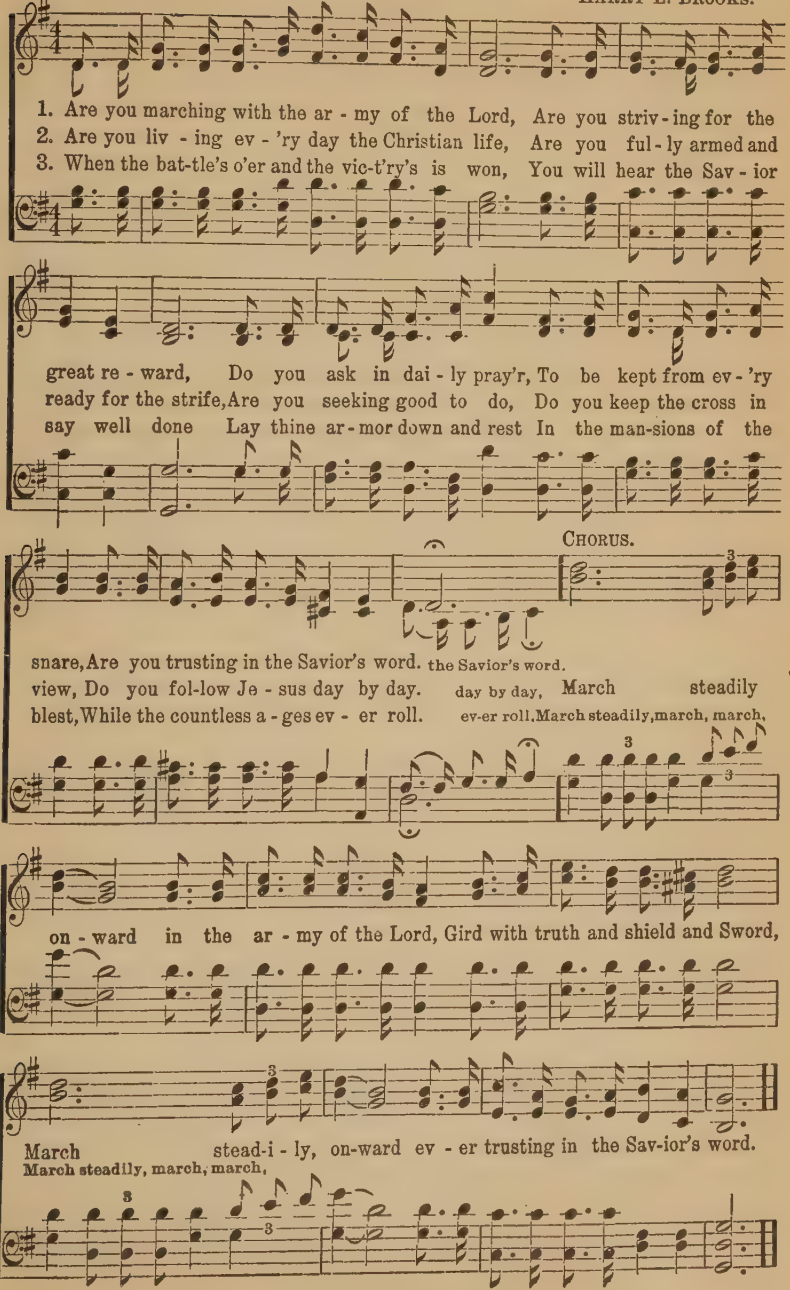
GEO. O. WEBSTER. C. MASON JONES.


1. There's a call for men, For strong young men, To car-ry on the work of God.
2. There's a call for men, For brave young men, To fight the bat-tle of the Lord;
3. There's a call for men, True-hearted men, Go battle 'gainst the hosts of sin;
And the call rings loud and clear, So that all may hear, Come, bear with us the
Then ral-ly one and all, For the Cap-tain's call Is sound-ing in His
Oh, who will make re-ply? "Mas-ter here am I," Oh, who will help the
CHORUS.
heav-y load. Then heed . . . . the call to-day, ... Let
ho-ly word.
vic-t'ry win?
Then heed the call, the call to-day, .
not . . . . a man de-lay; . . . . Oh, men be brave and true, The
Let not a man, a man de-lay;
Mas-ter calls for you, To car-ry on the work of God.
the work of God,

Steadily Onward.

Words and Music Copyright, 1904, by P. P. Bilhorn.

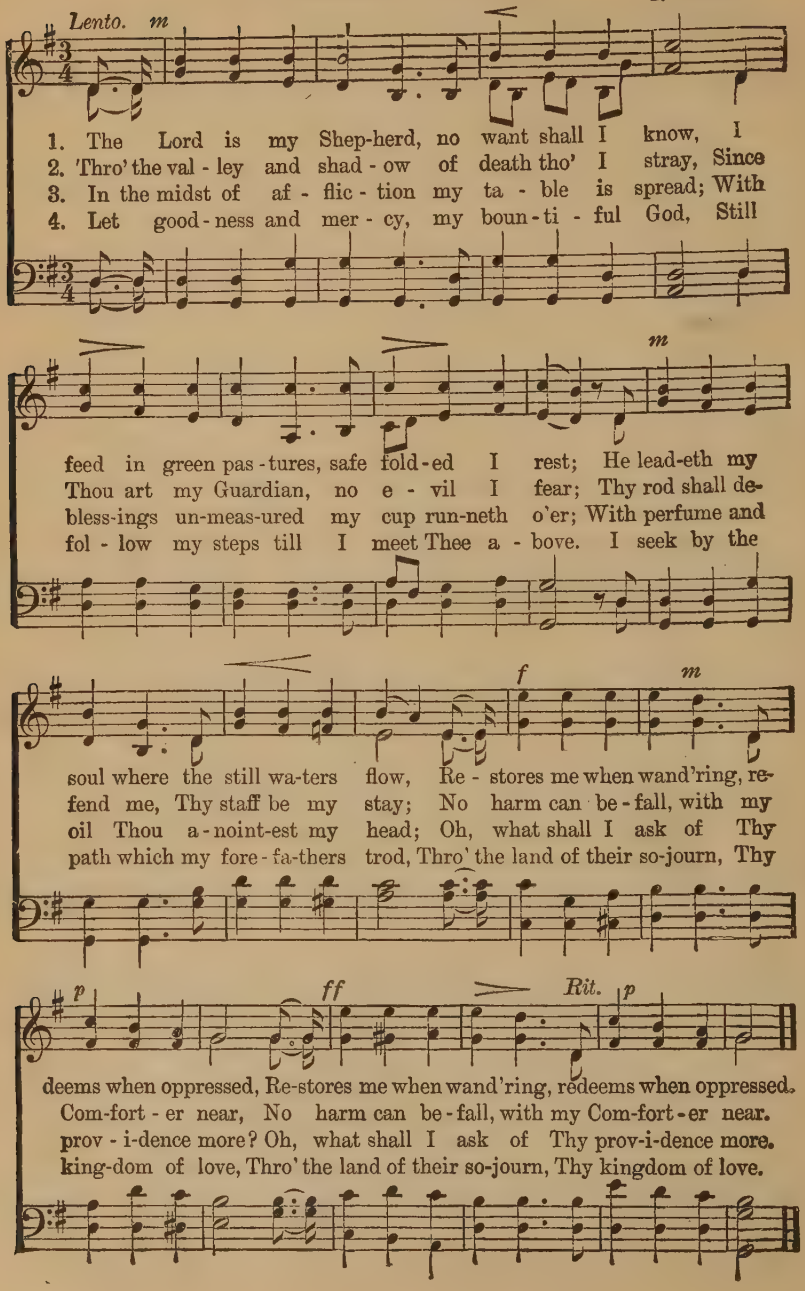
H. L. B. HARRY L. BROOKS.


1. Are you marching with the ar - my of the Lord, Are you striv - ing for the
2. Are you liv - ing ev - 'ry day the Christian life, Are you ful - ly armed and
3. When the bat-tle's o'er and the vic-t'ry's is won, You will hear the Sav - ior
great re - ward, Do you ask in dai - ly pray'r, To be kept from ev - 'ry
ready for the strife, Are you seeking good to do, Do you keep the cross in
say well done Lay thine ar - mor down and rest In the man-sions of the
CHORUS.
snare, Are you trusting in the Savior's word. the Savior's word.
view, Do you fol-low Je - sus day by day. day by day, March steadily
blest, While the countless a - ges ev - er roll. ev-er roll, March steadily, march, march,
on - ward in the ar - my of the Lord, Gird with truth and shield and Sword,
March stead-i - ly, on-ward ev - er trusting in the Sav-ior's word.
March steadily, march, march,

The Lord Is My Shepherd.

Arr. Copyright, 1898, by P. P. Bilhorn.

T. KOSCHAT.


Lento.
m
1. The Lord is my Shep-herd, no want shall I know, I
2. Thro' the val - ley and shad - ow of death tho' I stray, Since
3. In the midst of af - flic - tion my ta - ble is spread; With
4. Let good - ness and mer - cy, my boun - ti - ful God, Still
feed in green pas - tures, safe fold - ed I rest; He lead-eth my
Thou art my Guardian, no e - vil I fear; Thy rod shall de-
bless-ings un-meas-ured my cup run-neth o'er; With perfume and
fol - low my steps till I meet Thee a - bove. I seek by the
soul where the still wa-ters flow, Re - stores me when wand'ring, re-
fend me, Thy staff be my stay; No harm can be - fall, with my
oil Thou a - noint-est my head; Oh, what shall I ask of Thy
path which my fore - fa-thers trod, Thro' the land of their so-journ, Thy
f
p
ff
Rit.
deems when oppressed, Re-stores me when wand'ring, redeems when oppressed.
Com-fort - er near, No harm can be - fall, with my Com-fort - er near.
prov - i-dence more? Oh, what shall I ask of Thy prov-i-dence more.
king-dom of love, Thro' the land of their so-journ, Thy kingdom of love.

Glory be to Jesus.

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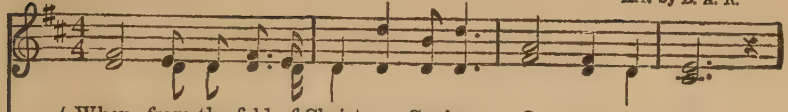
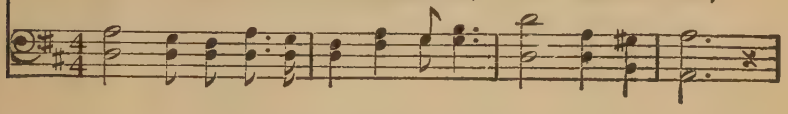
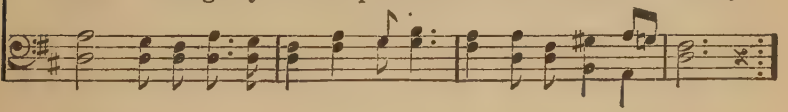
ADA BLENKHORN. Arr. by B. A. R.



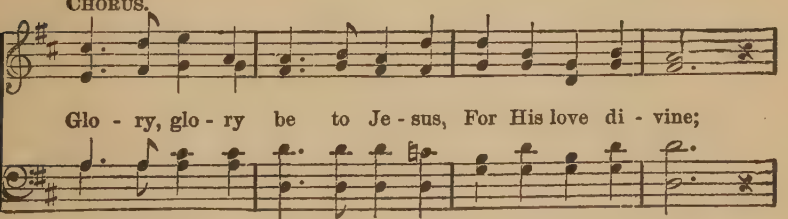
1. When from the fold of Christ, my Savior, I went a - stray,
   Then I besought the mighty Shepherd My soul to save;
2. Light dawn'd up-on my darkened spir-it, Bright grew the way;
   Love filled my soul to o - ver-flowing, Ra-diant, di - vine,
3. Now on the shin-ing way He leads me, Sing - ing I go;
   Close - ly my Sav-ior walks be-side me, In converse sweet,



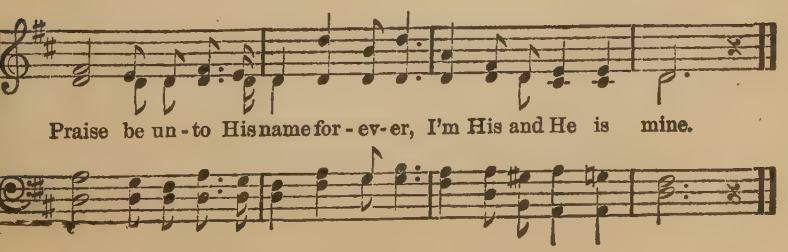
And o'er my weak, despairing spir-it Sa-tan held boundless sway,
Gen - tly He drew me to His bosom, Free-ly my sins for - gave.
When, in my hap-py heart, for - ev- er Darkness was turn'd to day.
E'er since by faith in Christ my Savior I knew that He was mine.
Where Eden's fairest flow'rs are blooming. And liv-ing wa-ters flow.
Till in the glo-ry of His presence Him face to face I meet.



CHORUS.



Glo - ry, glo - ry be to Je - sus, For His love di - vine;



Praise be un - to His name for - ev-er, I'm His and He is mine.

To the Harvest Field.

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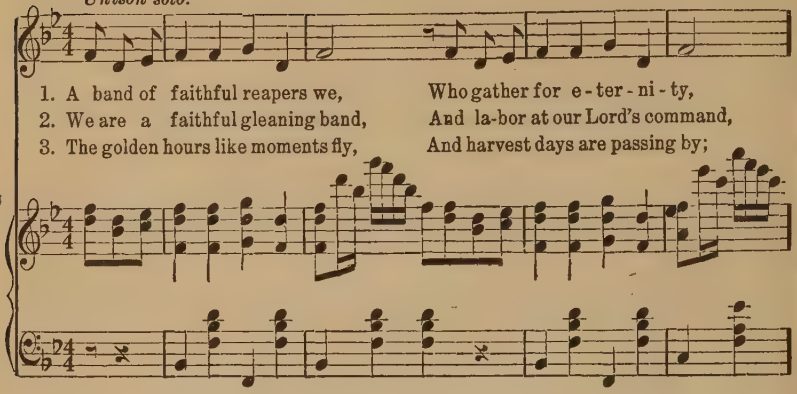
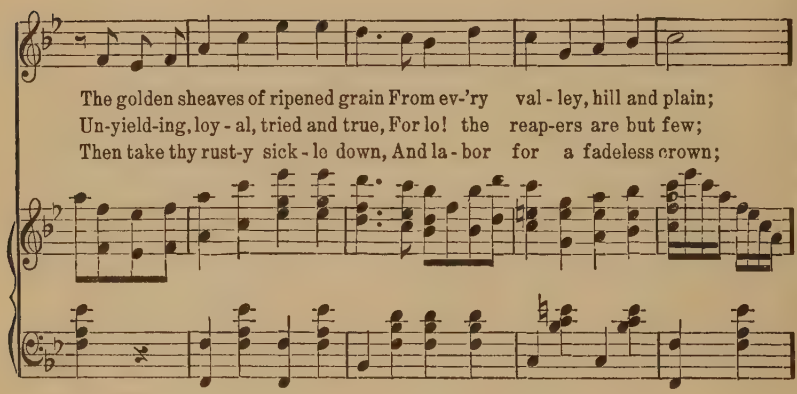
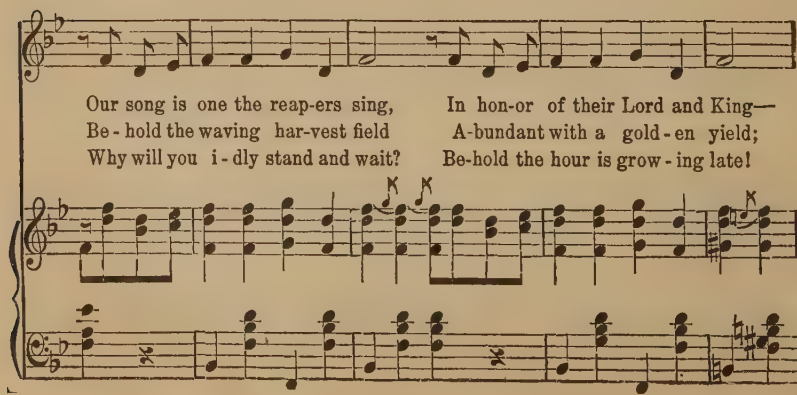
Charles D. Tielman owner.

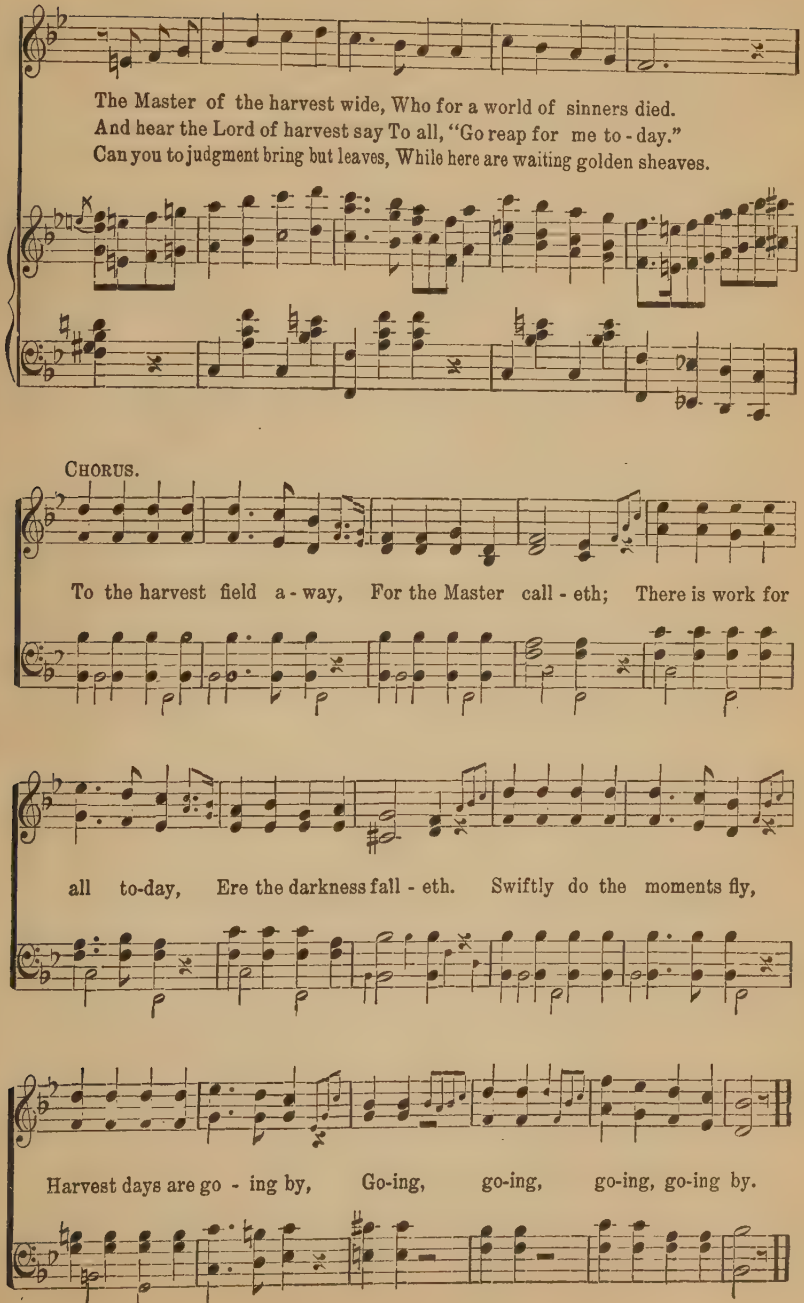
C. H. G. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

Unison solo.


1. A band of faithful reapers we, Who gather for e-ter-ni-ty,
2. We are a faithful gleaning band, And la-bor at our Lord's command,
3. The golden hours like moments fly, And harvest days are passing by;


The golden sheaves of ripened grain From ev-'ry val-ley, hill and plain;
Un-yield-ing, loy-al, tried and true, For lo! the reap-ers are but few;
Then take thy rust-y sick-le down, And la-bor for a fadeless crown;


Our song is one the reap-ers sing, In hon-or of their Lord and King—
Be-hold the waving har-vest field A-bundant with a gold-en yield;
Why will you i-dly stand and wait? Be-hold the hour is grow-ing late!


The Master of the harvest wide, Who for a world of sinners died.
And hear the Lord of harvest say To all, "Go reap for me to-day."
Can you to judgment bring but leaves, While here are waiting golden sheaves.
CHORUS.
To the harvest field a-way, For the Master call-eth; There is work for
all to-day, Ere the darkness fall-eth. Swiftly do the moments fly,
Harvest days are go-ing by, Go-ing, go-ing, go-ing, go-ing by.

Weep No More.

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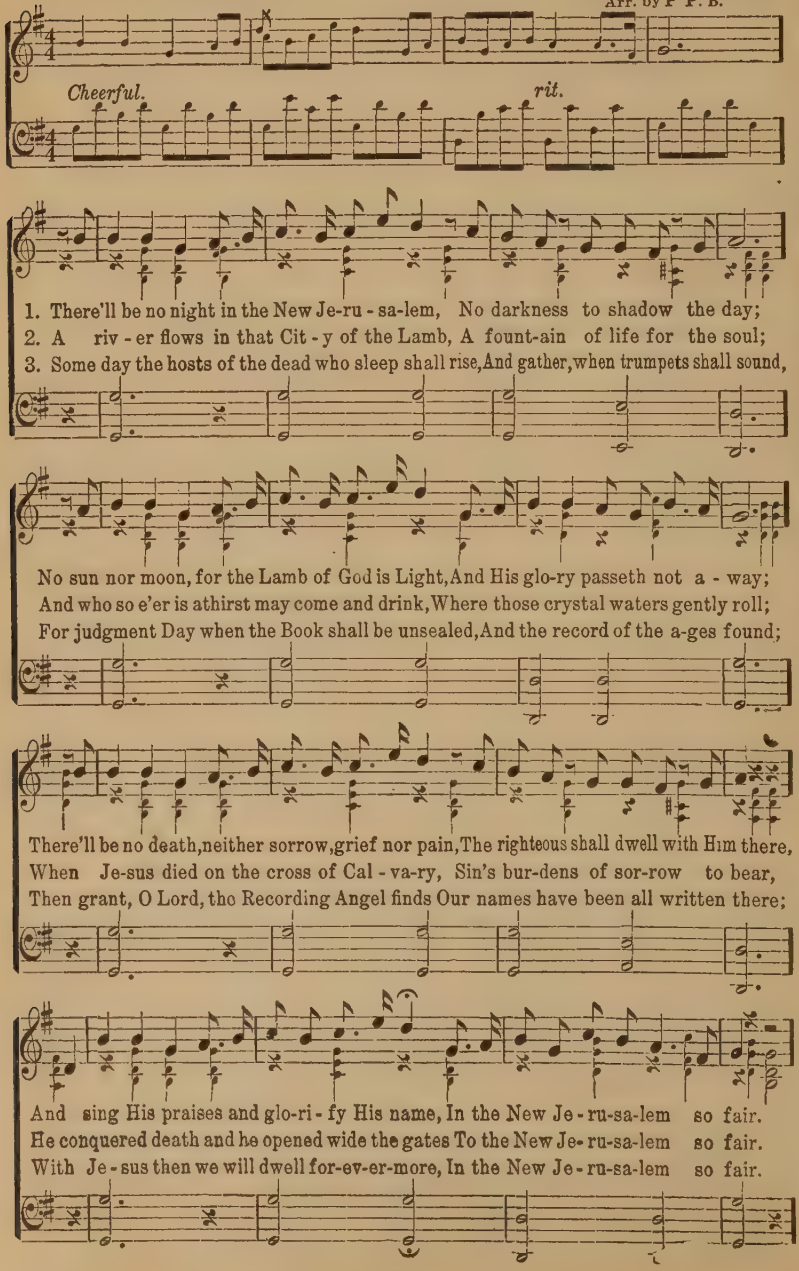
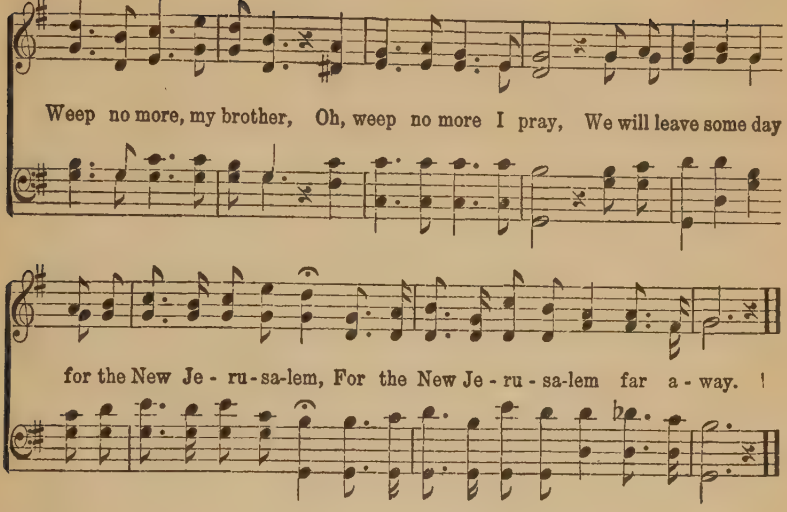
LILLIAN BARKER BEEDE. STEPHEN C. FOSTER.
Arr. by P P. B.


Cheerful.
rit.
1. There'll be no night in the New Je-ru - sa-lem, No darkness to shadow the day;
2. A riv - er flows in that Cit - y of the Lamb, A fount-ain of life for the soul;
3. Some day the hosts of the dead who sleep shall rise, And gather, when trumpets shall sound,
No sun nor moon, for the Lamb of God is Light, And His glo-ry passeth not a - way;
And who so e'er is athirst may come and drink, Where those crystal waters gently roll;
For judgment Day when the Book shall be unsealed, And the record of the a-ges found;
There'll be no death, neither sorrow, grief nor pain, The righteous shall dwell with Him there,
When Je-sus died on the cross of Cal - va-ry, Sin's bur-dens of sor-row to bear,
Then grant, O Lord, the Recording Angel finds Our names have been all written there;
And sing His praises and glo-ri - fy His name, In the New Je - ru-sa-lem so fair.
He conquered death and he opened wide the gates To the New Je- ru-sa-lem so fair.
With Je - sus then we will dwell for-ev-er-more, In the New Je - ru-sa-lem so fair.

Weep No More.

CHORUS.



Go in Peace.

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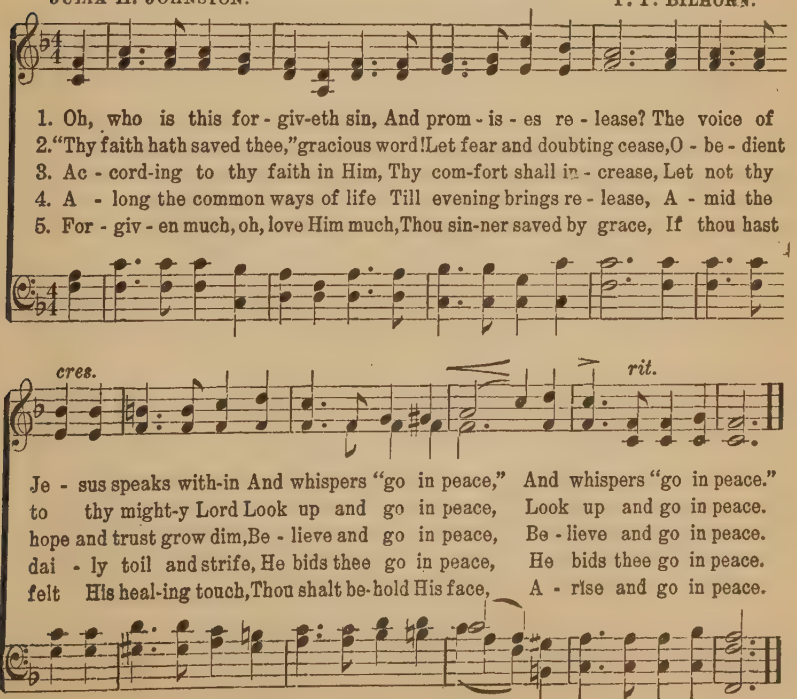
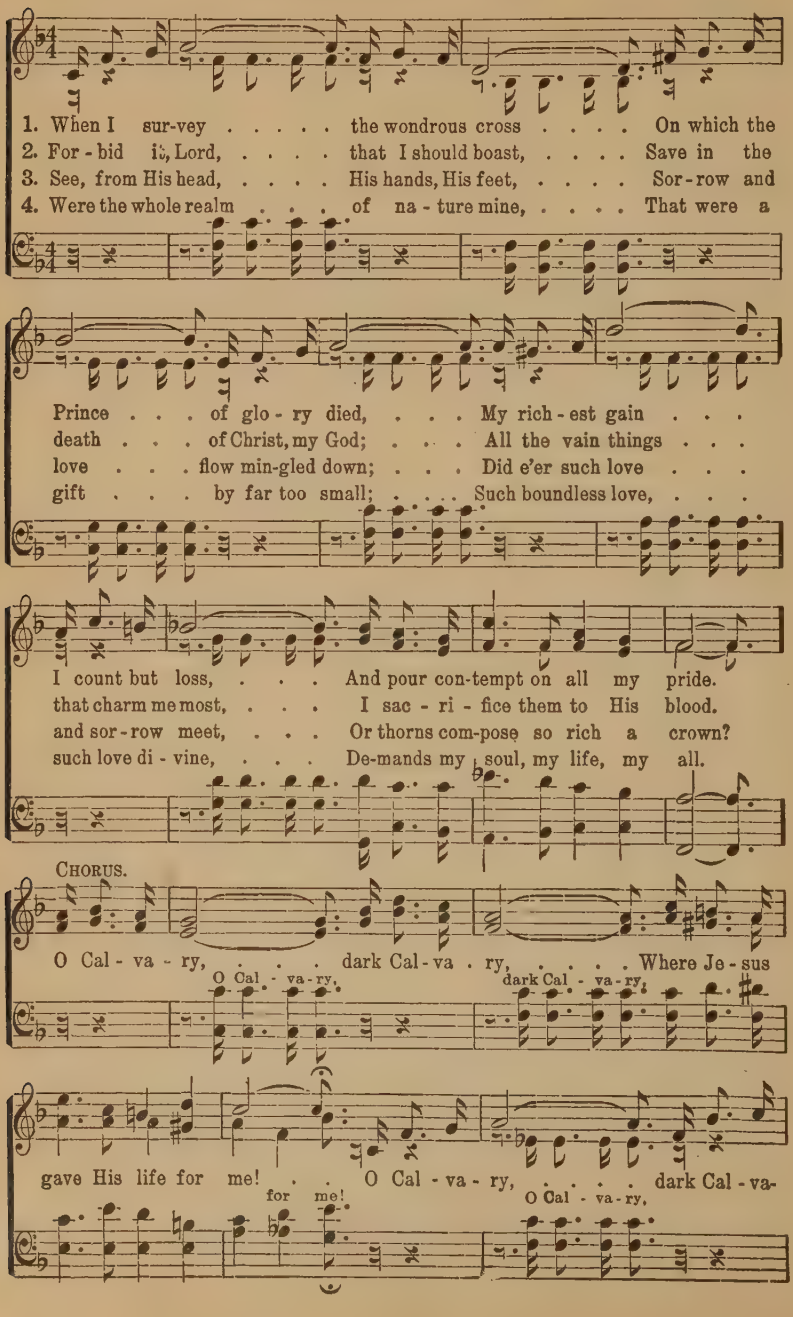
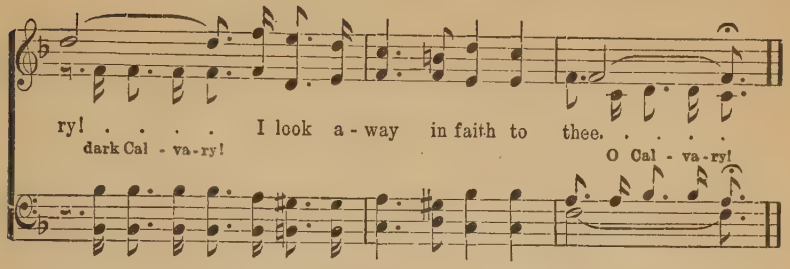
JULIA H. JOHNSTON. P. P. BILHORN.


1. Oh, who is this for - giv-eth sin, And prom - is - es re - lease? The voice of
2. "Thy faith hath saved thee," gracious word! Let fear and doubting cease, O - be - dient
3. Ac - cord-ing to thy faith in Him, Thy com-fort shall in - crease, Let not thy
4. A - long the common ways of life Till evening brings re - lease, A - mid the
5. For - giv - en much, oh, love Him much, Thou sin-ner saved by grace, If thou hast
cres.
rit.
Je - sus speaks with-in And whispers "go in peace," And whispers "go in peace."
to thy might-y Lord Look up and go in peace, Look up and go in peace.
hope and trust grow dim, Be - lieve and go in peace, Be - lieve and go in peace.
dai - ly toil and strife, He bids thee go in peace, He bids thee go in peace.
felt His heal-ing touch, Thou shalt be-hold His face, A - rise and go in peace.

136 When I Survey the Wondrous Cross.

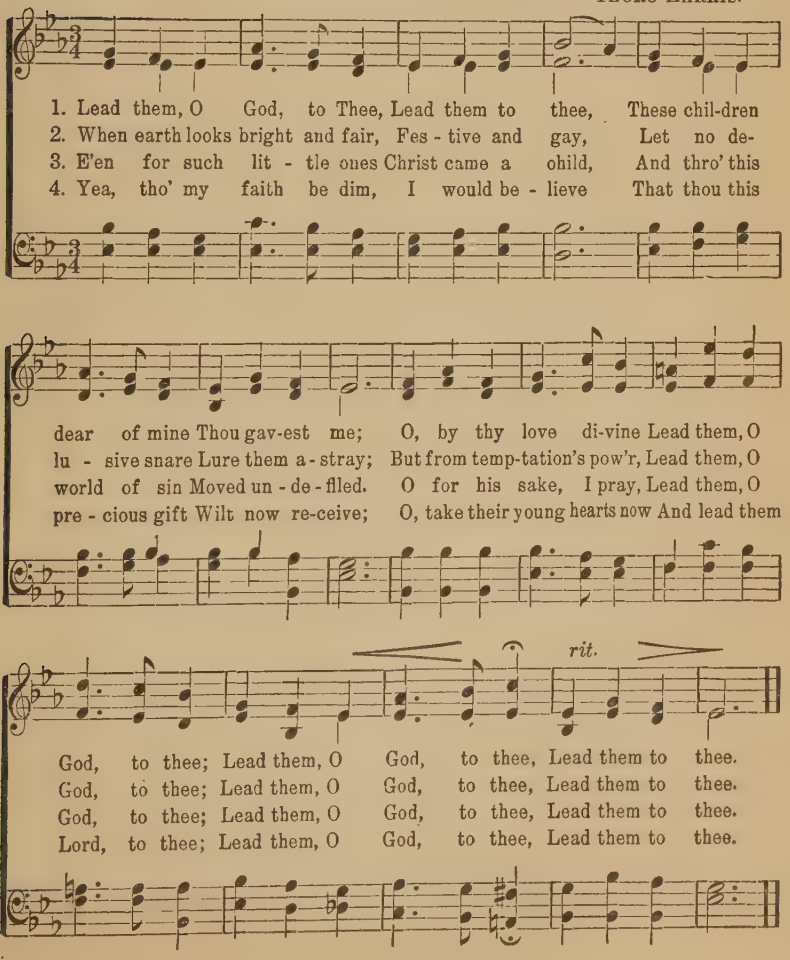
Words and Music Copyright, 1905, by P. P. Bilhorn.

ISAAC WATTS. THORO HARRIS.

1. When I sur-vey . . . . . the wondrous cross . . . . On which the
2. For-bid it, Lord, ... that I should boast, ... Save in the
3. See, from His head, ... His hands, His feet, ... Sor-row and
4. Were the whole realm . . . of na-ture mine, ... That were a
Prince . . . of glo-ry died, . . . My rich-est gain . . .
death . . . of Christ, my God; . . . . All the vain things . . .
love . . . flow min-gled down; . . . Did e'er such love . . .
gift . . . by far too small; . . . . Such boundless love, . . .
I count but loss, . . . And pour con-tempt on all my pride.
that charm me most, . . . I sac-ri-fice them to His blood.
and sor-row meet, . . . Or thorns com-pose so rich a crown?
such love di-vine, . . . De-mands my soul, my life, my all.
CHORUS.
O Cal-va-ry, ... dark Cal-va-ry, ... Where Je-sus
O Cal-va-ry,
dark Cal-va-ry,
gave His life for me! . . O Cal-va-ry, ... dark Cal-va-
for me!
O Cal-va-ry,



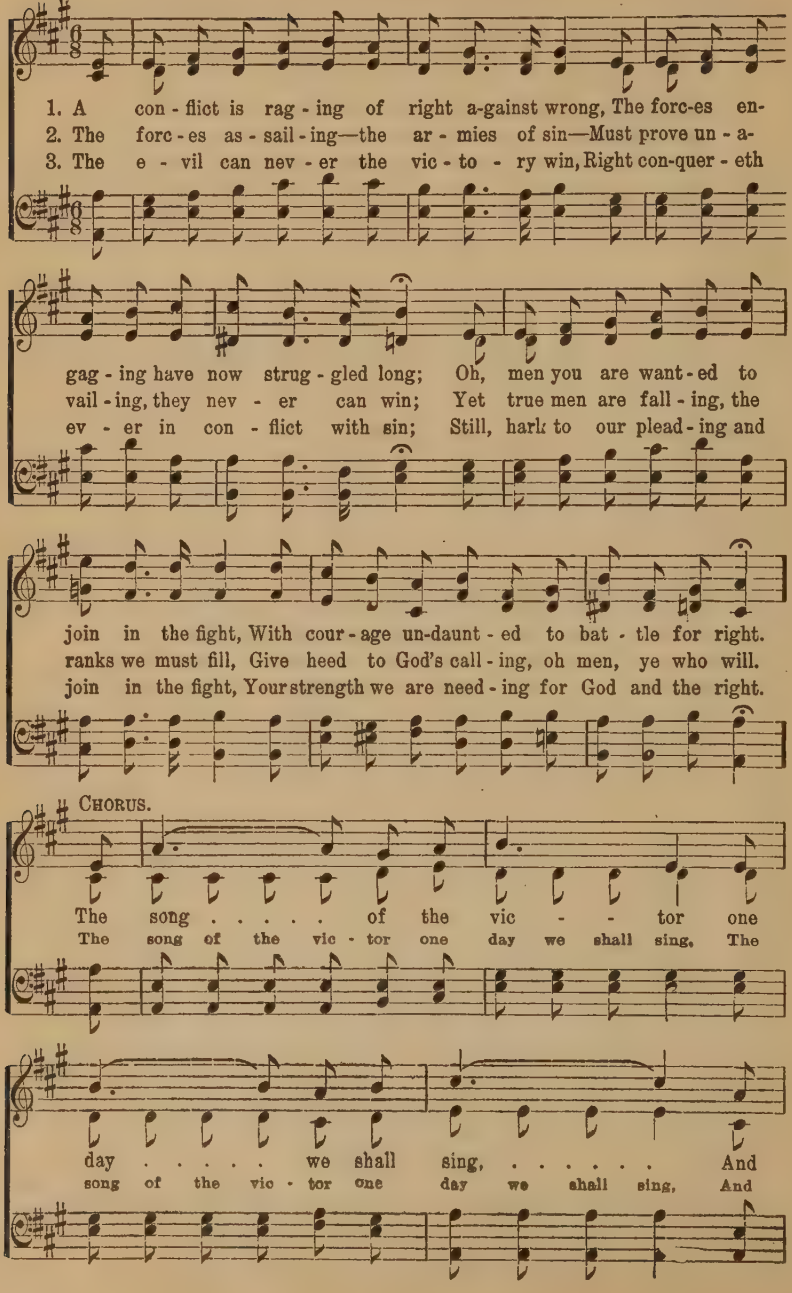
Lead Them to Thee.

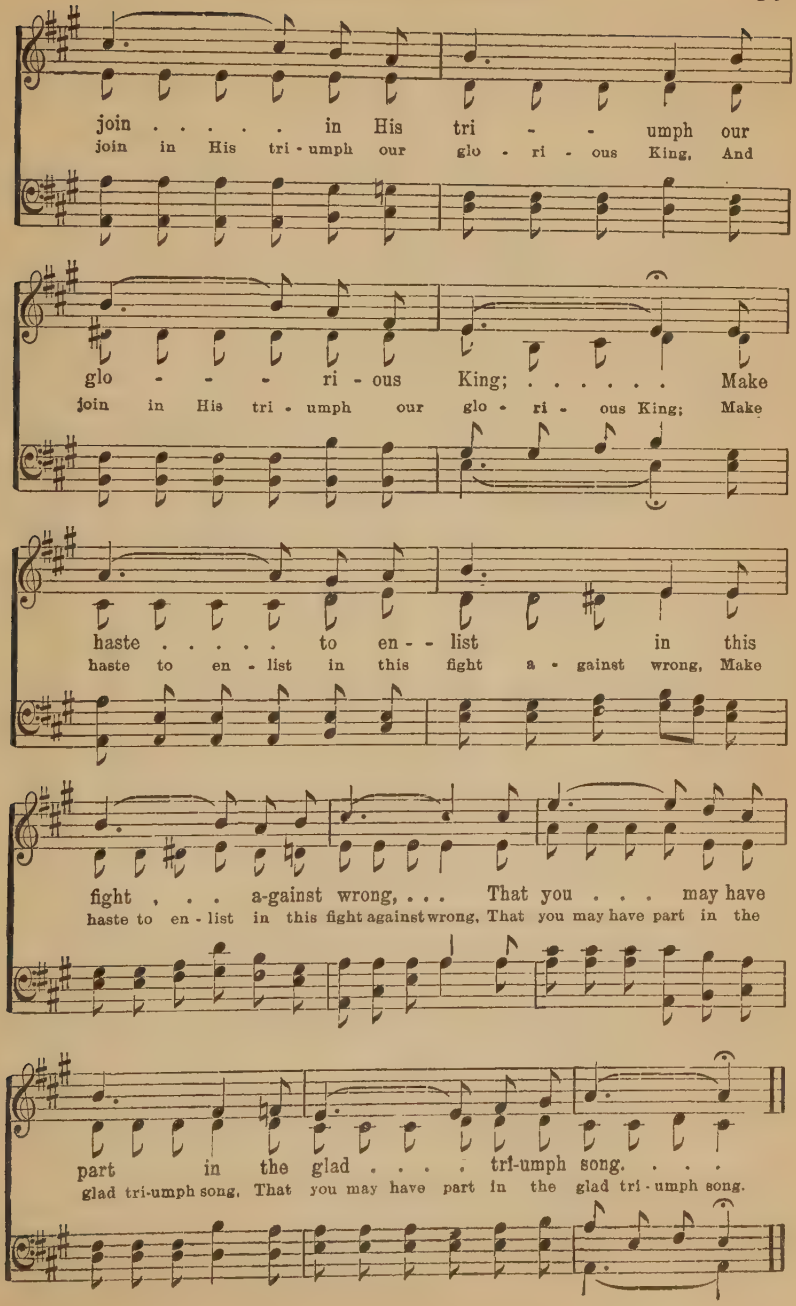
Words and Music Copyright, 1905, by P. P. Bilhorn.

THORO HARRIS.

1. Lead them, O God, to Thee, Lead them to thee, These chil-dren
2. When earth looks bright and fair, Fes - tive and gay, Let no de-
3. E'en for such lit - tle ones Christ came a child, And thro' this
4. Yea, tho' my faith be dim, I would be - lieve That thou this
dear of mine Thou gav-est me; O, by thy love di-vine Lead them, O
lu - sive snare Lure them a - stray; But from temp-tation's pow'r, Lead them, O
world of sin Moved un - de - filled. O for his sake, I pray, Lead them, O
pre - cious gift Wilt now re-ceive; O, take their young hearts now And lead them
rit.
God, to thee; Lead them, O God, to thee, Lead them to thee.
God, to thee; Lead them, O God, to thee, Lead them to thee.
God, to thee; Lead them, O God, to thee, Lead them to thee.
Lord, to thee; Lead them, O God, to thee, Lead them to thee.

A Call to Conflict.

Words and Music Copyright, 1904, by P. P. Bilhorn.

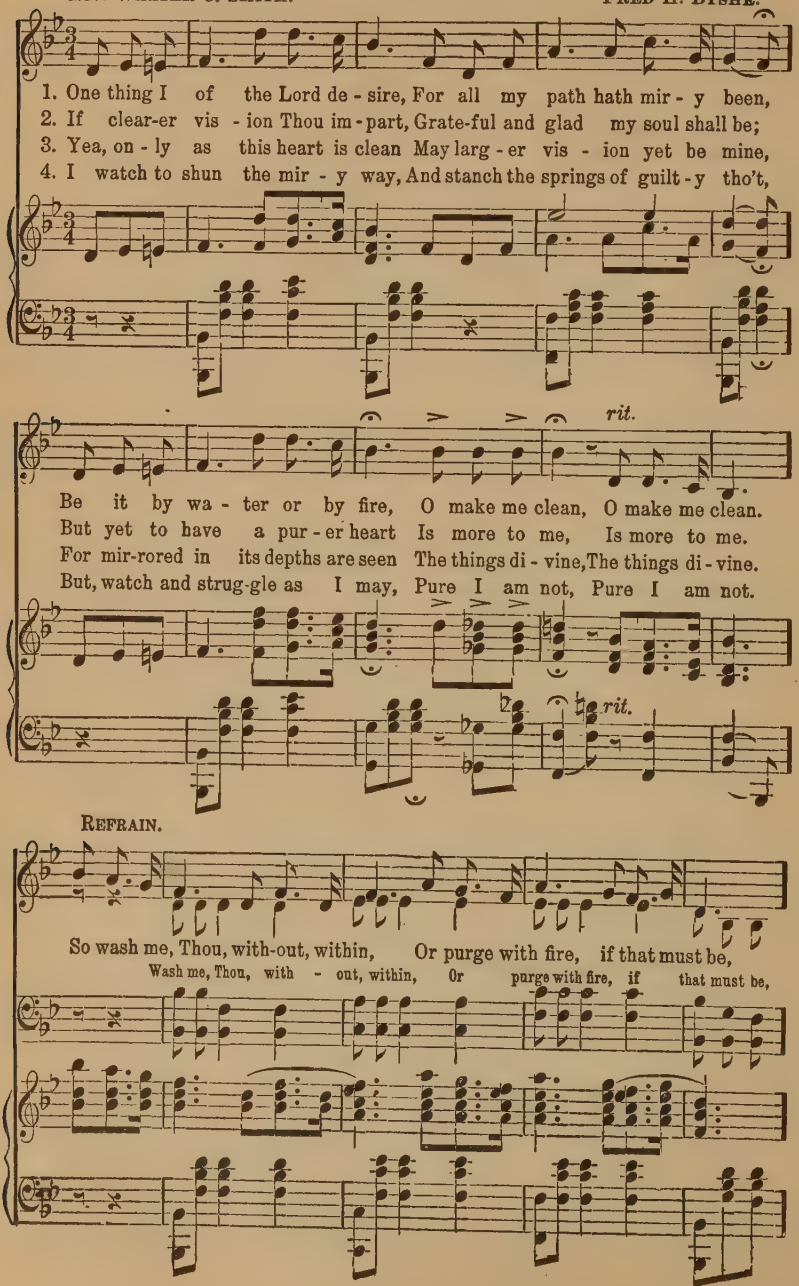
GEO. O. WEBSTER. P. P. BILHORN.

1. A con - flict is rag - ing of right a-gainst wrong, The forc-es en-
2. The forc - es as - sail - ing—the ar - mies of sin—Must prove un - a-
3. The e - vil can nev - er the vic - to - ry win, Right con-quer - eth
gag - ing have now strug - gled long; Oh, men you are want - ed to
vail - ing, they nev - er can win; Yet true men are fall - ing, the
ev - er in con - flict with sin; Still, hark to our plead - ing and
join in the fight, With cour - age un-daunt - ed to bat - tle for right.
ranks we must fill, Give heed to God's call - ing, oh men, ye who will.
join in the fight, Your strength we are need - ing for God and the right.
CHORUS.
The song . . . . . of the vic - - tor one
The song of the vic - tor one day we shall sing, The
day . . . . . we shall sing, ... And
song of the vic - tor one day we shall sing, And

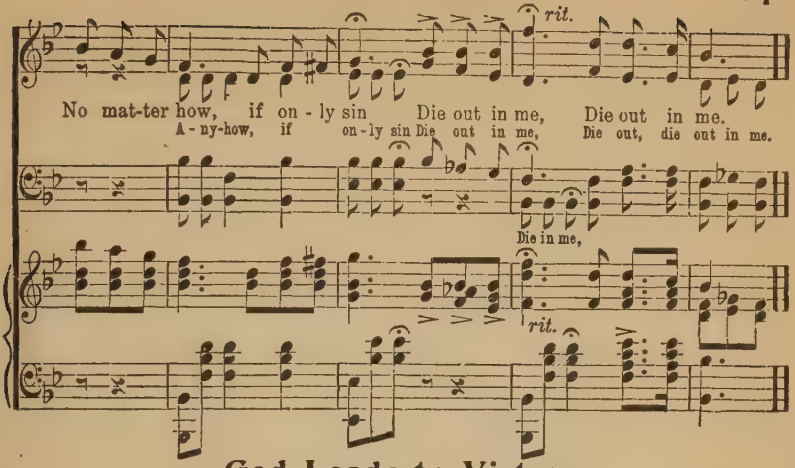

join . . . . . in His tri - - umph our
join in His tri - umph our glo - ri - ous King, And
glo - - - - ri - ous King; . . . . . Make
join in His tri - umph our glo - ri - ous King; Make
haste . . . . . to en - - list in this
haste to en - list in this fight a - gainst wrong, Make
fight , . . a-gainst wrong, . . . That you . . . may have
haste to en - list in this fight against wrong, That you may have part in the
part in the glad . . . . tri-umph song. . . .
glad tri-umph song, That you may have part in the glad tri - umph song.

A Clean Heart.

Copyright, 1901, by Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman, D. D. Used by per.

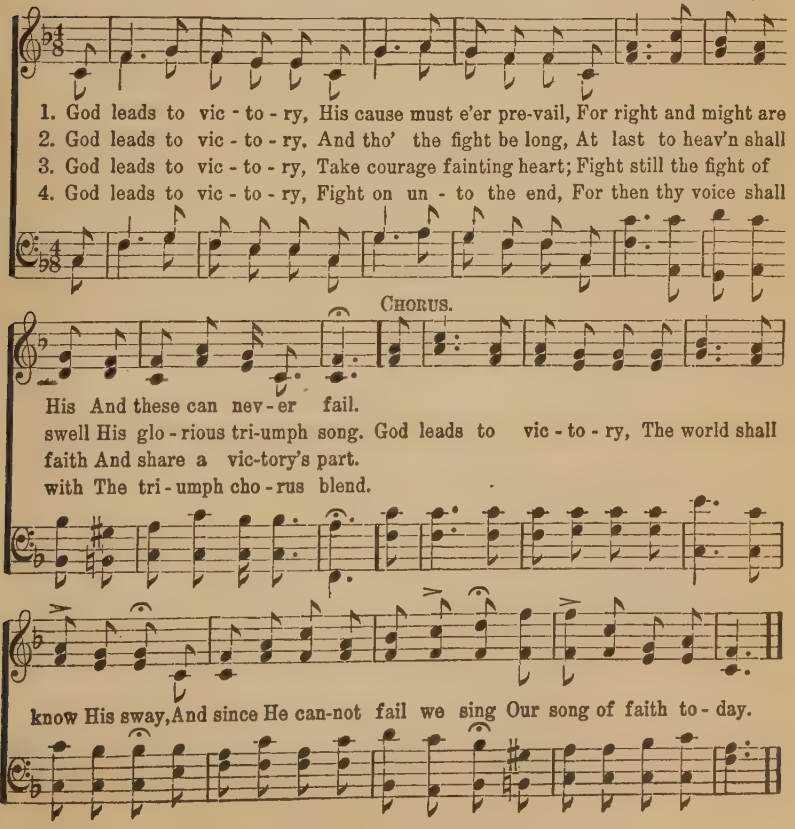
Rev. WALTER C. SMITH. FRED H. BYSHE.


1. One thing I of the Lord de - sire, For all my path hath mir - y been,
2. If clear-er vis - ion Thou im - part, Grate-ful and glad my soul shall be;
3. Yea, on - ly as this heart is clean May larg - er vis - ion yet be mine,
4. I watch to shun the mir - y way, And stanch the springs of guilt - y tho't,
rit.
Be it by wa - ter or by fire, O make me clean, O make me clean.
But yet to have a pur - er heart Is more to me, Is more to me.
For mir-rored in its depths are seen The things di - vine, The things di - vine.
But, watch and strug-gle as I may, Pure I am not, Pure I am not.
rit.
REFRAIN.
So wash me, Thou, with-out, within, Or purge with fire, if that must be,
Wash me, Thou, with - out, within, Or purge with fire, if that must be,



God Leads to Victory.

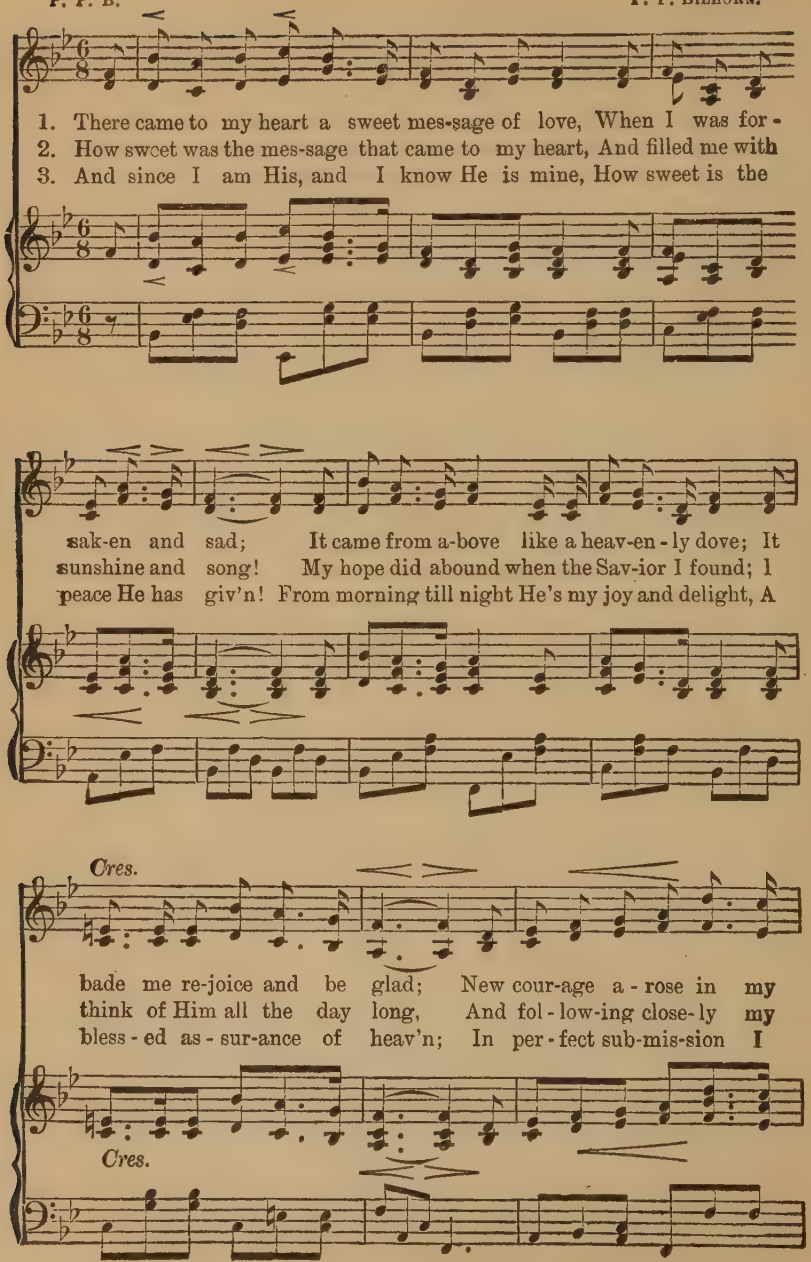
G. O. W. Words and Music Copyright, 1904, by P. P. Bilhorn. G. O. WEBSTER.

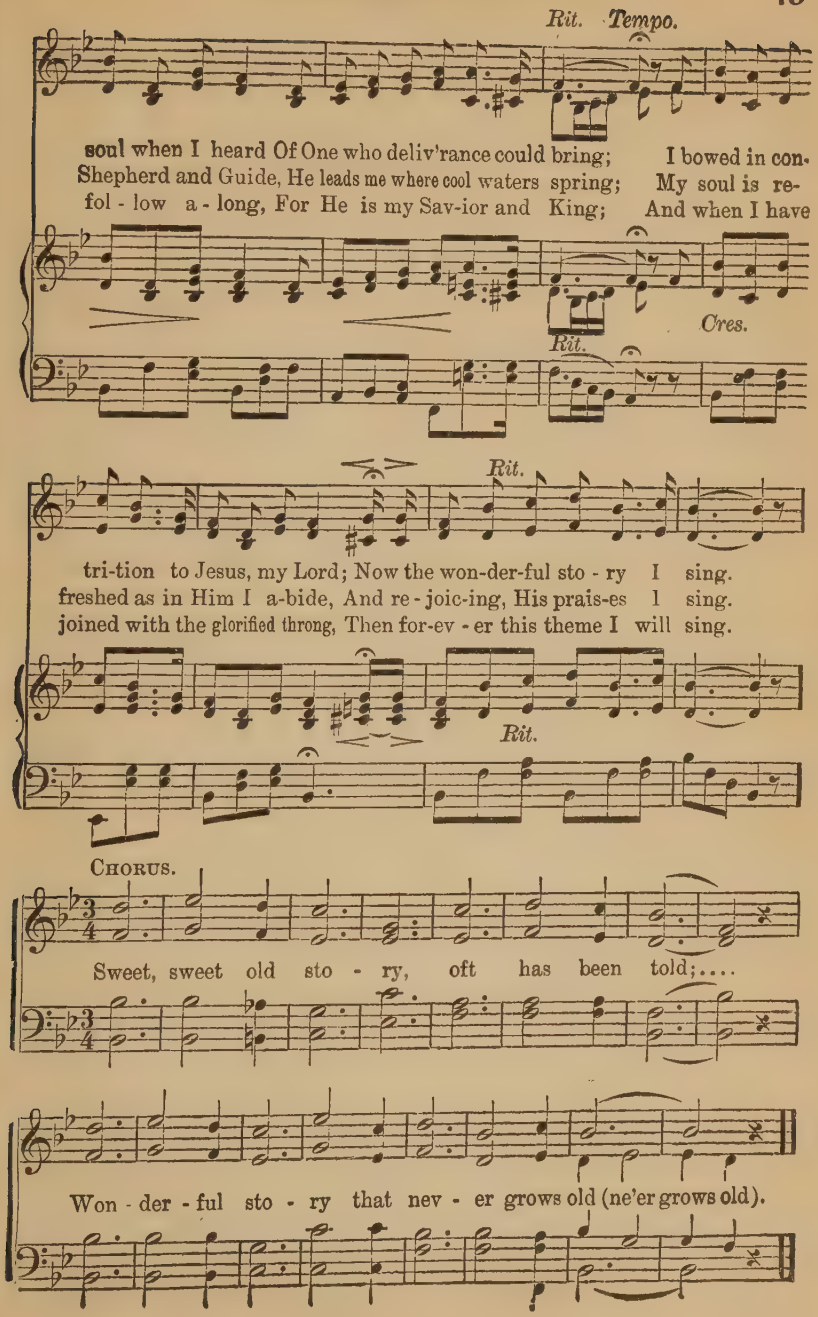

1. God leads to vic - to - ry, His cause must e'er pre-vail, For right and might are
2. God leads to vic - to - ry, And tho' the fight be long, At last to heav'n shall
3. God leads to vic - to - ry, Take courage fainting heart; Fight still the fight of
4. God leads to vic - to - ry, Fight on un - to the end, For then thy voice shall
CHORUS.
His And these can nev - er fail.
swell His glo - rious tri-umph song. God leads to vic - to - ry, The world shall
faith And share a vic-tory's part.
with The tri - umph cho - rus blend.
know His sway, And since He can-not fail we sing Our song of faith to - day.

A Message of Love.

Words and Music
Copyright, 1901, by P. P. Bilhorn.

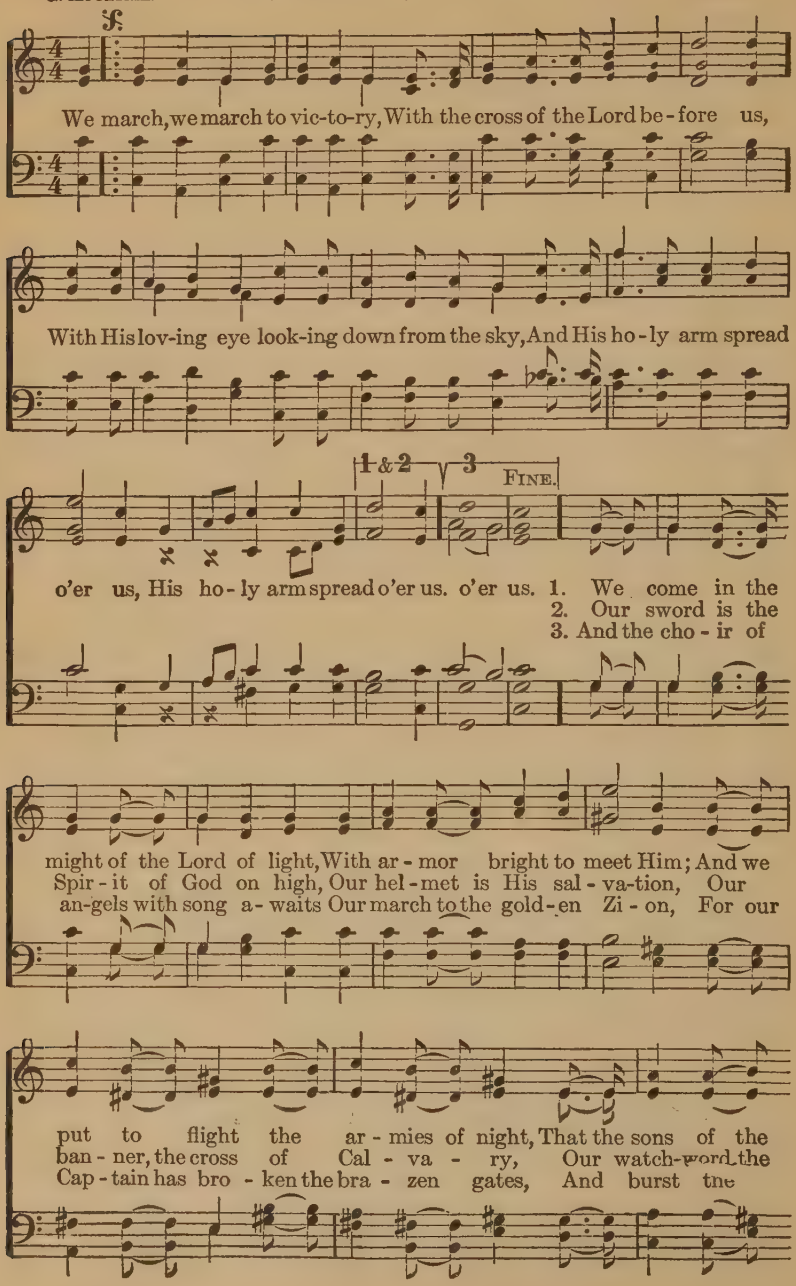
P. P. B. P. P. Bilhorn.


1. There came to my heart a sweet mes-sage of love, When I was for-
2. How sweet was the mes-sage that came to my heart, And filled me with
3. And since I am His, and I know He is mine, How sweet is the
sak-en and sad; It came from a-bove like a heav-en-ly dove; It
sunshine and song! My hope did abound when the Sav-ior I found; I
peace He has giv'n! From morning till night He's my joy and delight, A
Cres.
bade me re-joice and be glad; New cour-age a-rose in my
think of Him all the day long, And fol-low-ing close-ly my
bless-ed as-sur-ance of heav'n; In per-fect sub-mis-sion I
Cres.


Rit.
Tempo.
soul when I heard Of One who deliv'rance could bring; I bowed in con-
Shepherd and Guide, He leads me where cool waters spring; My soul is re-
fol - low a - long, For He is my Sav-ior and King; And when I have
Cres.
Rit.
Rit.
tri-tion to Jesus, my Lord; Now the won-der-ful sto - ry I sing.
freshed as in Him I a-bide, And re - joic-ing, His prais-es I sing.
joined with the glorified throng, Then for-ev - er this theme I will sing.
Rit.
Chorus.
Sweet, sweet old sto - ry, oft has been told;....
Won - der - ful sto - ry that nev - er grows old (ne'er grows old).

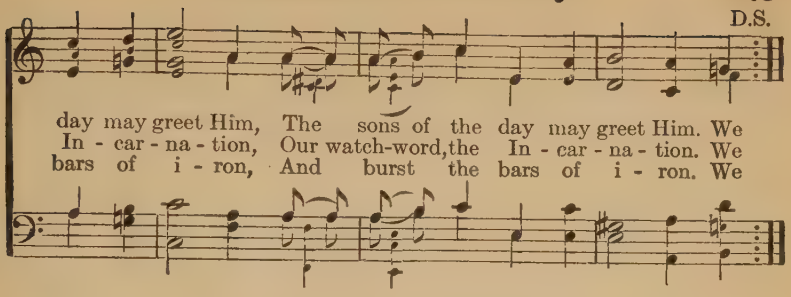
We March to Victory.

G. MOULTRIE. J. BARNBY.


f.
We march, we march to vic-to-ry, With the cross of the Lord be-fore us,
With His lov-ing eye look-ing down from the sky, And His ho-ly arm spread
1 & 2
3
FINE.
o'er us, His ho-ly arm spread o'er us. o'er us. 1. We come in the
2. Our sword is the
3. And the cho-ir of
might of the Lord of light, With ar-mor bright to meet Him; And we
Spir-it of God on high, Our hel-met is His sal-va-tion, Our
an-gels with song a-waits Our march to the gold-en Zi-on, For our
put to flight the ar-mies of night, That the sons of the
ban-ner, the cross of Cal-va-ry, Our watch-word the
Cap-tain has bro-ken the bra-zen gates, And burst the

We March to Victory.

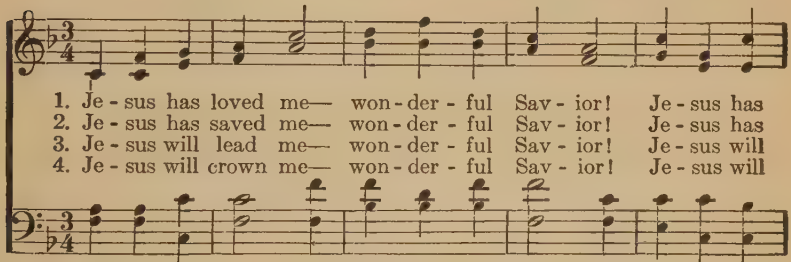
D.S.


day may greet Him, The sons of the day may greet Him. We
In - car - na - tion, Our watch-word, the In - car - na - tion. We
bars of i - ron, And burst the bars of i - ron. We

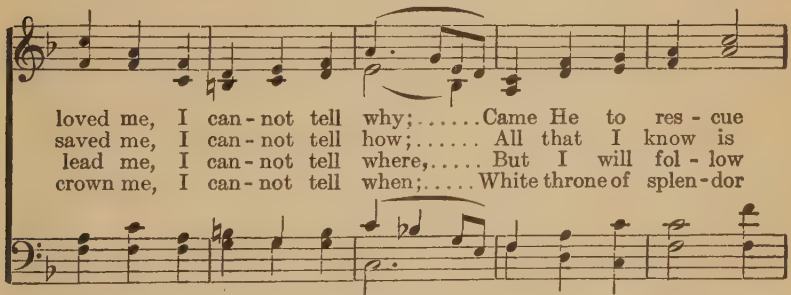
Glory to Jesus.

J. WAKEFIELD MACGILL.

Har. by CAROLINE WICHERN and ELLA MACGILL.

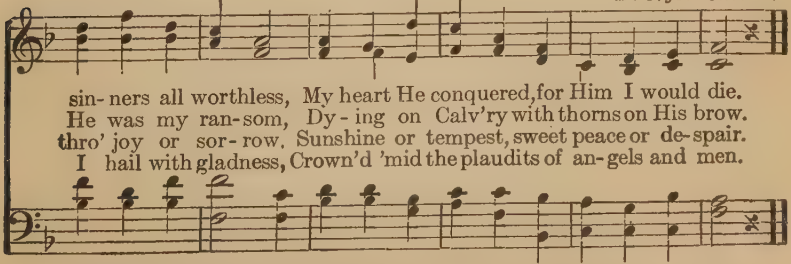

1. Je - sus has loved me— won - der - ful Sav - ior! Je - sus has
2. Je - sus has saved me— won - der - ful Sav - ior! Je - sus has
3. Je - sus will lead me— won - der - ful Sav - ior! Je - sus will
4. Je - sus will crown me— won - der - ful Sav - ior! Je - sus will

CHO.—*Glo - ry to Je - sus—won - der - ful Sav - ior! Glo - ry to*


loved me, I can - not tell why;.....Came He to res - cue
saved me, I can - not tell how;..... All that I know is
lead me, I can - not tell where,..... But I will fol - low
crown me, I can - not tell when;..... White throne of splen - dor

Je - sus, the One I a - dore, Glo - ry to Je - sus—

D. C. for Chorus.


sin - ners all worthless, My heart He conquered, for Him I would die.
He was my ran - som, Dy - ing on Calv'ry with thorns on His brow.
thro' joy or sor - row. Sunshine or tempest, sweet peace or de - spair.
I hail with gladness, Crown'd 'mid the plaudits of an - gels and men.

won - der - ful Sav - ior! Glo - ry to Je - sus, and praise ev - er - more.

Prohibition Battle Cry.

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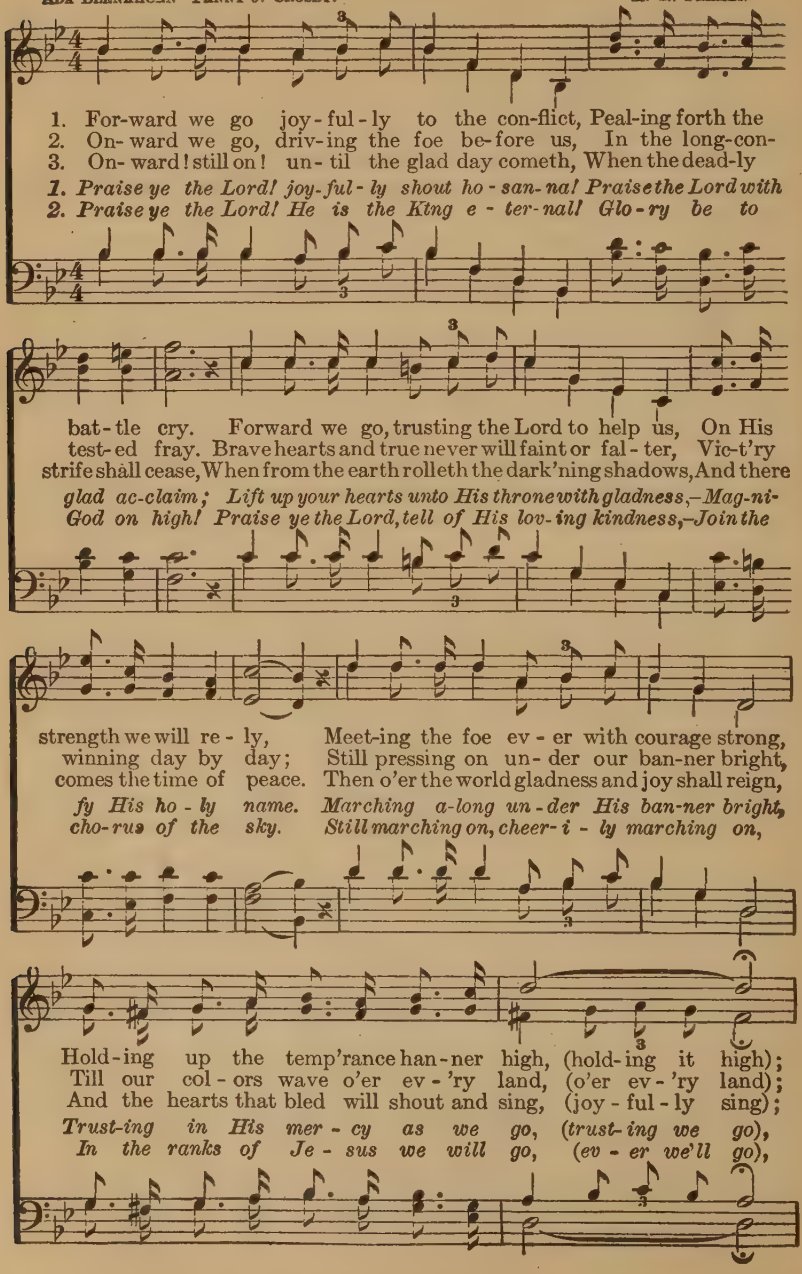
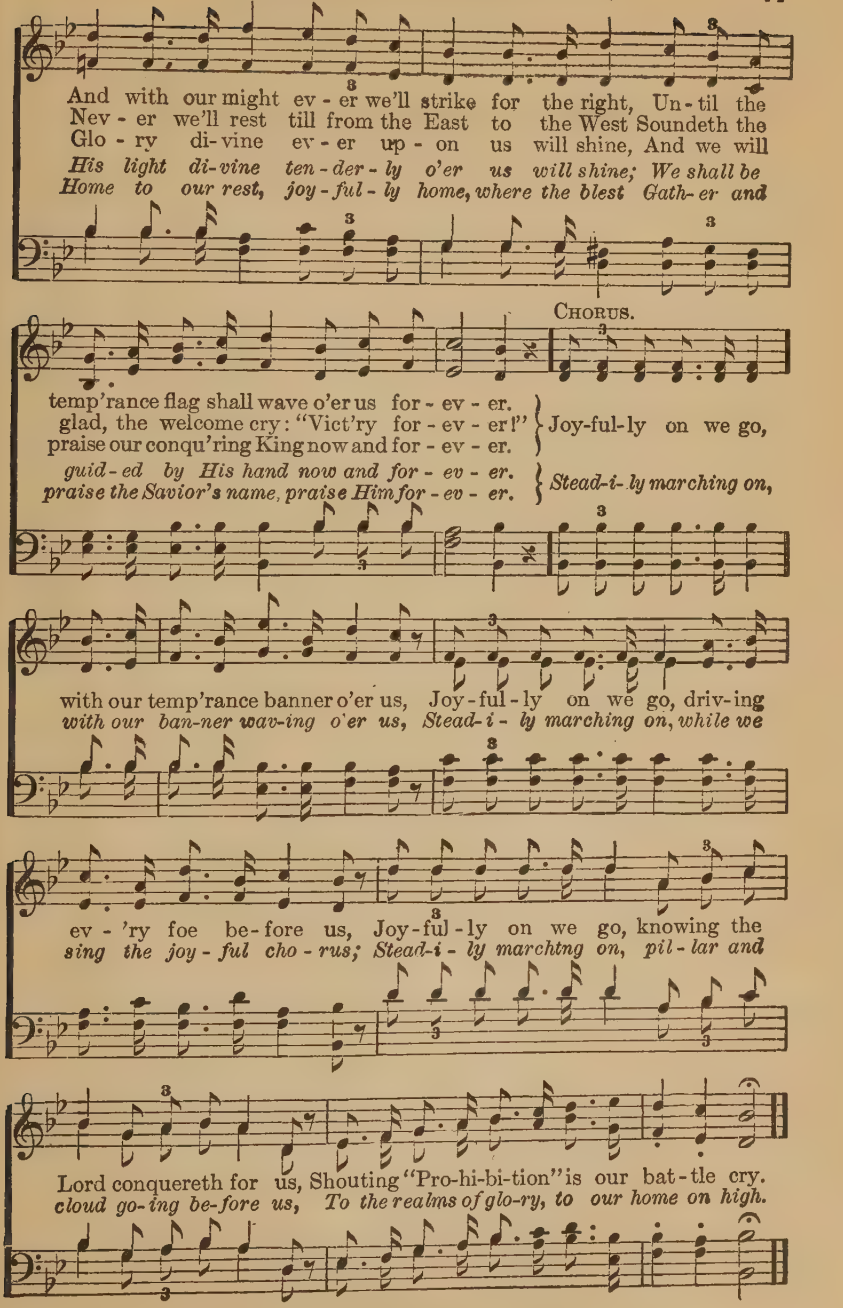
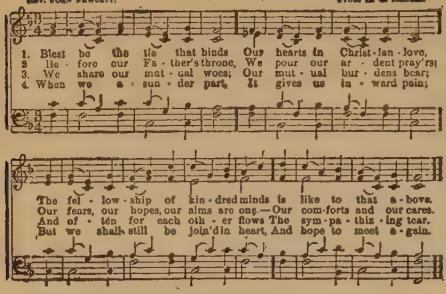
ADA BLENKHORN—FANNY J. CROSBY. H. R. PALMER.


1. For-ward we go joy-ful-ly to the con-flict, Peal-ing forth the
2. On-ward we go, driv-ing the foe be-fore us, In the long-con-
3. On-ward! still on! un-til the glad day cometh, When the dead-ly
1. Praise ye the Lord! joy-ful-ly shout ho-san-na! Praise the Lord with
2. Praise ye the Lord! He is the King e-ter-nal! Glo-ry be to
bat-tle cry. Forward we go, trusting the Lord to help us, On His
test-ed fray. Brave hearts and true never will faint or fal-ter, Vic-t'ry
strife shall cease, When from the earth rolleth the dark'ning shadows, And there
glad ac-claim; Lift up your hearts unto His throne with gladness,—Mag-ni-
God on high! Praise ye the Lord, tell of His lov-ing kindness,—Join the
strength we will re-ly, Meet-ing the foe ev-er with courage strong,
winning day by day; Still pressing on un-der our ban-ner bright,
comes the time of peace. Then o'er the world gladness and joy shall reign,
fy His ho-ly name. Marching a-long un-der His ban-ner bright,
cho-rus of the sky. Still marching on, cheer-i-ly marching on,
Hold-ing up the temp'rance han-ner high, (hold-ing it high);
Till our col-ors wave o'er ev-'ry land, (o'er ev-'ry land);
And the hearts that bled will shout and sing, (joy-ful-ly sing);
Trust-ing in His mer-cy as we go, (trust-ing we go),
In the ranks of Je-sus we will go, (ev-er we'll go),


And with our might ev - er we'll strike for the right, Un - til the
Nev - er we'll rest till from the East to the West Soundeth the
Glo - ry di-vine ev - er up - on us will shine, And we will
His light di-vine ten - der - ly o'er us will shine; We shall be
Home to our rest, joy - ful - ly home, where the blest Gath- er and
CHORUS.
temp'rance flag shall wave o'er us for - ev - er.
glad, the welcome cry: "Vict'ry for - ev - er!"
praise our conqu'ring King now and for - ev - er.
guid - ed by His hand now and for - ev - er.
praise the Savior's name, praise Him for - ev - er.
Joy-ful-ly on we go,
Stead-i- ly marching on,
with our temp'rance banner o'er us, Joy - ful - ly on we go, driv-ing
with our ban-ner wav-ing o'er us, Stead-i - ly marching on, while we
ev - 'ry foe be-fore us, Joy-ful-ly on we go, knowing the
sing the joy - ful cho - rus; Stead-i - ly marching on, pil - lar and
Lord conquereth for us, Shouting "Pro-hi-bi-tion" is our bat - tle cry.
cloud go-ing be-fore us, To the realms of glo-ry, to our home on high.

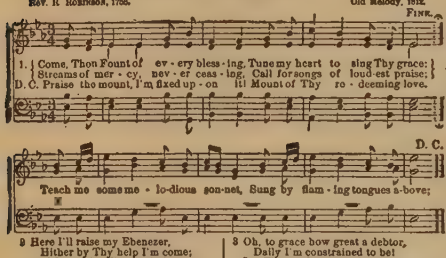
Blest be the Tie.

Rev. John Fawcett. From E. G. Nageli.


1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Christ-ian love,
2. Be-fore our Fa-ther's throne, We pour our ar-dent pray'rs
3. We share our mut-ual woes; Our mut-ual bur-dens bear;
4. When we a-sun-der part, It gives us in-ward pain;
The fel-low-ship of kin-dred minds is like to that a-bove.
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,—Our com-forts and our cares.
And of-ten for each oth-er flows The sym-pa-thiz-ing tear.
But we shall still be join'd in heart, And hope to meet a-gain.

Come, Thou Fount.

Rev. R. Robinson, 1758. Old Melody, 1812. Fink.

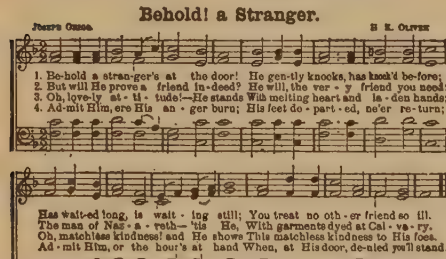

1. Come, Thou Fount of ev-ery bless-ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
Streams of mer-cy, nev-er ceas-ing, Call for songs of loud-est praise;
D. C. Praise the mount, I'm fixed up-on it! Mount of Thy ro-deeming love.
D. C.
Teach me some me-lo-dious son-net, Sung by flam-ing tongues a-bove;

2 Here I'll raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by Thy help I'm come;
And I hope by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He to rescue me from danger
Interposed His precious blood.

3 Oh, to grace how great a debtor,
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let Thy goodness as a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to Thee;
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it—
Prone to leave the God I love—
Here's my heart, oh, take and seal it,
Seal it for Thy courts above.

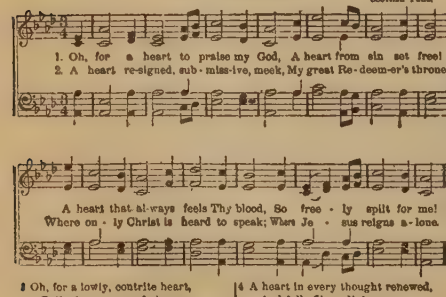
Behold! a Stranger.

Joseph Grigg. H. K. Oliver


1. Be-hold a stran-ger's at the door! He gen-tly knocks, has knock'd be-fore;
2. But will He prove a friend in-deed? He will, the ver-y friend you need:
3. Oh, love-ly at-ti-tude!—He stands With melting heart and la-den hands;
4. Ad-mit Him, ere His an-ger burn; His feet do-part-ed, ne'er re-turn;
Has wait-ed long, is wait-ing still; You treat no oth-er friend so ill.
The man of Naz-a-reth—'tis He, With garments dyed at Cal-va-ry.
Oh, matchless kindness! and He shows This matchless kindness to His foes.
Ad-mit Him, or the hour's at hand When, at His door, de-nied you'll stand.

Oh, For a Heart.

Scottish Tune.

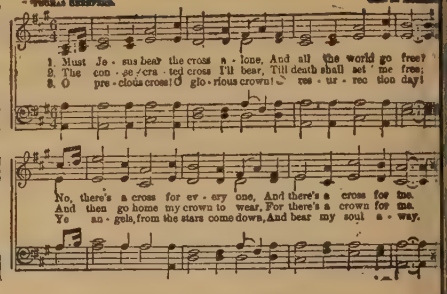

1. Oh, for a heart to praise my God, A heart from sin set free!
2. A heart re-signed, sub-mis-sive, meek, My great Re-deem-er's throne;
A heart that al-ways feels Thy blood, So free-ly spilt for me!
Where on-ly Christ is heard to speak; Where Je-sus reigns a-lone.

3 Oh, for a lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean,
Which neither life nor death can part
From Him that dwells within!

4 A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine;
Perfect and right, and pure and good,
A copy, Lord, of Thine.

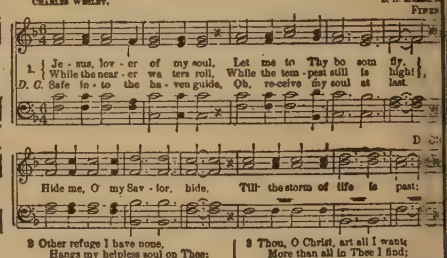
Cross and Crown.

Thomas Shepherd. Geo. B. Arnold.


1. Must Je-sus bear the cross a-lone, And all the world go free?
2. The con-se-cra-ted cross I'll bear, Till death shall set me free;
3. O pre-cious cross! O glo-rious crown! O res-ur-rec-tion day!
No, there's a cross for ev-ery one, And there's a cross for me.
And then go home my crown to wear, For there's a crown for me.
Ye an-gels, from the stars come down, And bear my soul a-way.

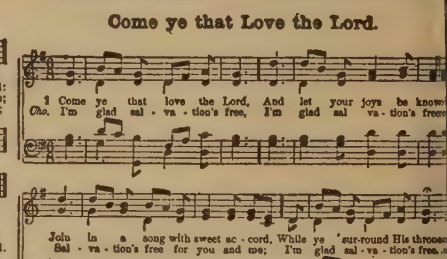
Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

Charles Wesley. S. B. Marsh.


1. Je-sus, lov-er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo-som fly,
While the near-er wa-ters roll, While the tem-pest still is high!
D. C. Safe in-to the ha-ven guide, Oh, re-ceive my soul at last.
D. C.
Hide me, O my Sav-ior, hide, Till the storm of life is past;

2 Other refuge I have none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, oh leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

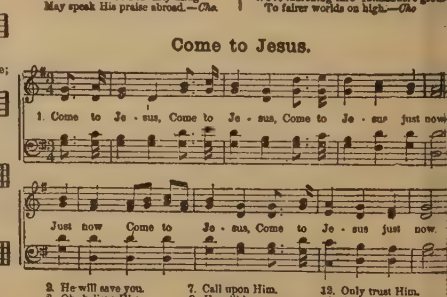
3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in Thee I find;
Raise the fallen! cheer the faint!
Heal the sick! and lead the blind!
Just and holy is Thy Name,
I am all unrighteousness:
Vile and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

Come ye that Love the Lord.

1 Come ye that love the Lord, And let your joys be known;
Cho. I'm glad sal-va-tion's free, I'm glad sal-va-tion's free.
Join in a song with sweet ac-cord, While ye sur-round His throne;
Sal-va-tion's free for you and me; I'm glad sal-va-tion's free.

2 Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God,
But servants of the heavenly King
May speak His praise abroad.—*Cho.*

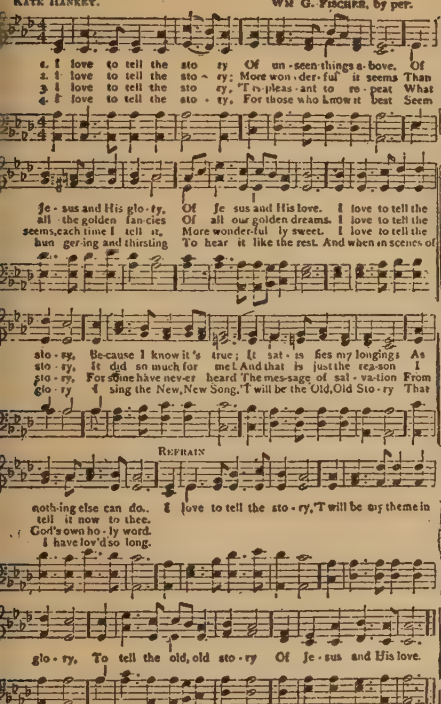
3 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high.—*Cho.*

Come to Jesus.

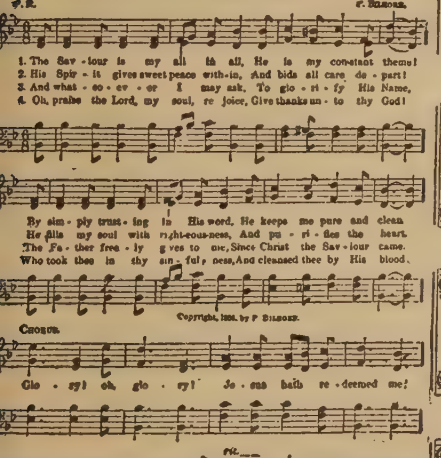


2. He will save you.
3. Oh, believe Him,
4. He is able,
5. He is willing.
6. He'll receive you.
7. Call upon Him.
8. He will bear you.
9. Look unto Him.
10. He'll forgive you.
11. Flee to Jesus.
13. Only trust Him.
13. Jesus loves you.
14. Don't reject Him.
15. I believe Him.
16. Hallelujah. Amen.

KATE HANKEY. WM. G. FISCHER, by per.


1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of un - seen things a - bove, Of
2. I love to tell the sto - ry; More won - der - ful it seems Than
3. I love to tell the sto - ry, 'Tis pleas - ant to re - peat What
4. I love to tell the sto - ry, For those who know it best Seem
Je - sus and His glo - ry, Of Je sus and His love. I love to tell the
all the golden fan-cies Of all our golden dreams. I love to tell the
seems, each time I tell it, More wonder-ful ly sweet. I love to tell the
hun - ger-ing and thirsting To hear it like the rest. And when in scenes of
sto - ry, Be-cause I know it's true; It sat - is fies my longings As
sto - ry, It did so much for me; And that is just the rea-son I
sto - ry, For some have nev-er heard The mes-sage of sal - va-tion From
glo - ry I sing the New, New Song, 'T will be the Old, Old Sto - ry That
REFRAIN
noth-ing else can do, I love to tell the sto - ry, 'T will be my theme in
tell it now to thee.
God's own ho - ly word.
I have lov'd so long.
glo - ry, To tell the old, old sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love.

The Savior Is My All in All.

F. R. F. BLISSER.

1. The Sav - iour is my all in all, He is my constant theme!
2. His Spir - it gives sweet peace with-in, And bids all care de - part!
3. And what - so - ev - er I may ask, To glo - ri - fy His Name,
4. Oh, praise the Lord, my soul, re joice, Give thanks un - to thy God!
By sim - ply trust - ing in His word, He keeps me pure and clean.
He fills my soul with right-eous-ness, And pu - ri - fies the heart.
The Fa - ther free - ly gives to me, Since Christ the Sav - iour came.
Who took thee in thy sin - ful ness, And cleansed thee by His blood.

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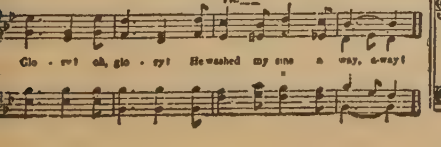
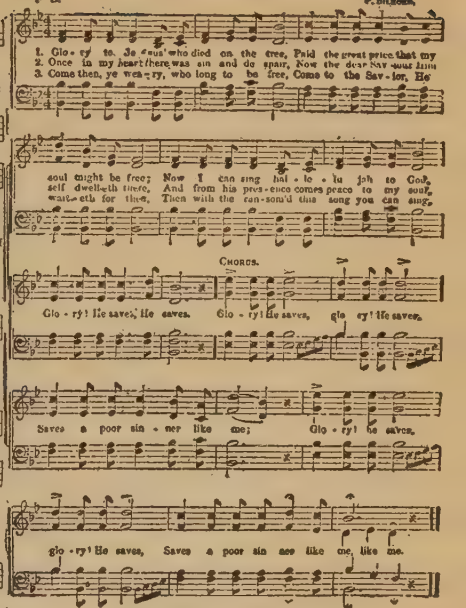
CHORUS.



P. B. P. BILHORN.

1. Glo - ry to Je - sus who died on the tree, Paid the great price that my
2. Once in my heart there was sin and de spair, Now the dear Sav - iour hath
3. Come then, ye wea - ry, who long to be free, Come to the Sav - iour, He
soul might be free; Now I can sing hal - le - lu jah to God,
self dwell-eth there, And from his pres - ence comes peace to my soul,
wants eth for thee, Then with the ran-somed this song you can sing,
CHORUS.
Glo - ry! He saves, He saves. Glo - ry! He saves, glo - ry! He saves.
Saves a poor sin - ner like me; Glo - ry! he saves.
glo - ry! He saves, Saves a poor sin ner like me, like me.

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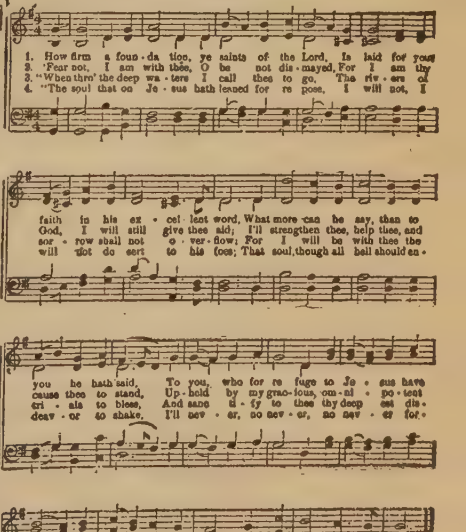
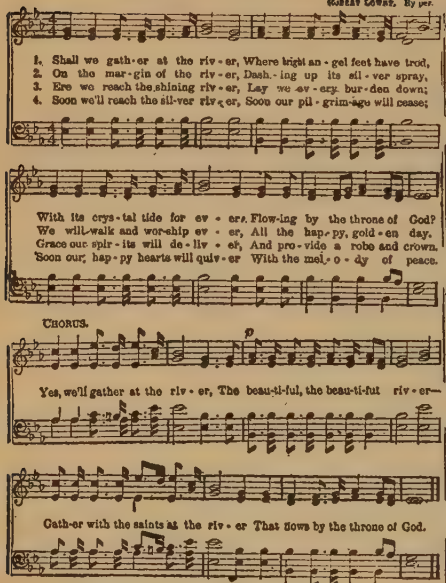
How firm a Foundation.

GEORGE KEITH.


1. How firm a foun - da tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your
2. 'Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dis - mayed, For I am thy
3. "When thro' the deep wa - ters I call thee to go, The riv - ers of
4. "The soul that on Je - sus hath leaned for re pose, I will not, I
faith in his ex - cel lent word, What more can he say, than to
God, I will still give thee aid; I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and
sor - row shall not o - ver - flow; For I will be with thee the
will not de sert to his foes; That soul, though all hell should en -
fled? To you, who for re fuge to Je - sus have
head Up - held by my gra - cious, om - ni - po - tent hand."
tress, And sanc - ti - fy to thee thy deep - est dis - tress."
sake, I'll nev - er, no nev - er, no nev - er for - sake",

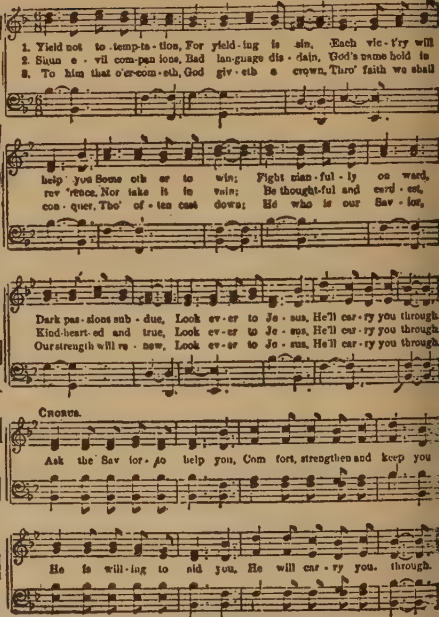
Gather at the River.

GILBERT LOWRY, By per.


1. Shall we gath-er at the riv-er, Where bright an-gel feet have trod,
2. On the mar-gin of the riv-er, Dash-ing up its sil-ver spray,
3. Ere we reach the shining riv-er, Lay we ev-ery bur-den down;
4. Soon we'll reach the sil-ver riv-er, Soon our pil-grim-age will cease;
With its crys-tal tide for ev-er, Flow-ing by the throne of God?
We will walk and wor-ship ev-er, All the hap-py, gold-en day.
Grace our spir-its will de-liv-er, And pro-vide a robe and crown.
Soon our hap-py hearts will quiv-er With the mel-o-dy of peace.
CHORUS.
Yes, we'll gather at the riv-er, The beau-ti-ful, the beau-ti-ful riv-er—
Gath-er with the saints at the riv-er That flows by the throne of God.

Yield not to Temptation.

Words and music by E. E. PALMER.


1. Yield not to temp-ta-tion, For yield-ing is sin, Each vic-t'ry will
2. Stum-b-ril com-pan-ions, Bad lan-guage dis-dain, God's name hold in
3. To him that o'er-com-eth, God giv-eth a crown, Thro' faith we shall
help you Some oth-er to win; Fight man-ful-ly on-ward,
rev'rence, Nor take it in vain; Be thought-ful and earn-est,
con-quer, Tho' of-ten cast down; He who is our Sav-iour,
Dark pas-sions sub-due, Look ev-er to Je-sus, He'll car-ry you through.
Kind-heart-ed and true, Look ev-er to Je-sus, He'll car-ry you through.
Our strength will re-new, Look ev-er to Je-sus, He'll car-ry you through.
CHORUS.
Ask the Sav-iour to help you, Com-fort, strengthen and keep you
He is will-ing to aid you, He will car-ry you through.

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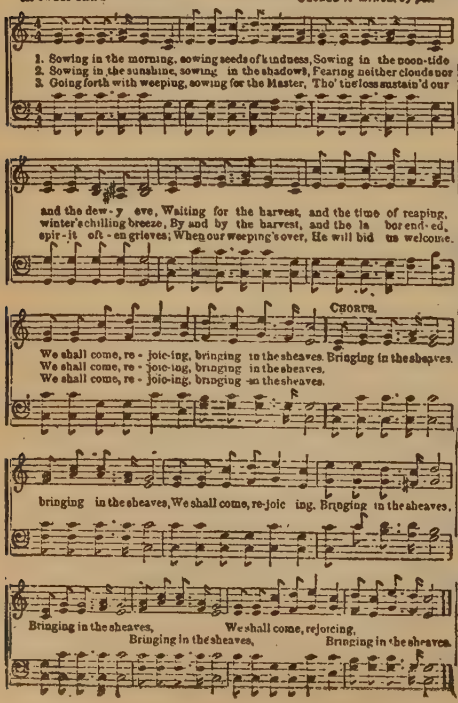
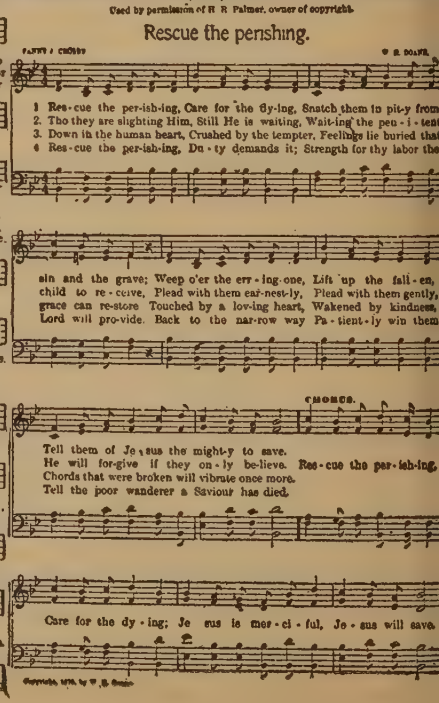
Bringing in the Sheaves.

KNOWLES SHAW. GEORGE A. MINOR, by per.


1. Sowing in the morning, sowing seeds of kindness, Sowing in the noon-tide
2. Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadows, Fearing neither clouds nor
3. Going forth with weeping, sowing for the Master, Tho' the loss sustain'd our
and the dew-y eve, Waiting for the harvest, and the time of reaping,
winter's chilling breeze, By and by the harvest, and the la-borers end-ed,
spir-it oft-en grieves; When our weeping's over, He will bid us welcome.
CHORUS.
We shall come, re-joic-ing, bringing in the sheaves, Bringing in the sheaves,
We shall come, re-joic-ing, bringing in the sheaves,
We shall come, re-joic-ing, bringing in the sheaves,
bringing in the sheaves, We shall come, re-joic-ing, Bringing in the sheaves,
Bringing in the sheaves, We shall come, rejoicing,
Bringing in the sheaves, Bringing in the sheaves.

Rescue the perishing.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.


1 Res-cue the per-ish-ing, Care for the dy-ing, Snatch them in pit-y from
2. Tho they are slighting Him, Still He is waiting, Wait-ing the pen-i-tent
3. Down in the human heart, Crushed by the tempter, Feelings lie buried that
4 Res-cue the per-ish-ing, Du-ty demands it; Strength for thy labor the
sin and the grave; Weep o'er the err-ing one, Lift up the fall-en,
child to re-ceive, Plead with them earnest-ly, Plead with them gently,
grace can re-store Touched by a lov-ing heart, Wakened by kindness,
Lord will pro-vide. Back to the nar-row way Pa-tient-ly win them
CHORUS.
Tell them of Je-sus the might-y to save.
He will for-give if they on-ly be-lieve. Res-cue the per-ish-ing,
Chords that were broken will vibrate once more.
Tell the poor wanderer a Saviour has died.
Care for the dy-ing; Je-sus is mer-ci-ful, Je-sus will save.

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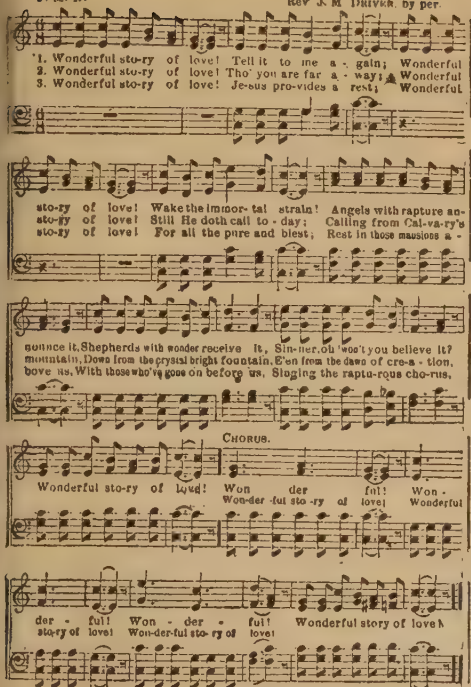
Wonderful Story of Love.

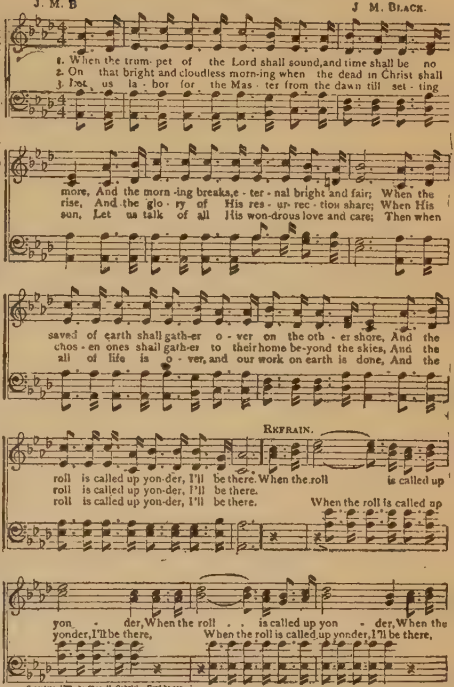
J. M. D. Rev. J. M. Driver, by per.


1. Wonderful sto-ry of love! Tell it to me a - gain; Wonderful
2. Wonderful sto-ry of love! Tho' you are far a - way; Wonderful
3. Wonderful sto-ry of love! Je-sus pro-vides a rest; Wonderful
sto-ry of love! Wake the immor- tal strain! Angels with rapture an-
sto-ry of love! Still He doth call to - day; Calling from Cal-va-ry's
sto-ry of love! For all the pure and blest; Rest in those mansions a -
bounce it. Shepherds with wonder receive it, Sin-ner, oh won't you believe it?
mountain, Down from the crystal bright fountain, E'en from the dawn of cre-a - tion,
bove us, With those who've gone on before us, Singing the rapturous cho-rus,
Chorus.
Wonderful sto-ry of love! Won der ful! Won -
Won-der -ful sto-ry of love! Wonderful
der - ful! Won - der - ful! Wonderful story of love!
sto-ry of love! Won-der-ful sto-ry of love!

When the Roll is Called Up Yonder.

By per. of J. M. Black.

J. M. B. J. M. Black.


1. When the trum-pet of the Lord shall sound, and time shall be no
2. On that bright and cloudless morn-ing when the dead in Christ shall
3. Let us la - bor for the Mas - ter from the dawn till set - ting
more, And the morn-ing breaks, e - ter - nal bright and fair; When the
rise, And the glo - ry of His res - ur-rec - tion share; When His
son, Let us talk of all His won-drous love and care; Then when
saved of earth shall gath-er o - ver on the oth - er shore, And the
chos-en ones shall gath-er to their home be-yond the skies, And the
all of life is o - ver, and our work on earth is done, And the
Refrain.
roll is called up yon-der, I'll be there. When the roll is called up
roll is called up yon-der, I'll be there.
roll is called up yon-der, I'll be there. When the roll is called up
yon - der, When the roll is called up yon - der, When the
yonder, I'll be there, When the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.

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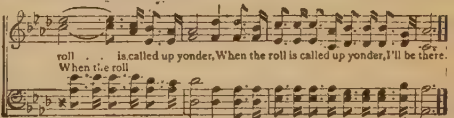
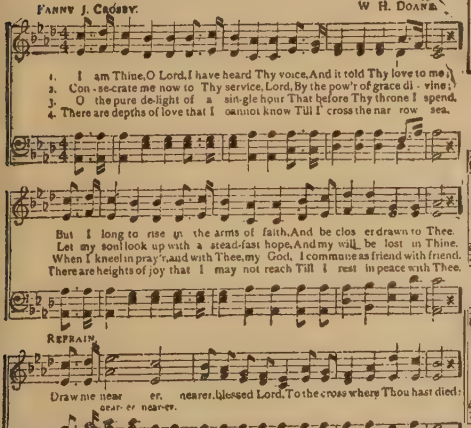


I AM THINE, O LORD.

Fanny J. Crosby. W. H. Doane.


1. I am Thine, O Lord, I have heard Thy voice, And it told Thy love to me;
2. Con-se-crate me now to Thy service, Lord, By the pow'r of grace di - vine;
3. O the pure de-light of a sin-gle hour That before Thy throne I spend,
4. There are depths of love that I cannot know Till I cross the nar row sea.
But I long to rise in the arms of faith, And be clos er drawn to Thee.
Let my soul look up with a stead-fast hope, And my will be lost in Thine.
When I kneel in pray'r, and with Thee, my God, I commune as friend with friend.
There are heights of joy that I may not reach Till I rest in peace with Thee.
Refrain.
Draw me near er, nearer, blessed Lord, To the cross where Thou hast died:
near-er near-er.
Draw me nearer, near-er, nearer, blessed Lord, To Thy precious, bleeding side.

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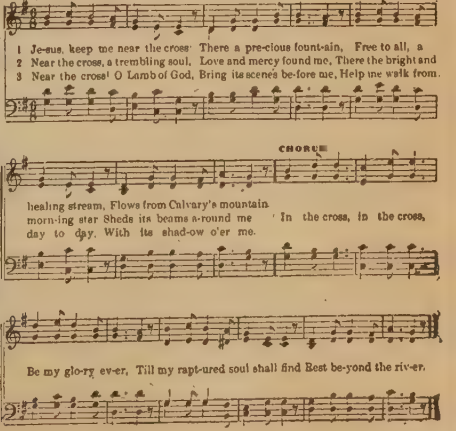
Jesus, keep me near the cross.

F. O. Fan Alstyne. Near the Cross. W. H. Doane.


1 Je-sus, keep me near the cross: There a pre-cious fount-ain, Free to all, a
2 Near the cross, a trembling soul, Love and mercy found me, There the bright and
3 Near the cross! O Lamb of God, Bring its scenes be-fore me, Help me walk from
Chorus.
healing stream, Flows from Calvary's mountain.
morn-ing star Sheds its beams a-round me In the cross, in the cross,
day to day. With its shad-ow o'er me.
Be my glo-ry ev-er, Till my rapt-ured soul shall find Rest be-yond the riv-er.

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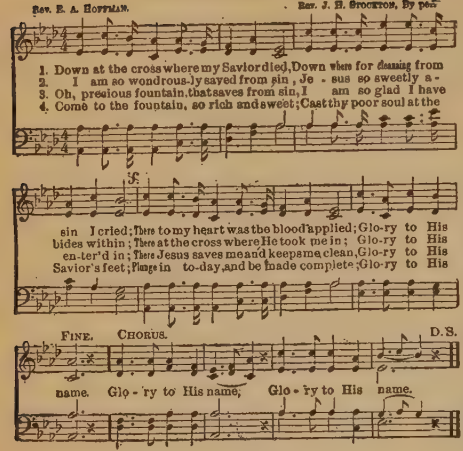
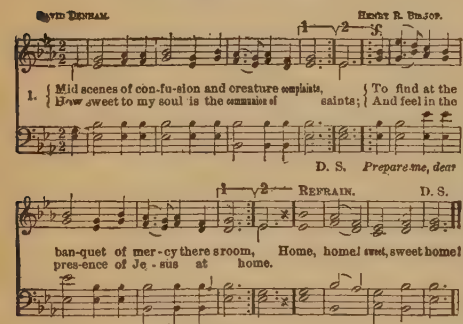
Down at the Cross.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman. Rev. J. H. Stockton, By per.


1. Down at the cross where my Savior died, Down where for cleansing from
2. I am so wondrous-ly saved from sin, Je - sus so sweetly a -
3. Oh, precious fountain, that saves from sin, I am so glad I have
4. Come to the fountain, so rich and sweet; Cast thy poor soul at the
sin I cried; There to my heart was the blood applied; Glo-ry to His
bides within; There at the cross where He took me in; Glo-ry to His
en-ter'd in; There Jesus saves me and keeps me clean, Glo-ry to His
Savior's feet; Plunge in to-day and be made complete; Glo-ry to His
Fine. Chorus. D.S.
name. Glo - ry to His name, Glo - ry to His name.

Home, Sweet Home.

David Denham. Henry R. Bishop.

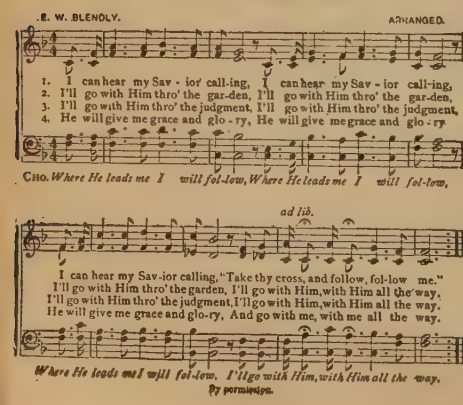

1. { Mid scenes of con-fu-sion and creature complaints, / How sweet to my soul is the communion of saints; } To find at the throne / And feel in the
D. S. Prepare me, dear
Refrain. D. S.
ban-quet of mer-cy there sroom, Home, home! sweet, sweet home!
pres-ence of Je - sus at home.
Sav - ior, for glo - ry my home.

2 Sweet bonds that unite all the children of peace!
And thrice precious Jesus, whose love cannot cease!
Though off from Thy presence in sadness I roam!
I long to behold Thee in glory at home!

3 While here in the valley of conflict I stay
O give me, submission, and strength as my day;
In all my afflictions to Thee I would come,
Rejoicing in hope of my glorious home.

Where He Leads Me.

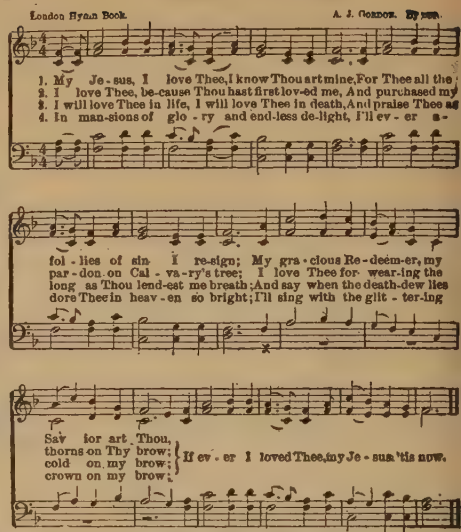
E. W. Blendly. Arranged.


1. I can hear my Sav - ior call-ing, I can hear my Sav - ior call-ing,
2. I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den, I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den,
3. I'll go with Him thro' the judgment, I'll go with Him thro' the judgment,
4. He will give me grace and glo - ry, He will give me grace and glo - ry
Cho. Where He leads me I will fol-low, Where He leads me I will fol-low,
ad lib.
I can hear my Sav-ior calling, "Take thy cross, and follow, fol-low me."
I'll go with Him thro' the garden, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way,
I'll go with Him thro' the judgment, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
He will give me grace and glo-ry, And go with me, with me all the way.
Where He leads me I will fol-low, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

By permission.

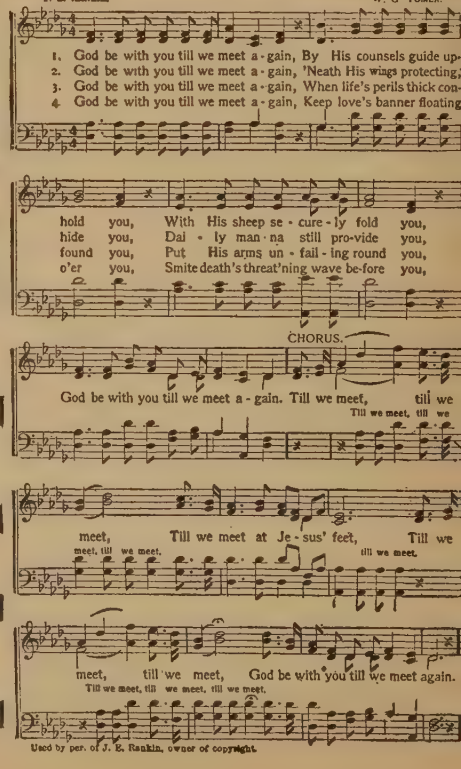
My Jesus, I Love Thee.

London Hymn Book. A. J. Gordon. By per.


1. My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine, For Thee all the
2. I love Thee, be-cause Thou hast first lov-ed me, And purchased my
3. I will love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death, And praise Thee as
4. In man-sions of glo - ry and end-less de-light, I'll ev - er a -
fol - lies of sin I re-sign; My gra - cious Re-deem-er, my
par - don on Cal - va-ry's tree; I love Thee for wear-ing the
long as Thou lend-est me breath; And say when the death-dew lies
dore Thee in heav - en so bright; I'll sing with the glit - ter-ing
Sav - ior art Thou, / thorns on Thy brow; / cold on my brow; / crown on my brow; } If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus 'tis now.

God Be With You.

J. E. Rankin. W. G. Tomer.


1. God be with you till we meet a - gain, By His counsels guide up-
2. God be with you till we meet a - gain, 'Neath His wings protecting,
3. God be with you till we meet a - gain, When life's perils thick con-
4. God be with you till we meet a - gain, Keep love's banner floating
hold you, With His sheep se - cure - ly fold you,
hide you, Dai - ly man - na still pro-vide you,
found you, Put His arms un - fail - ing round you,
o'er you, Smite death's threat'ning wave be-fore you,
Chorus.
God be with you till we meet a - gain. Till we meet, till we
Till we meet, till we
meet, Till we meet at Je - sus' feet, Till we
meet, till we meet. till we meet.
meet, till we meet, God be with you till we meet again.
Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet.

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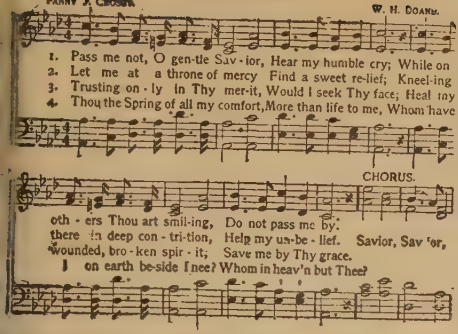
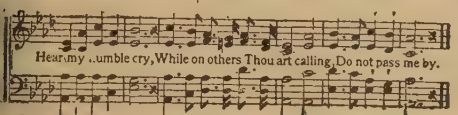
Pass Me Not.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.


1. Pass me not, O gen-tle Sav-ior, Hear my humble cry; While on
2. Let me at a throne of mercy Find a sweet re-lief; Kneel-ing
3. Trusting on-ly in Thy mer-it, Would I seek Thy face; Heal my
4. Thou the Spring of all my comfort, More than life to me, Whom have
CHORUS.
oth-ers Thou art smil-ing, Do not pass me by,
there in deep con-tri-tion, Help my un-be-lief. Savior, Sav-ior,
Wounded, bro-ken spir-it, Save me by Thy grace.
I on earth be-side Thee? Whom in heav'n but Thee?



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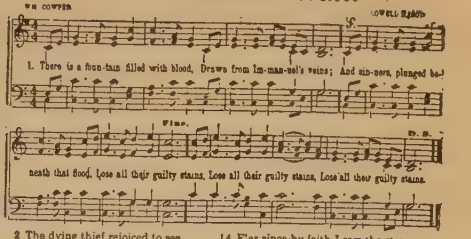
There is a fountain filled with blood

WM COWPER. LOWELL MASON.


1. There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Im-man-uel's veins; And sin-ners, plunged be-
Fine.
D. S.
neath that flood, Lose all their guilty stains, Lose all their guilty stains, Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day,
And there have I, as vile as he,
Washed all my sins away

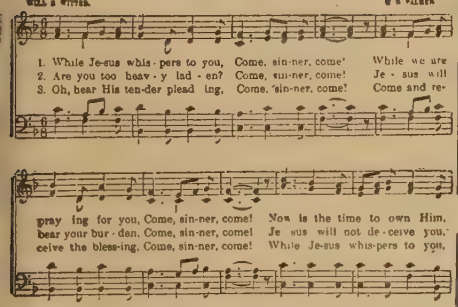
3 O Lamb of God, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.

4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

5 And when this lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave,
Then, in a nobler, sweeter song
I'll sing Thy power to save.

Come, sinner, come!

WILL B. WITTER. W. A. PALMER


1. While Je-sus whis-pers to you, Come, sin-ner, come! While we are
2. Are you too heav-y lad-en? Come, sin-ner, come! Je-sus will
3. Oh, hear His ten-der plead-ing, Come, sin-ner, come! Come and re-
pray-ing for you, Come, sin-ner, come! Now is the time to own Him,
bear your bur-den. Come, sin-ner, come! Je-sus will not de-ceive you,
ceive the bless-ing, Come, sin-ner, come! While Je-sus whis-pers to you,
Come, sin-ner, come! Now is the time to know Him. Come, sin-ner, come!
Come, sin-ner, come! Je-sus can now re-deem you. Come, sin-ner, come!
Come, sin-ner, come! While we are pray-ing for you. Come, sin-ner, come!

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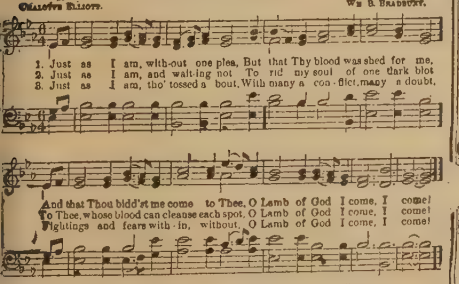
Just as I Am.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. WM B. BRADBURY.

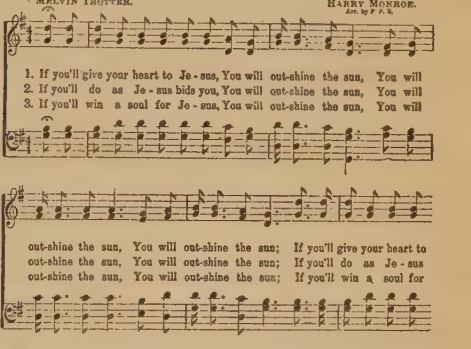

1. Just as I am, with-out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
2. Just as I am, and wait-ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot,
3. Just as I am, tho' tossed a-bout, With many a con-flict, many a doubt,
And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God I come, I come!
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God I come, I come!
Fightings and fears with-in, without, O Lamb of God I come, I come!

4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

5 Just as I am: Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse relieve,
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

You Will Outshine the Sun.

MELVIN TROTTER. Words and Music Copyright, 1906, by P. P. Bilhorn. HARRY MONROE. Arr. by P. P. B.

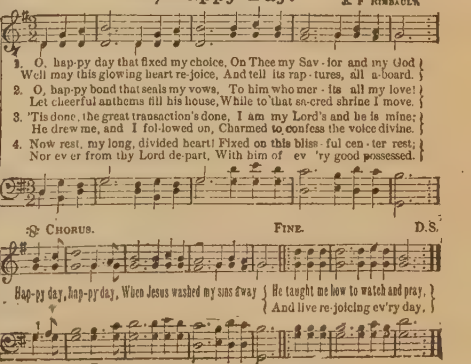

1. If you'll give your heart to Je-sus, You will out-shine the sun, You will
2. If you'll do as Je-sus bids you, You will out-shine the sun, You will
3. If you'll win a soul for Je-sus, You will out-shine the sun, You will
out-shine the sun, You will out-shine the sun; If you'll give your heart to
out-shine the sun, You will out-shine the sun; If you'll do as Je-sus
out-shine the sun, You will out-shine the sun; If you'll win a soul for
Je-sus, You will out-shine the sun, And walk the gold-en streets on high.
bids you, You will out-shine the sun, And walk the gold-en streets on high.
Je-sus, You will out-shine the sun, And walk the gold-en streets on high.

4 If the spirit dwells within you,
You will outshine the sun,

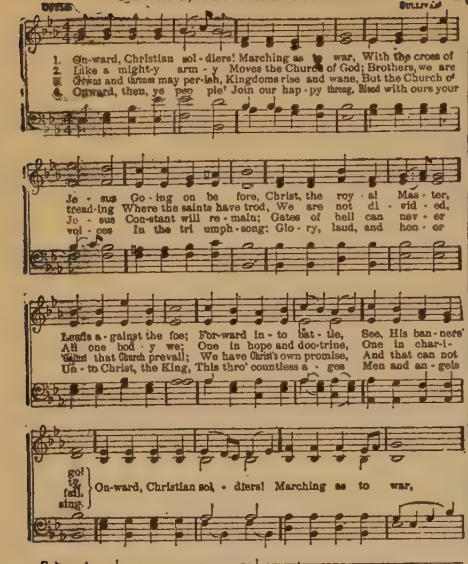
5 I will meet you in the morning
When we'll outshine the sun.

Oh, Happy Day.

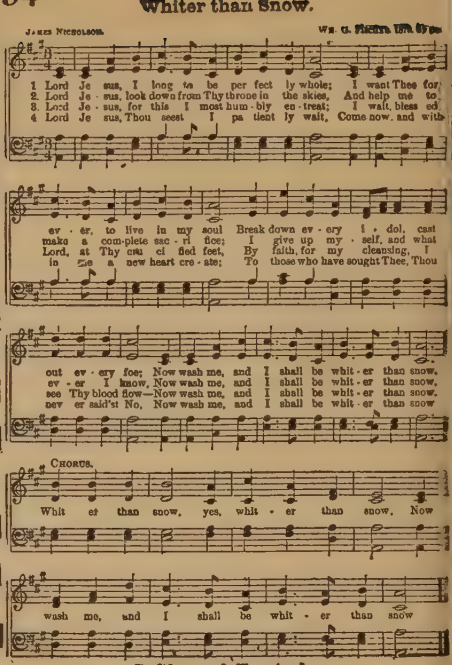
E. F. RIMBAULT.


1. O, hap-py day that fixed my choice, On Thee my Sav-ior and my God!
Well may this glowing heart re-joice, And tell its rap-tures, all a-broad.
2. O, hap-py bond that seals my vows, To him who mer-its all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill his house, While to that sa-cred shrine I move.
3. 'Tis done, the great transaction's done, I am my Lord's and he is mine;
He drew me, and I fol-lowed on, Charmed to confess the voice divine.
4. Now rest, my long, divided heart! Fixed on this bliss-ful cen-ter rest;
Nor ev-er from thy Lord de-part, With him of ev-'ry good possessed.
CHORUS. FINE. D.S.
Hap-py day, hap-py day, When Jesus washed my sins a-way
He taught me how to watch and pray,
And live re-joicing ev'ry day,

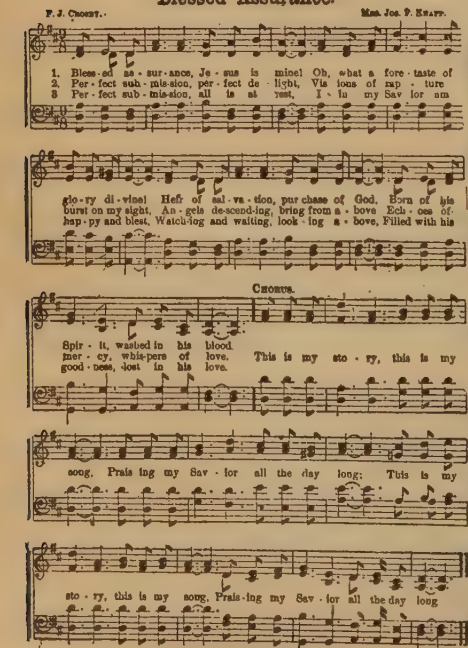
Onward, Christian Soldiers!


1. On-ward, Christian sol-diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of
2. Like a might-y arm-y Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are
3. Crowns and thrones may per-ish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the Church of
4. Onward, then, ye peo-ple! Join our hap-py throng, Blend with ours your
Je-sus Go-ing on be-fore, Christ, the roy-al Mas-ter,
tread-ing Where the saints have trod, We are not di-vid-ed,
Je-sus Con-stant will re-main; Gates of hell can nev-er
voi-ces In the tri-umph-song: Glo-ry, laud, and hon-or
Lead's a-gainst the foe; For-ward in-to bat-tle, See, His ban-ners
All one bod-y we; One in hope and doc-trine, One in char-i-
'Gainst that Church prevail; We have Christ's own promise, And that can not
Un-to Christ, the King, This thro' countless a-ges Men and an-gels
go! We tell sing } On-ward, Christian sol-diers! Marching as to war,
With the Cross of Je-sus Go-ing on be-fore.

Whiter than Snow.


James Nicholson
Wm. G. Fischer, Mus. Doc.
1. Lord Je-sus, I long to be per-fect-ly whole; I want Thee for
2. Lord Je-sus, look down from Thy throne in the skies, And help me to
3. Lord Je-sus, for this I most hum-bly en-treat; I wait, bless-ed
4. Lord Je-sus, Thou seest I pa-tient-ly wait, Come now, and with
ev-er, to live in my soul Break down ev-ery i-dol, cast
make a com-plete sac-ri-fice; I give up my-self, and what
Lord, at Thy own ci-fied feet, By faith, for my cleansing, I
in Me a new heart cre-ate; To those who have sought Thee, Thou
out ev-ery foe; Now wash me, and I shall be whit-er than snow,
ev-er I know, Now wash me, and I shall be whit-er than snow,
see Thy blood flow—Now wash me, and I shall be whit-er than snow.
nev-er said'st No, Now wash me, and I shall be whit-er than snow
Chorus.
Whit-er than snow, yes, whit-er than snow, Now
wash me, and I shall be whit-er than snow

Blessed Assurance.


F. J. Crosby.
Mrs. Jos. F. Knapp.
1. Bless-ed as-sur-ance, Je-sus is mine! Oh, what a fore-taste of
2. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, per-fect de-light, Vis-ions of rap-ture
3. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, all is at rest, I in my Sav-ior am
glo-ry di-vine! Heir of sal-va-tion, pur-chase of God, Born of his
burst on my sight, An-gels de-scend-ing, bring from a-bove Ech-oes of
hap-py and blest, Watch-ing and waiting, look-ing a-bove, Filled with his
Chorus.
Spir-it, washed in his blood
mer-cy, whis-pers of love. This is my sto-ry, this is my
good-ness, lost in his love.
song, Prais-ing my Sav-ior all the day long; This is my
sto-ry, this is my song, Prais-ing my Sav-ior all the day long

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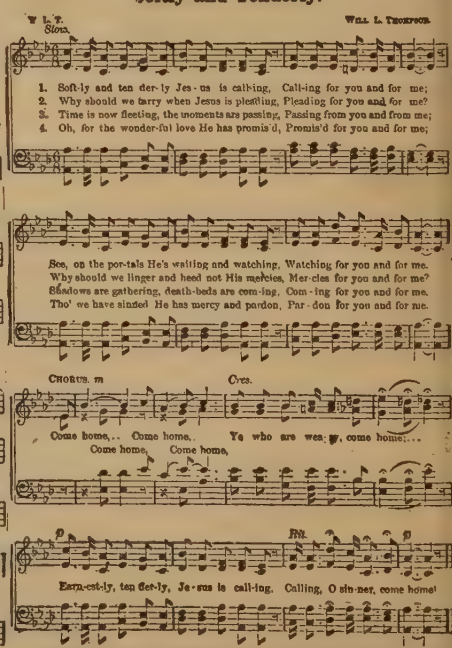
Softly and Tenderly.


W. L. T. Slow.
Will L. Thompson.
1. Soft-ly and ten-der-ly Je-sus is call-ing, Call-ing for you and for me;
2. Why should we tarry when Jesus is pleading, Pleading for you and for me?
3. Time is now fleeting, the moments are passing, Passing from you and from me;
4. Oh, for the wonder-ful love He has promis'd, Promis'd for you and for me;
See, on the por-tals He's waiting and watching, Watching for you and for me.
Why should we linger and heed not His mercies, Mer-cies for you and for me?
Shadows are gathering, death-beds are com-ing, Com-ing for you and for me.
Tho' we have sinned He has mercy and pardon, Par-don for you and for me.
Chorus. m
Come home, Come home, Ye who are wea-ry, come home;
Come home, Come home,
Rit.
Earn-est-ly, ten-der-ly, Je-sus is call-ing, Calling, O sin-ner, come home!

By per. Will L. Thompson & Co., E. Liverpool, O., and The Thompson Music Co., Chicago, Ill.

1.—FAITH.

Leader. And the apostles said unto the Lord, increase our faith. — Luke 17:5.

Response. And the Lord said, If ye had faith as a grain of mustard seed, ye might say unto this sycamine tree, Be thou plucked out by the root, and be thou planted in the sea, and it should obey you.—Luke 17:6.

L. Now faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen.—Heb. 11:1.

R. But without faith it is impossible to please (God), for he that cometh to God must believe that He is, and that He is a rewarder of them that diligently seek Him.—Heb. 11:1-6.

L. If any of you lack wisdom let him ask of God that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him.—James 1:5.

R. But let him ask in faith, nothing wavering. For he that wavereth is like a wave of the sea, driven with the wind and tossed.—James 1:6.

2.—VICTORY.

Leader. He that hath an ear, let him hear what the Spirit saith unto the churches.—Rev. 2:7.

Response. To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the tree of life, which is in the midst of the Paradise of God.—Rev. 2:7.

L. He that hath an ear, let him hear what the Spirit saith unto the churches. —Rev. 2:17.

R. To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the hidden manna, and I will give him a white stone, and in the stone a new name written which no man knoweth saving he that receiveth it. —Rev. 2:17.

L. He that overcometh, and keepeth my works unto the end, to him will I give power over the nations.–Rev. 2:26.

R. He that overcometh the same shall be clothed in white raiment, and I will not blot out his name out of the book of life, but I will confess his name before my Father and before his angels. —Rev. 3:5.

L. Behold I come quickly : hold that fast which thou hast, that no man take thy crown.—Rev. 3:11.

R. Him that overcometh will I make a pillar in the temple of my God and he shall go no more out; and I will write upon him the name of my God, and the name of the city of my God, which is New Jerusalem, which cometh down out of Heaven from my God; and I will write upon him my new name.—Rev. 3:12.

L. To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with Me in my throne, even as I also overcame and am set down with my Father in His throne.—Rev. 3:21.

R. He that overcometh shall inherit all things; and I will be his God and he shall be my son.—Rev. 21:7.

3.—FAITH and VICTORY.

Leader. For whatsoever is born of God overcometh the world.—1 John 5:4.

Response. And this is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith.—1 John 5:4.

L. Who is he that overcometh the world, but he that believeth that Jesus is the Son of God ?—1 John 5:5.

R. Ye are of God little children, and have overcame them; because greater is He that is in you than he that is in the world.—1 John 4:4.

All. Thanks be unto God which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.—1 Cor. 15:57.

GENERAL SUBJECTS.

Pardon.

Leader. Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts; and let him return unto the Lord, and He will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for He will abundantly pardon. *Isa. 55:7.*

Response. I have blotted out, as a thick cloud, thy transgressions, and, as a cloud, thy sins: return unto me; for I have redeemed thee —*Isa. 44:22.*

All. Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us; for it is written, Cursed *is* everyone that hangeth on a tree. —*Gal. 3:13.*

Peace.

Leader. Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid.—*John 14:27.*

Response, Therefore being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ.—*Rom. 5:1.*

L. And the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus.—*Phil. 4:7.*

R. For God is not *the author* of confusion, but of peace, as in all churches of the saints.—*1 Cor. 14:33.*

All. Now the God of peace *be* with you all. Amen.—*Rom. 15:33.*

Purity.

Leader. But the wisdom that is from above is first pure, then peaceable, gentle, *and* easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality, and without hypocrisy.—*James 3:17.*

All. Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things *are* honest, whatsoever things *are* just, whatsoever things *are* pure, whatsoever things *are* lovely, whatsoever things *are* of good report; if *there be* any virtue, and if *there be* any praise, think of these things.—*Phil. 4:8.*

Power.

Leader. And, behold, I send the promise of my Father upon you: but tarry ye in the city of Jerusalem, until ye be endued with power from on high.—*Luke 24:29.*

Response. But ye shall receive power, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you; and ye shall be witnesses unto Me both in Jerusalem, and in all Judea, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost part of the earth.—*Acts 1:8.*

All. And with great power gave the apostles witness of the resurrection of the Lord Jesus: and great grace was upon them all.—*Acts 4:33.*

Praise.

Leader. Praise ye the Lord. Sing unto the Lord a new song, *and* his praise in the congregation of saints. —*Ps. 149:1.*

Response. Praise ye the Lord. Praise God in his sanctuary; praise Him in the firmament of His power.

L. Praise Him with the sound of the trumpet; praise Him with the psalter and harp.

R. Praise Him upon the loud cymballs: praise Him upon the high sounding cymballs.

All. Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord. Praise ye the Lord.—*Ps. 150:1, 3, 5, 6.*

Promise.

Leader. Whereby are given unto us exceeding great and precious promises; that by these ye might be partakers of the divine nature, having escaped the corruption that is in the world through lust.—*II. Peter* 1:4.

Response. For all the promises of God in Him *are* yea, and in Him Amen, unto the glory of God by us. —*II. Cor.* 1:20.

All. Having, therefore, these promises, dearly beloved, let us cleanse ourselves from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit, perfecting holiness in the fear of God.—*II. Cor.* 7:1.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

He Convicts *L.* And when he is come, he will reprove the world of sin, and of righteousness, and of judgment:

R. Of sin, because they believe not on me;

L. Of righteousness, because I go to my Father, and ye see me no more;

All. Of judgment, because the prince of this world is judged.—*John 16:8-11.*

He gives Life. *L.* Jesus answered, Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God.

R. That which is born of the flesh is flesh; and that which is born of the Spirit is Spirit.

L. The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, bnt canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth: so is every one that is born of the Spirit. —*John 3:5-6-8.*

R. It is the Spirit that quickeneth; the flesh profiteth nothing: the words that I speak unto you, they are spirit and they are life.—*John 6:63.*

All.—Who also hath made us able ministers of the new testament; not of the letter, but of the spirit; for the letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life.—*2 Cor. 3:6.*

He Comforts. *L.* But when the Comforter is come, whom I will send unto you from the Father, even the Spirit of truth, which proceedeth from the Father, he shall testify of me:—*John 15:26.*

R. Nevertheless I tell you the truth; It is expedient for you that I go away: for if I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you; but if I depart, I will send him unto you.—*John 16:7.*

All. I will not leave you comfortless: I will come to you.

He Guides. *L.* Howbeit when he, the Spirit of truth, is come, he will guide you into all truth: for he shall not speak of himself; but whatsoever he shall hear, that shall he speak: and he will shew you things to come.—*John 16:13.*

R. Then the Spirit said unto Philip, Go near, and join thyself to this chariot. And Philip ran thither to him, and heard him read the prophet Esaias, and said, Understandest thou what thou readest?

L. And he said, How can I, unless some man should guide me? And he desired Philip that he would come up and sit with him.

All. And when they were come up out of the water, the Spirit of the Lord caught away Philip, that the eunuch saw him no more: and he went on his way rejoicing.—*Acts 8: 29-31, 39.*

He Teaches. *L.* But the Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send in my name, he shall teach you all things, and bring all things to your remembrance, whatsoever I have said unto you.—*John 14-26.*

R. But the anointing which ye have received of him abideth in you, and ye need not that any man teach you: as the same anointing teacheth you of all things, and is truth, and is no lie, and even as it hath taught you, ye shall abide in him.—*1 John 2:27.*

All. Likewise the Spirit also helpeth our infirmities: for we know not what we should pray for as we ought; but the Spirit itself maketh intercession for us with groanings which cannot be uttered.—*Rom. 8:26.*

He Seals. *L.* In whom ye also trusted after that ye heard the word of truth, the gospel of your salvation; in whom also, after that ye believed, ye were sealed with that Holy Spirit of promise.—*Eph. 1:13.*

R. And grieve not the Holy Spirit of God, whereby ye are sealed unto the day of redemption.—*Eph. 4:30.*

He Abides. *L.* And I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you forever;

R. Even the Spirit of truth; whom the world cannot receive, because it seeth him not, neither knoweth him; for he dwelleth with you, and shall be in you.—*John 14:16, 17.*

L. Abide in me, and I in you. As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine; no more can ye, except ye abide in me.—*John 15:4.*

PRAYER.

Prevailing Prayer.

Moses. *Leader.* And it came to pass, when Moses held up his hand, that Israel prevailed; and when he let down his hand, Amalek prevailed.

Res. But Moses' hand was heavy; and they took a stone, and put it under him, and he sat thereon; and Aaron and Hur stayed up his hands, the one on the one side and the other on the other side; and his hands were steady until the going down of the sun.—*Ex.* 17:11:12.

Abraham. *L.* And Abraham drew near, and said, Wilt thou also destroy the righteous with the wicked?

R. That be far from thee to do after this manner, to slay the righteous with the wicked; and that the righteous should be as the wicked, that be far from thee: Shall not the judge of all the earth do right?—*Gen.* 18:23,25.

Jacob. *L.* And Jacob was alone; and there wrestled a man with him until the breaking of the day.

R. And he said, Let me go, for the day breaketh. And he said, I will not let thee go, except Thou bless me.

L. And he said, Thy name shall be called no more Jacob, but Israel: for as a prince hast thou power with God and with men, and hast prevailed.—*Gen.* 32:24, 26, 28.

Elijah. *R.* Elias was a man subject to like passions as we are, and he prayed earnestly that it might not rain; and it rained not on the earth for the space of three years and six months.

L. And he prayed again, and the heaven gave rain, and the earth brought forth her fruit.—*Jas* 5:17, 18

Nehemiah. *R.* O Lord, I beseech Thee, let now thine ear be attentive to the prayer of thy servant, and to the prayer of thy servants, who desire to fear Thy name: and prosper, I pray Thee, Thy servant this day, and grant him mercy in the sight of this man. For I was the king's cupbearer.

Esther. *L.* And Esther spake yet again before the king, and fell down at his feet, and besought him with tears to put away the mischief of Haman the Aggagite, and his device that he had devised against the Jews.

R. Then the king held out the golden sceptre toward Esther. So Esther arose and stood before the king.—*Esther* 8:3, 4.

David. *L.* I sought the Lord, and He heard me and delivered me from all my fears.

R. This poor man cried, and the Lord heard him, and saved him out of all his troubles.—*Ps.* 34;4, 6.

Daniel. *L.* And when Daniel knew that the writing was signed, he went into his house; (now his windows were open in his chamber toward Jerusalem;) and he kneeled upon his knees three times a day, and prayed, and gave thanks before his God as he did aforetime.—*Dan.* 6:10.

Jonah. *R.* Then Jonah prayed unto the Lord his God out of the fish's belly.

L. I went down to the bottoms of the mountains; the earth with her bars was about me for ever; yet hast thou brought up my life from corruption, O Lord my God.—*Jonah* 2:1, 6.

Jesus. *R.* And He went a little further, and fell on his face, and prayed, saying, O my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from Me; nevertheless, not as I will, but as Thou wilt.—*Mat.* 26:39.

L. And there appeared an angel unto Him from heaven, strengthening Him.—*Luke* 22:43.

Disciples. *R.* And when they had prayed, the place was shaken where they were assembled together; and they were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and they spake the word of God with boldness.—*Acts* 4:31.

The Church. *L.* Peter therefore was kept in prison: but prayer was made without ceasing of the church unto God for him.—*Acts* 12:5.

All. And the Spirit and the bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will let him take the water of life freely.—*Rev.* 22:17.

He teaches us to pray.

Repeat in concert the Lord's Prayer. (See Matt. 6:6-13.)

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